

THE AUSTRALIAN Over 360,000 Copies Sold Every Week FREE NOVEL

# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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## THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

Exclusive life story—with photos by the King.  
See Page 2.

# THE KING'S DAUGHTERS...

Delightful Story  
of Their Life  
Obtained by  
Women's Weekly  
With photos taken  
by His Majesty

IT is with pride and pleasure that we are able to begin this week in serial form a new and delightful story about the life and personality of the children of our King and Queen.

Lady Cynthia Asquith has presented a vivid picture of the Princesses as they really are, very human young people in a happy and affectionate family atmosphere, full of activity and responsive to the interests of the day.

This fascinating book, only just completed, includes many details hitherto unpublished.

Many of the photographs of the Princesses were taken by the King himself, and are published for the first time.

We are indebted to His Majesty for permission to reproduce these pictures from his private collection. Some appear on this page and others will be published with the subsequent instalments of the life story of the little Princesses.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE and Princess Elizabeth posed on the steps of their home for this delightful snapshot, which His Majesty took himself.

LEFT: Princess Elizabeth at the age of 3½ years.



PRINCESS ELIZABETH at the mischievous age of three. Another picture graciously loaned from the Royal Family album.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY is indebted to the King for graciously lending these charming snapshots of his daughters. At all ages the little Princesses seem to have been surrounded by pet dogs, which have been a constant delight in their childish scamperings. The pets have provided a fascinating atmosphere to snapshots such as the lower one.

● First Instalment on Next Page

Let's Talk Of  
*Interesting*  
People



## Successful Artist

MR. MAX RAGLESS, South Australian artist, who recently held his third exhibition in Adelaide, has never had any art lessons, but already has an oil painting and several etchings hung in the Adelaide Art Gallery and some etchings in the Ballarat Gallery.

Mr. Ragless concentrates on landscapes and does most of his work while caravanning in the country. Last year he was runner-up in the historical painting competition in connection with the S.A. Centenary.



Dorothy Coleman.

## Qualified Accountant

MISS ELIZABETH CAVAYE (Brisbane) is the only woman in Queensland who has passed all the examinations of the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Australasia. She was educated at the Brisbane Girls' Grammar School. She finds time to be interested in the Boy Scout movement, and for over two years was a cubmaster.



—C. J. Fraser.

## Radio Dramatist

WILLIAM FITZMAURICE HILL, the young Melbourne playwright, whose play, "From These Beginnings," has been accepted by the British Broadcasting Corporation, "From These Beginnings," written for the A.B.C. to commemorate Marconi's 62nd birthday, and later revived at 3LO in August as a tribute to the memory of the inventor, is the third of his successes accepted by the B.B.C. The others were "Puss in Boots" and "Nelson Expects."

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*Written and Published by the Gracious Permission of Their Majesties, and Illustrated with Many Photographs taken by the King himself*

# The KING'S DAUGHTERS

By Lady  
Cynthia Asquith

An Intimate and Authentic Study of  
Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose



PRINCESS ELIZABETH and two of her pets. From a snapshot taken by the King.



PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE. Another of the King's charming camera studies.

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

ONCE upon a time a little girl was born in London, and, because her grandfather was King of England, the house, No. 17 Bruton Street, in which she lay became at once one of the sights of London.

From morning to night groups of excited well-wishers patiently waited outside the door in the hope that they might catch a glimpse of the small white bundle that was "the fourth lady in the land," and, for the time being, third in succession to the throne.

The first person to visit the newborn baby was the Home Secretary, who, according to the law of the country, must be present in the house at the birth of any possible heir to the throne. Parting the curtains of the cot, he peered at the little Princess who was waving her tiny fists and opening and shutting her eyes.

At this, the first audience she ever held, she is alleged to have given a wide, winking yawn.

And many other visitors came tip-toeing into the room full of interest, hope and surmise. None sooner or more frequently than Queen Mary, who was delighted to see that her first granddaughter was blessed with large blue eyes, small ears set close to a well-shaped head, and a skin almost as white as the pillow on which she lay.

## Heir to Throne

THE new Princess had been born on the morning of April 21, 1926, and, about five weeks later, in the "Lily Font," brought for the purpose from Windsor Castle to the Private Chapel at Buckingham Palace, she was christened Elizabeth after her mother, Alexandra, after her great-grandmother, and Mary after her grandmother.

And now this "child of many prayers," just eleven years old, is the immediate heir to the throne.

Slightly built, straight-backed, light-footed and golden-haired, her appearance is fondly familiar throughout the Empire. Whether photographs show her at play in jersey and kilt, or jockey-capped astride her pony, or fairy-like in gossamer frills, she is always a curiously vivid little figure full of life and character.

Even without her shining curls, dark complexion of transparent fairness, Princess Elizabeth would still stand out among other children on account of that mysterious quality called per-

sonality—a quality as undefinable as it is unmistakable.

This quality she has always possessed and to a very marked degree.

In repose her resolute little face has a distinct resemblance to Queen Mary; but when she smiles her mother looks out of the friendly, candid eyes.

Blessed with good health, intelligence and individuality, she is a singularly promising child, and her natural gifts have been well cultivated, for she has been beautifully brought up. In no way has Queen Elizabeth better discharged her trusteeship to the country than in the gentle wisdom with which she has reared its two little Princesses.

This can have been no easy task. To make her elder daughter aware of her great obligations, and yet keep her unselfconscious and natural, must have needed all a mother's loving vigilance.

To the Queen's lasting credit be it said that in this dedicated child we do see qualities not often found together.

In spite of her really exquisite civility, she never strikes one as unspontaneous; neither does her sense of responsibility ever make her seem old for her age.

No doubt her good manners have been instilled more by her mother's unfailing example than by excessive drill. Certainly no over-discipline has done anything to lessen her native liveliness.

It is sometimes supposed that in the very young good behaviour must denote deficiency of spirit, but one glance at the radiance and vivacity

PRINCESS Elizabeth and Princess Margaret Rose... two lovable little girls, darlings of the world's mightiest Empire.

Two sisters of royal destiny... To-day, one of them just a little queen of babydom, entirely occupied with the joys and woes of that wondrous realm. (Dear little Margaret Rose! May all your to-morrows be as peerlessly content as your to-days!)

And the elder royal child... To-day, for the most part, still joyously occupied with childish things, but with the future even now casting dazzling beams over the sunny present... and sometimes dusking it a little with strange shadows...

So, to-day... Princess Elizabeth. Direct heir to the throne of Britain. To-morrow... A Queen, holding in her hands such power as never before has been entrusted to a woman. Never before such opportunities. Never such responsibilities.

Here, before our eyes, is unfolding the most enthralling chapter in the great human drama which is history. A true story, more marvellous and magical than any Arabian Nights' fantasy.

Here you may read its early, supremely important chapters—told with intimate, friendly charm by Lady Cynthia Asquith, and illustrated with portraits by the King.

that "ride sparkling" in Princess Elizabeth's eyes must clear her from any suspicion of tameness.

Her merry, enterprising little face with its ripple of latent mischief proclaims her bubbling and blessedly contagious good spirits.

## Like Mummie

BUT this apparent freedom from shyness is due not to insensitiveness or to overconfidence, but to self-discipline. Shyness does trouble her, but she knows how to control its effects.

"Were you shy?" she was asked after some rather formidable occasion.

"Oh, yes, I was!" she answered. "I am afraid I am getting shy, but," she continued rather wistfully, "I

mustn't be shy. I wish I were more like Mummie!"

Stooping over the cot in which her granddaughter lay, Queen Mary once said: "I wish you were more like your dear little mother." But if Princess Elizabeth does not resemble her mother in appearance, I believe she is endowed with many of her qualities. Are not serenity, graciousness and dignity already perceptible? And the same delicious blend of gravity and gaiety?

Those who knew Queen Elizabeth in her early childhood tell me that it was almost as though she had some premonition of her destiny, and were rehearsing for the part she was one day to play, so assiduously did she practise her good manners.

To return to the very beginning of Princess Elizabeth's life. When she was about three months old she took her first long railway journey, travelling up by day to her mother's Scottish home, the famous Castle of Glamis.

It was a lovely, sunny August, and early every morning the perambulator was wheeled out into the lovely yew-hedge-encircled garden designed by Lady Strathmore.

Here the waters of the little fountain splashed delicately in the blue-tiled pool, bees hummed drowsily in the scented air, and, when she was awake, which was seldom, the thriving baby cooed, chuckled, and blew bubbles at a large circle of courtiers.

In the autumn she returned to London, several pounds the heavier for her stay, and her head already bright with curls.

Her first Christmas, in which she not unnaturally took no interest whatever, was spent at Sandringham

with King George and Queen Mary, and then, early in January, she became a temporary orphan, when, on account of their Australian tour, her parents were most reluctantly compelled to leave her for more than six months.

With an aching heart Queen Elizabeth kissed her daughter—still happily impervious to the pangs of parting—farewell, clasping round her fat little neck the string of coral beads she had worn all through her own babyhood.

Queen Mary and Lady Strathmore had each claimed three months' custody of their grandchild, so, during the absence of the parents, Princess Elizabeth first stayed at St. Paul's Waldenbury, the Hertfordshire home of her mother's childhood, and then migrated to Buckingham Palace.

While in the country she became an ardent and very swift crawler. If ever a door was left open for one second, in a flash she would be off and out of it, as eager as any budding Christopher Columbus to explore the world.

## Many Resources

BUT, so long as the drawing-room door was kept carefully shut, she was perfectly content within its bounds.

She had so many resources. There was pulling handfuls of fluff out of the thick coats of two beautiful and fortunately placid chows—one black and the other brown.

Or there was the glee of vigorously unwinding her grandmother's balls of wool, or scattering her patience cards all over the carpet.

Or, best of all, if someone was kind enough to hold her up, for she was still unable to stand, banging with all the tiny might of her doubled fists on both the high and the low notes of the piano, making such a funny, thin noise at one end, and such a great thick one at the other.

During Princess Elizabeth's stay at Buckingham Palace, she used to come downstairs at tea-time to visit King George and Queen Mary.

Here there were no chows, but, from a safe distance, she took a fascinated interest in Charlotte, her grandfather's parrot, who, when he saw her, loudly drew invisible corks, ruffled up his feathers and, with one scaly claw uplifted and his grey head on one side, put out his little pumice-stone of a tongue and stared at his master's new pet with a rather baleful eye.

Please turn to Page 28

# "I'M NOT 'Afraid'"—JEAN BATTEN'S Flying PSYCHOLOGY Lonely Sometimes—But Happy When Making New Records

Jean Batten, wonder flier, was the happiest girl in the world last week—because she was soon to be on the wing again.

There was a song in her heart and a smile on her lips as she busily prepared in Sydney for her latest project—to establish a new record flight between Australia and England.

In this article, written for *The Australian Women's Weekly* on the eve of her flight, she tells why and how she wanted to make the trip.

By JEAN BATTEN

PEOPLE ask me why I am making this flight.

In the past four years I have flown

from England to Australia, from Australia to England, from England to South America, from Eng-

## Jean Writes for Us

THE Australian Women's Weekly has made exclusive arrangements for special articles by Jean Batten.

The day-to-day story of her flight will be published by special arrangement with the daily Press, and the full account of her flight will be written by her upon arrival in London, and will be published exclusively in *The Australian Women's Weekly*.



SURFING, included in Jean Batten's training for her new record flight, has always been one of her popular pastimes. Here is an early picture of her on a New Zealand beach. The snap is from the Batten family album.



**Kraft Cheddar...** The perfect cheese for sandwiches

Even families that disagree about everything else burst into cheers when Kraft Cheddar sandwiches are brought to light! Kraft Cheddar is such a fine flavoured, delicious, mellow cheese . . . every bite tastes better than the last!

And people who have always sworn by Kraft Cheddar are now saying, "It's even better than ever!" New secrets of manufacturing and curing have made it possible to improve this delicious favourite.

Kraft Cheddar is the perfect cheese for sandwiches and salads—regular family diet—and to serve cooked in taste-tempting recipes. Keep a packet always handy. And remember—if it's a picnic, there's nothing like Kraft Cheddar sandwiches with the billy tea. Buy some to-day!



A FINE  
MELLOW  
CHEESE

Have you tried these other Kraft Cheeses lately?

**Old English:**  
Like a really tasty cheese . . . with a 'tangy' and 'bite' to it? Then have the very cheese for you—Kraft Old English!



**Kraft Pimento:**  
A creamy Cheddar packed and laced with Spanish Pimento. Gives an intriguing Creole dash to garlicky cheese dishes.



**Welsh Rarebit:**  
Here's the miracle meal of a moment—that tastes as though it took hours to prepare! Melt on toast and serve up hot.



land to New Zealand.

Those flights took me over the South Atlan-

tic and the Tasman. Three times over the Timor. So my friends think I should be content to rest on my laurels.

But my reasons for making this flight are quite simple. I want to return to England, I have an aeroplane, and I can fly. Flying seems to me the most natural way of doing the journey.

Also, I do want to make another record. I have already achieved what was my ultimate ambition, to fly to my New Zealand home in record time.

Yet I think it is understandable that I should want to break it again.

I can say truthfully that for me the reward is in the achievement.

## Greatest Moment

ANYONE with ambition in a particular direction knows that this can be so.

Naturally, when I have achieved a success I am pleased.

When I landed in Auckland this time last year—when I arrived home—that was the greatest moment of my life.

I am, of course, looking forward to this attempt on the record. I am not excited in the ordinary sense of the word, because I am too busy to spare time for excitement.

And I am not afraid. If I were afraid I should not make these flights. I do them of my own free will, so why should I do something which would be terrifying to me?

For six months now I have been making plans. Few people realise the intensive organisation and preparation necessary for such a trip.

First of all, I have made myself thoroughly fit and healthy. For the past few months I have had a flat near the beach. I have kept regular hours, done a great deal of surfing, and much riding. Each day I have performed regular physical exercises.

Now I feel better than I have ever felt in my life. Although I look so slim, I weigh 8 stone 12 pounds.

It is essential to be well, because the strain of a long solo flight is intense. For instance, on my flight last year I had only 14 hours' sleep in the 5 days 21 hours from England to Darwin.

## Lonely in the Clouds

BESIDES this lack of sleep, there is the loneliness. Most of you have felt loneliness. The intense loneliness of flying alone in a small machine for hours over a vast stretch of water is something which can hardly be put in words.

Lonely though I am at times, I am never bored. I am often asked that question—whether time hangs heavy on my hands.

Listen to this. I have five petrol tanks to watch, and an auxiliary oil tank.

There are problems of navigation all the time.

I must study my maps and charts, and see that I keep my course. Is it likely that I have time to be bored?

I have done all the organisation of my flights. I always do. This route to England takes me over fourteen different countries. There are

matters of permits, Customs regulations.

Taking an aeroplane in and out of various countries entails much the same formalities as taking ships in and out of port.

Then there is the currency. Quite a touch of romance, indeed, is contained in the bags of coins which I take for use in the lands I visit.

Almost always I make my landings after the banks have closed and leave before they open, so that I have not always the opportunity of changing my sterling into the currency of the country.

Packed in bags suitably labelled I carry gliders for the Dutch East Indies; Straits Settlement dollars for Malaya; rupees for India and Burma; rials for Iran; liras for Italy; francs for France; and, of course, sterling.

## The Joy of It

I ALWAYS fly solo. I think a long-distance solo flight encourages independence. It also teaches the true value of comradeship.

I have spoken of the loneliness of such flights. That intense aloneness of flying solo over oceans and vast stretches of desert and jungle.

I believe other fliers feel as I do, and this loneliness, by a strange paradox, creates a rare esprit de corps among fliers of all nations. That is one side of it.

The other side of the loneliness is the great joy of coming again into comradely contact with one's fellows. The intense happiness of being welcomed on arrival by a warm-hearted crowd.

# LITTLE DOC. takes the CASE

She was only a woman doctor, to be sure, but she knew how to cure Tod Halliday.



THE culmination of the twenty-odd years of bitterness which the Honorable Tod Halliday had cherished towards Doctor Emily Little was occasioned by nothing more or less than a case of hives. The rash suddenly took possession of his ample anatomy like a swarm of bees upon a particularly favorable hive.

Bill Dick Halliday, the senator-rancher's twenty-one-year-old son, innocently connived with the hives to bring on the trouble. Coming to his father's bedroom early one morning, the rangy, red-headed cowboy had stopped short in the doorway. The senator, naked, except for a blanket of red and white rash, was striding up and down the length of his long room, ruthlessly scratching the maddening itching welts. Profanity rumbled from his lips, like a bass drum beating muffled time to his march.

Bill Dick controlled a sudden impulse to levity and offered advice.

"Dad, your fingernails aren't doing you any more good than a red-hot

By

MARJORIE BONIFACE

braiding-iron. You'd better send right away for Little Doc."

The drum-like rumblings broke into a roar.

"What would that dried-up squirrel of a woman know about a poison like this?" he demanded. "Besides," his voice became a little less vehement, "she wouldn't come anyway if she's got any gumption, knowing how I feel about her!"

"Little Doc," Bill Dick's voice held a subdued note of resentment, "hasn't ever refused to go when she's been sent for, not yet. What's more, she's a swell doctor and ought to know a whole lot about the itch."

The itch!

"YOU high-tail it out of here, you blamed young yearling," Tod Halliday reached for a new welt which had just flowered between his shoulders and considered that the doctor in question was the only one in the nearby town of Salinas. His veterinarian, who usually attended Halliday's rare indispositions as well as those of the horses and cattle, was away with the shipping herd. "All right," he suddenly conceded, "telephone for her. Tell her to make it—pronto."

Despite Tod Halliday's order to come quickly, Doctor Little, up in the squat, adobe town of Salinas, was over two hours late in reaching the prosperous Halliday ranch, four miles from town. Six-year-old Antonio Gonzales had chosen that particular morning on which to break his right wrist by falling from the monkey bar on the school playground. When the Doc finally drove her rattling, aged car up the long, cottonwood-shaded drive to the ranch house of Tod Halliday there was a little quirk of a smile lifting the corners of her mouth. He had sent for her after all the years of bitterness. What, she asked herself, had become of his old prejudice?

But it was there, looming as large as Halliday himself. She realised this as she stood in the door of



Out of the dusk one evening Jose Gonzales came for her.

his room and looked at his pyjama-clad figure. His words were starched, stiff with dignity when he spoke.

"Ah, good morning," he said, rising to his full six feet of height. "I'm sorry that son of mine bothered you to come out here. I'm considerably better." But the tone of his voice plainly intimated that the doctor was entirely too long about reaching him.

She paid little attention to his words. Coming briskly into the room she placed her stout, black satchel on the table and began rummaging in it for her stethoscope.

The Honorable Tod observed her as she came across the room to him. He remembered her as a young girl in her high school graduation frock of white, bright-eyed, sparkling with fun, and, young Tod had thought, pretty as a picture. He had asked her that night, his heart beating high with hope and adoration, to marry him instead of going East to school.

Young Emily Little had turned to him then and tried earnestly to make him understand why she must go.

"Tod, I didn't tell you before because," she hesitated briefly, but that pause admitted that she cared about the young man who walked at her side, "because I wasn't sure until to-day, but Tod, I'm going to be a doctor."

She was crazy, he had assured her, but he could not shake her fever.

Since that May night Tod Halliday had hated women doctors. The girl he later made his wife had called him prejudiced against Doc-

tor Little, but she had not known about that early love and the white graduation frock. She was dead now.

TOD compared the doctor now as she came across the room to him with the girl she had been, and felt a deeper resentment than ever. Her little figure, consisting chiefly of bone and sinew, was clothed in khaki riding breeches, high laced boots, and white shirtwaist with a flat, round collar. A small hat of indeterminate shape and age with a shining feather pointing determinedly upward topped off a face that might have been the least romantic in Salinas except for that twinkle in her large grey eyes.

"If you were a little boy," she told him in a surprisingly pleasant voice as she straightened up, "I'd ask if you'd been eating green apples or drinking water from some of these alkali water holes on your

range. But when a fat man . . ."

Fat man!

" . . . gets hives they're usually caused by an accumulation of wrong things in his stomach. Meats or sweets, or . . . had any stomach pains?"

"My good woman," Halliday spoke in a deep senatorial voice which he strove to make tolerant.

"I've been poisoned from head to foot by some infernal weed I've run into. Poison ivy, probably."

"Poisons from weeds don't act like this," she explained patiently but briskly. "What you've got is hives."

Tod Halliday rose to his feet.

"Madam," he dismissed Little Doc along with her prescriptions, "I am a strong, husky individual, but I'm poisoned through and through. I'll send you a cheque for your trouble."

he huffed, "and wire El Paso for a doctor to come by plane."

"Not a bad idea," Little Doc repacked her black bag and snapped it shut. "Nothing like a man's own doctor."

Little Doc strode briskly out of the house and climbed into old

Rattler, but the quirk was again on her lips, the twinkle shining in her eyes.

The next morning an aeroplane circled the town of Salinas. Little Doc heard the plane and knew that Tod's El Paso physician had arrived at the ranch. But an epidemic of mumps had broken out and the doctor's hands were very busy.

Her mind was so filled with work for the next two weeks that she scarcely heard the hammering that was going on in the old, frame department store across the Plaza from her office. But at the end of that time she suddenly awoke to the realisation that elaborate preparations were being made in the building that had long stood vacant.

Please turn to Page 43

# The CITADEL

By  
A. J.  
CRONIN

Author of "Hatter's Castle,"  
"The Stars Look Down," etc.



**D**R. ANDREW MANSON, a young, ambitious Scotsman, begins his medical career as assistant to Dr. Page in Blaenelly, a mining town in South Wales.

He discovers on arrival that Dr. Page is a hopeless invalid, and his wife Blodwen really controls the practice. She is greedy, grasping, and avaricious, but Andrew works hard despite the fact that he is badly underpaid.

Conditions are appalling in Blaenelly, but every move he makes for reform is met with blank disinterest.

He makes a friend of young Dr. Denny, who practises in the same town, and helps him with his work.

Andrew meets Christine, a school-teacher, and falls in love with her. Shortly afterwards he has a quarrel with Mrs. Page and resigns.

He applies for the post of doctor in the larger town of Aberlaway; Andrew gets the job when he tells the committee who have the appointment in their hands that he is engaged to be married, since a married man is required for the job.

Then he realises that he hasn't asked Christine. Suppose she refuses him? He hurries back to Blaenelly, anxious to put his fate to the test. The story continues:

**A**T nine o'clock the train called into Blaenelly. In a flash he was out on the platform and moving up Railway Road. Though he did not expect Christine until the morning there was just the chance that she might already have arrived. Into Chapel Street. Round the corner of the Institute. A light in the front room of her lodgings sent a pang of expectation through him. Telling himself that it was probably only her landlady preparing the room, he swept into the house, burst into the sitting-room.

Yes! It was Christine. She was seated on the floor arranging her books on the lowest shelf of her bookcase. He saw she had not long returned.

"Christine!" She swung round still kneeling, a strand of hair fallen over her brow, then with a little cry of surprise and pleasure she rose.

"Andrew! How nice of you to come round."

Advancing towards him, her face alight, she held out her hand. But he took both her hands in his and held them tightly. He gazed down at her. He loved her especially in that skirt and blouse which she was wearing. It somehow increased her slightness, the tender sweetness of her youthfulness. Again his heart was throbbing.

"Chris! I've got to tell you something."

Concern swept into her eyes. She studied his pale and travel-grimed face with real anxiety. She said quickly:

"What has happened? Is it more trouble with Mrs. Page? Are you going away?"

He shook his head, enslaving her small hands more tightly in his. And then, all at once, he broke out:

"Christine! I've got a job, the most wonderful job. At Aberlaway. I was up seeing the committee today. Five hundred a year and a house. A house, Christine! Oh, darling—Christine—could you—would you marry me?"

She went very pale. Her eyes were lustrous in her pale face. Her breath seemed to catch in her throat. She said faintly:

"And I thought—I thought it was bad news you were going to tell me."

"No, no," impulsively. "It's the most marvellous news, darling. Oh!



Christine was seated on the floor arranging her books when Andrew found her.

If you'd just seen the place. All open and clean with green fields and decent shops and roads and a park and—oh! Christine actually a hospital. If only you'll marry me, darling, we can start there straight away."

Her lips were soft, trembling. But her eyes smiled, smiled with that strange and shining lustre towards him.

"Is this because of Aberlaway or because of me?"

"It's you, Chris. Oh, you know I love you, but then—perhaps you don't love me."

She gave a little sound in her throat, came towards him so that her head was buried in his breast. As his arms went round her she said brokenly:

"Oh, darling, darling. I've loved you ever since—" smiling through her happy tears—"Oh, ever since I saw you walk into that stupid classroom."

**G**WILLIAM JOHN LOSSIN'S decrepit motor van banged and boomed its way up the mountain road. Behind, an old tarpaulin drooped over the ruined tail-board, the rusted number-plate, the oil lamp that was never lit, dragging a smooth pattern in the dust. At the sides the loose wings flapped and clattered to the rhythm of the

ancient engine. And in front, jammed gaily in the driving-seat with Gwilliam John were Doctor Manson and his wife.

They had been married that morning. This was their bridal carriage. Underneath the tarpaulin were Christine's few pieces of furniture, a kitchen table bought second-hand in Blaenelly for twenty shillings, several new pots and pans, and their suitcases. Since they were without pride they had decided that the best, the cheapest, way to bring

this grand summation of their worldly goods and themselves to Aberlaway was in Gwilliam John's pantechneon.

The day was bright, with a fresh breeze blowing, burnishing the blue sky. They had laughed and cracked jokes with Gwilliam John, who obliged occasionally with his special rendering of Handel's "Largo" upon the motor horn. They had stopped at the solitary inn high on the mountain at Ruthin Pass, to make Gwilliam John toast them in Rhymney beer. Gwilliam John, a scatter-brained little man with a squint, toasted them several times and then

had a drop o' gin on his own account. Thereafter their career down Ruthin—with its two hairpin bends edging a sheer precipice of five hundred feet—had been demoniac.

At last they crested the final rise and coasted down into Aberlaway. It was a moment tinged with ecstasy. The town lay before them with its long and undulating lines of roofs reaching up and down the valley.

Its shops, churches and offices clustered at the upper end, and, at the lower, its mines and ore-works, the chimneys smoking steadily, the squat condenser belching clouds of steam—and all, all spangled by the mid-day sun.

"Look! Chris, look!" Andrew whispered, pressing her arm tightly. He had all the eagerness of the clericone. "It's a fine place, isn't it? There's the Square! We've come in the back way. And look! No more oil lamps, darling. There's the gasworks. I wonder where our house is."

They stopped a passing miner and were soon directed to Vale View which lay, he told them, in this very road, right on the fringe of the town. Another minute and they were there.

"Well!" said Christine. "It's—It's nice, isn't it?"

"Yes, darling. It looks—it looks a lovely house."

"By Gori!" Gwilliam John said, shoving his cap to the back of his head. "That's a rum lookin' shop."

Vale View was, indeed, an extraordinary edifice, at first sight something between a Swiss chalet and a Highland shooting box, with a great profusion of little gables, the whole roughcast, and standing in half an acre of desolate garden choked with weeds and nettles through which a stream tumbled over a variety of tin cans to be surmounted midway in its course by a mouldering rustic bridge. Though they were not then aware of it, Vale View was their

first introduction to the diverse power, the variegated omniscience of the committee, who in the boom year of 1919, when contributions were rolling in, had said largely that they would build a house, a fine house that would do the committee credit, something stylish, a regular smarter. Every member of that committee had had his own positive idea as to what a regular smarter should be. There were thirty members. Vale View was the result.

Whatever their impression of the outside, however, they were speedily comforted within. The house was sound, well-floored and cleanly

## Medical Sensation

This is the third instalment of Dr. Cronin's sensational novel dealing with the medical profession • Begin now • The synopsis will tell you what has gone before.

papered. But the number of rooms was alarming. They both perceived instantly, though neither of them mentioned it, that Christine's few pieces would barely furnish two of these apartments.

"Let's see, darling," Chris said, counting practically on her fingers as they stood in the hall after their first breathless tour. "I make it a dining-room, drawing-room, and library, oh, or morning-room—whatever we like to call it, downstairs, and five bedrooms upstairs."

"That's right," Andrew smiled. "No wonder they wanted a married man." His smile faded to compunction. "Honestly, Chris, I feel rotten about this—me, without a bean, using your nice furniture; it's as if I was sponging on you, taking everything for granted, dragging you over here at a minute's notice—hardly giving them time to get your deputy into the school. I'm a selfish ass. I ought to have come over first and got the place decently ready for you."

"Andrew Manson! If you'd dared to leave me behind!"

"Anyhow, I'm going to do something about it," he frowned at her doggedly. "Now listen, Chris—"

She interrupted with a smile.

"I think, darling, I'm going to

### And Ireland Went Singing—

*I heard someone playing a  
lilting refrain  
Of hills of Killarney all washed  
in the rain,  
And stories of woods where  
the leprechauns start,  
And Ireland went singing its  
way to my heart.*

*For there's never a county, and  
never a clan  
That doesn't own part of the  
heart of a man,  
And there's never a woman  
hears tell of its songs  
That her lips can deny where  
her spirit belongs!*

—Yvonne Webb.

make you an omelette—according to Madame Poulard. At least, the cookery book's idea of it."

Cut off at the outset of his declamation, his mouth opened, he stared at her. Then gradually his frown vanished. Smiling again he followed her into the kitchen. He could not bear her out of his sight. Their footsteps made the empty house sound like a cathedral.

The omelette—Gwilliam John had been sent for the eggs before he took his departure—came out of the pan, hot, savory and a delicate yellow. They ate it sitting together on the edge of the kitchen table. He exclaimed vigorously:

"By Heaven!—Sorry, darling, forgot I was a reformed character—by Jove! You can cook! That calendar they've left doesn't look bad on the wall. Fills it up nicely. And I like the picture on it—these roses. Is there a little more omelette? Who was Poulard? Sounds like a ben. Thanks, darling. Gosh! You don't know how keen I am to get started. There ought to be opportunities here. Big opportunities!" He broke off suddenly, his eyes resting on a varnished wooden case which stood beside their baggage in the corner. "I say, Chris! What's that?"

Please turn to Page 46

## Andrew Proposes

Complete Short Story



Illustrated  
by  
FISCHER

# SHE Wore ORCHIDS

*The portrait painter tells a charming tale—the story behind a great picture.*

**A**H, my friend, I shall be for ever in your debt. You stop me from getting the—how do you call it?—the "well head." The beau-monde, they annoy me; they are so like the silly sheep. They read the same books, they go into ecstasies over the same music, they admire the same pictures, and they all have the brain that would rattle in the egg-cup.

Bow to me, my friend; you are in a great presence. For the moment I am the painter the most fashionable in Paris.

The silly women come to my studio, and they cackle like hens. They look at my pictures which they do not understand, and the French say, "Marvellous!" "Ravissant!"; and the English, they say, "How too, too sweet!" and "Simply gorgeous!" Pah, they make me to be sick.

But you, Monsieur—you come, you walk around smoking your pipe and filling the air with that execrable smoke. You look at my work, you say, "Mm," you say "Ah."

After that you sit down and say, "Andre, tell me a story," and my hat still fits on to my head. I am for ever grateful to you.

To-day I am feeling talkative. I will let you choose—so go to the pictures which hang together on the end wall there, the pictures which I do not sell because each one means to me a story. Pick out a painting, my friend, and I will tell its history.

Which one shall it be? Ah, the portrait of Monsieur Mallin. That is fortunate. I am in luck, for the study of the starved figure which hangs

beside it, that also is the same story. I will—how you say?—"kill two birds with one brick," and illustrate two pictures with one tale.

Yes, you are right. It is strange that I should keep a portrait that was painted to an order, but perhaps that is the story.

Monsieur Mallin was Foreign Minister. You do not remember him—that does not surprise me. He was appointed on the Monday; on the Tuesday he came to me to arrange for the portrait to be made; on Wednesday he had the first sitting.

**T**HURSDAY and Friday he came to me again; on the Saturday he used—what your papers say—"insulting words" at the Opera, and on the Sunday he resigned.

Look at me well, my friend; perhaps I, Andre Renaudin, may have played my little part in the Destiny of France.

But I got along too quickly, and the story will be finished before I have commenced.

Of all the models I have painted, the one the most pleasing was Louisette. She was the daughter of the woman who used to sweep out my studio, and it was of her that I painted my first picture that brought notice to me.

I called it "Pleur des Champs." That is what she was—just a flower of the fields, so sweet. Ah, I wish you could have seen that painting, my friend; but alas, it is in America, where all the good pictures go. Is it not so?

You would have loved the little one's sun-kissed body, so brown, as

she stooped gathering the meadow flowers.

I was the envy of the quarter, for her mother would let Louisette sit only for me. For six years she was my chief model.

I have watched the body of a child grow into the form of a woman, most exquisite; I have listened to the young prattle change into the voice of silver; I have seen the childish interests grow into a love of beauty most wonderful.

As I worked, she would talk to me of the things that she would like to paint—the sunlight on the trees, the lengthening shadows of a summer evening; but most of all she loved the flowers.

Sometimes I would give her a little posy; it did my heart good to see her eyes light up at the gift. And always she would be my critic; oh, what a—how you say?—"chat-terbox"!

But, at last, there came a day when Louisette did not talk to me. I watched her as I painted, and there was a look of joy upon her face. Never before had she been so beautiful.

That day I take a new canvas, and I commence my painting—"La Naissance d'Amour"—the birth of love.

In a little while, she tells me that she is going to be married, and one

me, her face all joy. Oh, they made me to feel so old, my friend!

When I have finished my picture, she comes no more; her Jacques does not—how you say?—"approve." So Louisette and her lover are married. One year passes, and another. I hear nothing of them, for her mother no longer cleans out my studio.

One day there is a tap so quiet upon my door. I open it, and there is poor Louisette. I weep when I think of her as she stood there—the shabby clothes, the worn-out shoes; and oh, her face, the cheeks so hollow and at the eyes no laughter, only the tears.

She enters and sits down sobbing. At last I hear her story. Alas, it is like so many others. She has been ill, Jacques has no work, they are without anything.

I offer to her a little money, but she will not take it. They have talked together, Jacques and Louisette; may she again be my model? What could I do, my friend?

The next day she crouches upon the throne; I paint my picture—"Apres la Guerre." There, hanging upon the wall, next to the port-

*In the buttonhole of her coat Louisette wore an orchid.*

that she is ashamed. I know that it is only a little that they earn.

I remember their first love, and I wonder to myself: Will it endure all this hardship?

What has all this to do with Monsieur Mallin, the Foreign Minister? you ask. Have patience, my friend, have patience; I arrive at that in one instant.

On the Monday, Monsieur Mallin is appointed; on the Tuesday arrangements are made for the first sitting, as I have told you.

Look at his picture; study it well. I ask you, is it not the face of a beast?

See the jaw so heavy, the mouth so hard; it is a cruel face. See the puffed eyes, a little bloodshot, with their drooping lids; it is an evil face.

An egoist, a sensualist, I scarcely need to tell you the type of man he was; I feel that it is all written there in a way much truer than I can speak of it.

If ever I wished for a model for Nero, I have it there. Paint out the coat, paint in a toga; place a circle of laurel on the head, a little—how you say?—awry, and he is there before you. Is it not so?

And his talk!—I can remember it now, like the bad taste in the mouth. As I listen to the things he tells me of the way he has crushed men and ruined women, I think to myself: This is the man that is chosen to be the Foreign Minister of our France!

I know that the lives of our people so brave, are as nothing in his eyes, that he would ruthlessly plunge us into war for the gratification of his ego, and I am afraid for my dear country, my friend.

Among the women that he mentions there is one name which I know—Mademoiselle Bergeret. Perhaps you, too, have heard of her. She used to sing at the Opera, and was for many years our idol.

Please turn to Page 18.

By D. H. FABER

day she brings her lover that I may see him. Jacques Longuey sits in my studio, and he is all hands and feet—gauche. But he is so honest, so simple.

As he looks at his Louisette he has the eyes of a dog, but when he looks at me the dog is not so friendly. I could have hugged them both to see their happiness.

Each day he gave to her a gift of flowers, which she would show to

rait of Monsieur Mallin, you see a study of the subject.

I wish to lend her money, but she refuses; I seek to pay her more, but she will not take one sou over the payment that she had in the old days.

After a little while, I see the light come back into her eyes and her body return to its former beauty. Jacques again has work. I ask what it is. Louisette will not tell me, and I feel



The white wings in the bay made a glorious picture.

# SAILBOATS and WOMEN

"Sailboats are like women," said the yachtsmen, "beautiful, but inconsistent"

Complete Short Story

By . . .

NARD JONES



THE time was," said Lee slowly, "when you were about as sophisticated as a veal cutlet."

Ellen did not reply at once. Under Lee Allen's critical gaze she took a thin, red-silk case from her bag and extracted a cigarette. She lighted it with a paper match from a packet bearing the dignified insignia of the Bay City Yacht Club, ignoring the very ordinary and slightly soiled wood match which Lee had been twisting in his fingers. Then, and not until then, did she reply.

"That was when I was younger. You can't expect a girl to be like that all her life. I was just a child."

"And you're just a child now,"

said the young Mr. Allen imperturbably. "In fact, you're not quite nineteen. Think you're smart, smoking cigarettes, too. Furthermore, you still possess freckles."

Helen Fraser reddened. It had been her fond belief that recent vigorous facials had faded those freckles.

"Yes," Lee went on, "you still have freckles. The clothes you've been wearing lately don't hide them. Come to think of it, the evening dress you wore to the club dance last Saturday night didn't hide much of anything."

This pleased Ellen Fraser rather than not. She had spent much time, and considerable of Aaron Fraser's money, acquiring that evening gown. And she'd worn it only after a hard-won argument with her mother.

"I thought you never attended the yacht club dances?" mentioned

Ellen. "I don't remember that you ever took me to one."

"I just looked through the window."

Ellen's tiny, piquant face reflected a superior amusement. "So you came down and peeked through the window? Were other Juniors there?"

"I just happened to be passing by," said Lee stiffly. "I don't know whether you remember it or not, but there was a bit of a blow last Saturday night. I came down to see how the Serena was riding her moorings."

"Oh . . . I didn't know you'd brought back the Serena from Mr. Widdener."

"I haven't," Lee told her. "But Jack Widdener was so busy dancing with you that he forgot all about the Serena. Or maybe he thought he'd moored her properly. Anyhow, if I hadn't taken a look she'd have been smashed."

"I'll have to tell Mr. Widdener about it. He'll be pleased. Not many owners take so much interest after they've sold their boats."

"You mention it to Widdener."

said Lee darkly, "and I'll break your skinny neck!"

Ellen drew herself up to her full height, without, after all, very imposing results. Scathingly she surveyed Mr. Allen's once-white jersey and his grimy dungarees. "You—you can't talk to me like that!"

"I'll talk to you however I please," he assured her. "Listen . . . I've known you since you wore half-socks, even if it wasn't so long ago. I taught you to sail a flattie. You were never very good, but I did the best I could with the material I had to work with. When we were freshmen in high school we used to take the Serena to Hunt's Point and toast marshmallows on the sand. How do you expect me to pretend you're Lill Damita, Greta Garbo, and the Scourge of Paris, all rolled into one? If you ask me, you ought to be wearing dungarees and a bandana handkerchief—then maybe I'd take you seriously."

"Others find me attractive these days, Mr. Lee Allen."

"Don't use the plural for Jack Widdener. I've a hunch he was behind all your fancy get-up. There are plenty of grown girls in the Bay

City Yacht Club. Why does he want to rob the cradle?"

"Lee Allen—"

"I'll tell you why. Because Widdener's on the make. He bought the Serena and joined the yacht club. He doesn't know a mizzen shroud from a reverse gear, and he doesn't give a darn, either. But, being on the make, he knows perfectly well that your old man is Aaron Fraser."

"Lee Allen," Miss Fraser assumed a dignity in keeping with her smart afternoon dress and her jaunty blue straw. "I've—I've stood a lot from you for the sake of an old friendship, but you've gone too far."

"Rot," said Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen cherished such succinct and scoffing retorts. A few years ago he had been fond of "Raspberries!"

"I'll be grateful if you'll never speak to me again, Lee Allen."

Please turn to Page 14

## An Editorial

OCTOBER 23, 1937.

## THE FOLLY OF IGNORANCE!



**HISTORY** to-day is being made faster than history books can be written.

Education, therefore, takes on a new significance.

No longer are the Three R's sufficient. Even the curriculum of the most up-to-date school does not fit its scholars for the battle of life.

Time was when the folly of wisdom was quoted against the blissfulness of ignorance. But if that ever applied, it has to be reversed in this age of fast-moving events.

History is still taught in the schools.

But nowadays history is made overnight, and what is learned at school is soon "ancient history."

Geography is drummed into the heads of pupils by painstaking school-teachers.

But of what avail can it be when the map is changed from week to week?

Unless the boys and girls of to-day have had teachers with vision, teachers who realise that a knowledge of world events is as necessary as a grounding in the subjects so dear to educational authorities, they have to start afresh when they come against the big things of life.

Wars and rumors of wars, crises in commercial relations between nations, political developments in the vital countries of the world—a knowledge of these and kindred subjects is essential to-day for the proper mental equipment of every boy and girl.

And not only for boys and girls. The changing map of the world makes it necessary for adults to read the newspapers to keep up to date in their knowledge of history and geography.

Political parties find that they have to shape their policies on events in the outside world. How can people vote on these policies if they have not an intelligent knowledge of what's going on in the world?

It may interfere with our pleasures, but as a nation we will suffer if we remain in ignorance of international happenings. —THE EDITOR.

## POINTS OF VIEW

## The Eternal Anodyne

DR. CLEMENT BRADLEY, the well-known biologist, told a committee of inquiry the other day that in the stress of civilisation none of us can get on without anodynes.

Tea, coffee, tobacco and aspirin he mentioned as habits which, while some of them might at times be overdone, are necessary to keep people up to the strain of unnatural conditions.

It is really a matter of balanced values. If we were to abandon the use of all mild stimulants and narcotics, the effects on "nerves," on industrial efficiency, and even on such things as traffic and minor crime might prove to be far worse than any ill-effects on health which may now occur.

## Please Deliver!

AUCKLAND girls, declared a W.C.T.U. delegate in that city, sometimes sew on their frocks tickets bearing their names and addresses, so that they will be taken home if they get drunk.

If true, definitely alarming to Auckland parents, although from a strictly practical point of view, if the naughty little things do "pass out" at parties, their families should be glad to be sure of getting them returned to the correct address.

But the whole thing sounds a bit like a "furfy." Probably some lass was in such a rush to get to a party through her dress having arrived late from the dress-maker's that she forgot to remove the address tag, and, when discovered, made a "rag" of it.

## Good Start

USING a driver for the first time in his life, an Englishman, Gilbert Elliott, playing golf at Deal, drove a ball 385 yards. The world's record is 445 yards, so Mr. Elliott has started off pretty well.

When he plays again and finds that he can't hit the ball at all, he will know something of the subtleties of golf, its exasperations and its charm.

But what a yarn at the nineteenth! "I remember my first drive—a mere 385 yards, but remember it was the first time I had a club in my hands!"

## Woodville Whittington

FROM Woodville, South Australia, comes a Lady Dick Whittington. She is the Australian-born wife of Sir Harry Twyford, Lord Mayor-elect of London.

The first Australian to be London's Lady Mayoress, Lady Twyford will have a special spot in her heart for Australian visitors whom London welcomes with honor in the future.

The Mayoral entertainments play such a significant part in the life of London that Lady Twyford's accession to the post of honor may be said to be another link of Empire.

## LYRIC OF LIFE

## THE DREAM

I have dreamed of a tranquil beauty  
Past distances undivided,  
Beyond the roads and the seas we know

Where the broken tracks of wanderers go  
And paths of our vision wind.

I have dreamed of a tranquil beauty,  
A dream in a second's span . . .  
Too brief for the spirit to capture  
Or remember the moment's rapture  
That ended as it began.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## Make It Worth While!

MR. BRUXNER, Minister for Transport in N.S.W., says that Australian boys know a lot about overseas countries through the books they read. They know about Red Indians and trappers and waggon trains because these things have been fictionalised for them.

"It is up to our writers to tell a beautiful and wonderful story about Australia," he said.

Yet the Sesqui-Centenary committee thinks the "beautiful and wonderful story" of Australia worth a paltry £150, the amount set aside for the Sesqui-Centenary novel.

This is hardly relief work pay for the author when it is considered that any novel requiring a considerable amount of research takes about twelve months to write.



MISS MAY HOLMAN, West Australian woman Member of Parliament, who discusses women's influence in politics. See article in column 4.

## Long and Short of It

QUITE a battle is being waged by couturiers in London about the length of skirts. The Duchess of Kent recently wore a short skirt, and as she is a fashion arbiter in London the short skirt advocates considered the day as won.

On the other hand, the long skirt party says that young women like to appear elegant, and knee height is not elegance. However, a compromise has been reached.

"Wear the skirts that suit you," says a fashion expert, "and ask your mirror about your legs before donning ultra-short skirts."

## On with the Dance

SIR RICHARD TERRY, eminent English musician visiting Australia, condemns jazz dancing as "definitely pathological and a return to the jungle."

Unfortunately the same criticism has been voiced before, but young people go on dancing without very much harm coming to them.

There was criticism of the waltz when it first appeared by people who saw profound wickedness in couples clasped in each other's arms. To-day it is the classic of the ballroom.

Jazz is a crudity perhaps, but its danger and its significance are over-estimated. Another decade may see it outmoded and old-fashioned.

## Are Women a Success in Parliament?

"Can women ever be successful in Parliament?" This is a question that will occur to many as they ponder over the elections this week.

Miss May Holman, who has been a member of the West Australian Parliament for fourteen years, discusses the question in the following special article.

By MAY HOLMAN

"I THINK you will find women as successful in Parliament as men. But the women members are judged by harder standards.

"To get into Parliament, and then to stay there, one must belong to a Party. 'Independent' women will not get anywhere.

"My lot has been slightly different to that of most of the women who stand for Parliament. I was brought up in union offices and was acting-secretary of the Timber Workers' Union for so many years that perhaps I do not look at things only from a strictly women's point of view.

"Some women candidates for Parliament take their stand as feminists, and state they will sit in the House—if elected—to represent the women's viewpoint.

"To be a success in Parliament, a woman has got to drop the purely feminine point of view and look on things absolutely as a member representing her electors and Party.

"In Australia, where women have had the vote so long, they could take a lot more interest in politics than they do now.

"Although men and women are now given the same opportunities educationally and in practically every sphere of life, there is still a little bit of feeling that women should be entirely 'home birds.'

"This arises from the fact that it was only early in this century it was ever thought necessary to give women an education beyond a fairly rudimentary stage. No one cared very much whether the girls went to school, or learnt very much when they did, as their whole life was planned out before they started.

## Woman's Opportunity

WITH the influence of Hitler and the influence of Mussolini on the other side of the world, it is possible that that Victorian feeling about women, and their place being in the home, will not be as quickly cleared away as it would be without those influences.

"Women are entitled to work at whatever their talents fit them for, and they are entitled to have the opportunity to take their part in the public life of the country as well as men.

"They have a definite contribution to make to public life.

"In my own electorate I am on as friendly terms with the men as with the women. There is one advantage in being a woman member—I can go straight through and chat with my constituents in their kitchens. The male M.P. has to sit in the front room!

"In political life it does not matter how you work, or what you do, you never know what your political fate will be. That will in all probability depend on many things entirely outside yourself. It might be an election catch-cry, a clever poster, a general feeling throughout the country for a political change, or, of course, your own fault.

"But I have no complaints. I have always received every co-operation from the Party, and from the men members every consideration, courtesy and assistance. When I first came into Parliament, I was very quiet.

"Although I had done a lot of industrial work as union secretary and been my father's secretary before that, I had done very little public speaking. But every member of the House came along and offered me help in that regard if I needed it.

"Given the opportunity to sit in Parliament, a woman would be quite as successful as a man if she does her work very conscientiously and works hard as well."



# WHY NOT Jazz Up ELECTIONS?



## L. W. Lower Wants to Turn the Corner Again to a Brighter Tune

I never knew what a good fellow I was until the elections came on.

Now I've got enough pamphlets to keep me in shaving-paper for life. I've been patted on the back, beamed on, had my hand shaken, bought drinks, and one chap tried to kiss me. I wouldn't let him, because he had freckles.

**B**UT elections are a dull business, taking them all round. People would take more interest in them if they were brightened up a bit.

Supposing they called for you with a brass band, put a garland of flowers around your neck and allowed you to march in front of the band to the tune of: "See, the Conquering Hero Comes"—a man wouldn't mind voting then.

And candidates could make their policies a bit more attractive.

Of course, I enjoyed the gruesome suggestion of being bombed off the map by enemy planes because we didn't have an air force. And also the bit about unemployment insurance.

So far as I could make out, you just get insured and then resign your job and live a life of ease on the insurance. Or, if you insisted on earn-

... By ...  
**L. W. Lower**  
Australia's Foremost Humorist  
Illustrated by WEP.

ing your keep, you could do it in a forty-hour week.

All that is mildly attractive, but we've heard it all before.

For instance, we've never had a Youth Movement in this country. I am not quite sure what a Youth Movement is, but I know it has something to do with hiking, and hostels, and wearing short pants, and carrying haversacks.

It all sounds frightfully jolly, and I'm sure I'd look swell in short pants and a haversack and wearing a hostel. Anyhow, that's one of the things they left out.

The speeches could be brightened up a bit, too.

"Well, ladies and gentlemen, you've heard my views on defence, so I will now sing, 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River,' before continuing on the shorter working week."

But the crowd melts swiftly away. Is it because they've heard that song before?

No, it's not that. The rival candidate is turning handsprings on the opposite corner. He also does card tricks and has a performing monkey that rides a bicycle.

And what is that mysterious box he has? There's a snake in it, and he's going to make the snake disappear as soon as he gets through with his speech. That's what's keeping the crowd hanging about.

### Secrecy of the Ballot

"So you're voting for Jones, are you?" says one free citizen to another. "I don't think much of his policy."

"No. Neither do I, but he's a marvellous tap dancer, and he plays the concertina something wonderful."

"Oh, I didn't wait for that. I'm voting for the chap—I forget which party he belongs to, but he can keep eight billiard balls in the air at once."

"Did you notice the little table he had? All done up with balloons and they gave you a cream cake with each How To Vote card."

"I hear they're going to put on a special election for the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary celebrations."

"That WILL be nice! You know, I used to hate elections. I could never take any interest in them. What with the trouble of getting on the roll, and they always WILL hold elections on a race day. Of course, it's different now. I wouldn't miss one for worlds."

"It's a great idea having the polls open, isn't it? Although if you haven't voted you can't get in. I saw poor Bill Jackson hanging around outside the hotel with the most PATHETIC look on his face. He'd forgotten to get on the roll, so they wouldn't let him in."

"Well, it'll teach him to take more interest in the country's welfare this time."

"My word! A man's got to. It's in his own interests."

"Too right it is! Who are you voting for?"

"I forget now. I'll just put down one, two, three, four, starting from the top."

"That's what I'm doing. It's surprising how long some people take

L. W. LOWER dreams of the day when elections will be brightened with Youth processions as in Europe. Here Wep pictures Mr. Lower breaking into a parade in aid of a candidate he doesn't like.

to cast their vote. Last election I waited ten minutes for a man who was sucking away at the pencil and frowning at his ballot paper, and at last he turned around and said to me, 'How do you spell "rotten"?'"

"Did you tell him?"

"Certainly not! Where would the secrecy of the ballot be if people started giving away information like that?"

"I never thought of that. You know, it's a great privilege to have a vote. Our fathers fought and died for it."

"Did they? I've often wondered

what happened to my old man. Mother would never tell me."

"When do the new members start work?"

"They've got to be sworn in first. After that they're just sworn at until their term expires."

"Well, I hope we'll get a good team this time. Unemployment is going to vanish, I was told."

"So I believe. I suppose a man will be working that much overtime he'll be lucky to get any sleep."

"Well, we'll have to put up with it, I suppose. Damn this prosperity!"

—168 Castlereagh St., Sydney.



## Can You Still do this?

**K**NEES straight, hands flat on the floor! Twenty times on getting out of bed—that's Grandpa Kruschen's morning exercise!

What? You can't get down to it? Your knees creak, your back won't bend far enough, you feel dizzy? Come, come, you should do what Grandpa does—take Kruschen every morning. It's the "little daily dose" that keeps Grandpa fit, his joints loose, his limbs supple, his muscles springy. Start to-day with Kruschen. Take the "little daily dose," and in a few weeks you'll be "jumping over the moon!"

### The "Little Daily Dose" is the Secret of Health

It is the pace of life that makes us grow old before our time. Rushing after buses, trains, cars; constantly on the go, whether at work or at play. We bolt our food, we do not always eat what is good for us. In short, we lead an unnatural existence. Under such conditions, it is not surprising that our liver, kidneys and bowels become sluggish and allow poisons to accumulate.

As a result, common complaints such as indigestion, constipation, rheumatism, neuritis, sciatica and lumbago begin to bother us, or we start to put on ugly, unnecessary fat.

If we lived a natural life, all body

poisons would be got rid of every day through the eliminating organs. That is just what the "little daily dose" of Kruschen ensures for you. It helps the liver, kidneys and bowels to do their work regularly and efficiently every day with the result that poisons and harmful waste products are punctually eliminated before they can do any harm. And that is the whole secret of good health.

Read how Mrs. L.P. found this out for herself, and now feels sixteen years younger, through taking Kruschen regularly—

### Stiffness Gone—As Active as 16 Years Ago

"I have been taking Kruschen Salts for three months. I had tried several things before, but all to no avail. Then it occurred to me to try the 'little daily dose' of Kruschen Salts. Since then, I have been able to get up in the morning without the least fatigue, and do my housework cheerfully. I feel no more pain in my back or my legs, my circulation has improved, and my face is no longer flushed."

It is wonderful. My limbs are not a bit stiff now, and at 56 years of age I feel as active as I did sixteen years ago. I shall go on taking Kruschen, for I feel much better for it.—(Mrs.) L.P.



## Kruschen Salts

Kruschen Salts is taken by millions of people throughout the world. Why shouldn't you join that happy band? Get a bottle of Kruschen to-day, and start to-morrow morning. Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6 and 2/6 per bottle.



## How did she get rid of Winter Fat

**H**ER problem was how to get rid of the accumulated Winter fat—and she solved it with the aid of Bile Beans. Now her figure's as lovely and slim as ever it was, and she takes good care to keep it so by taking Bile Beans nightly.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the system, ensure internal health and remove all fat-forming residue daily.

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"I weighed ten stone five pounds, but since taking Bile Beans I have reduced by fourteen pounds. I never miss my nightly Bile Beans. They not only keep my weight down, but benefit my health and make me feel fine."—Mrs. L. Burden.

"I must tell you how pleased I am with Bile Beans, which have removed all my surplus fat and reduced my hip measurement by four inches. Bile Beans also keep me in splendid health and youthful in spirit and appearance."—Mrs. A. Farwell.

## BILE BEANS

IMPROVE YOUR FIGURE WITHOUT DIETING

## Announcing Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams

LADY  
SYLVIA ASHLEY

"Such a  
marvellous  
beauty  
treatment"

Every Jar contains the  
Active "Skin-Vitamin"

Now—Pond's Creams contain a certain vitamin found in many foods—the "skin-vitamin".

When you eat foods containing this vitamin, one of its special functions is to help keep skin tissue healthy. And when this vitamin is applied right to skin, it aids the skin more directly.

First doctors found this out. Then Pond's found a way to put this "skin-vitamin" in Pond's Creams. Now everyone can have it.

Pond's Vanishing Cream has always been especially good for smoothing out the rough places. Now with the active "skin-vitamin", it makes the skin smoother, softer, and gives a livelier, glowing look.

Pond's Cold Cream with the active "skin-vitamin", cleanses, softens and smooths for powder. It invigorates the skin and fights off blackheads and blemishes. It smooths out lines, and makes pores less noticeable.

Now—with  
the active  
"Skin-Vitamin"



● Lady Sylvia Ashley uses Pond's Creams—nothing else. "For years I have used Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams," she says. "They suit my skin perfectly, keeping it faultlessly clear and smooth."



Here you see microscopic section of skin. Greased with Pond's "Skin-Vitamin" Creams. Without the "skin-vitamin" this section of skin was harsh, dry and old looking. Now, with the "skin-vitamin," dried-up flattened cells are rounded out, the oil glands healthy.

Listen to "Serenade to Beauty"  
2CH, 48K-AK, 6IX-WB, every Monday, 9 p.m.; 1DS-LK, every Monday, 8 p.m.; 5AD-MU-PI, every Wednesday, 8.30 p.m.

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Mail this coupon today with four one penny stamps in a sealed envelope to cover postage, packing, etc., for free tubes of Pond's two "Skin-Vitamin" Creams—Cold and Vanishing. You will receive also a sample of Pond's new Face Powder. Indicate shade wanted: Brunette (Kachell) ( ), Light Cream ( ), Rose Cream (Natural) ( ), Naturelle (Light Natural) ( ), Rose Brunette ( ), Dark Brunette (Santian) ( ).  
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BOX OF 12

## SAILBOATS Are Like WOMEN

Continued from Page 8

"NEVER fear. And I hope I live to see you embalm on the after-deck of a hundred-foot diesel yacht named Widdle-Ellen—with a crew of four to run it—and nothing so plebeian as a marsh-mallow anywhere in the galley."

Having delivered this deep, damning hope from a sailor's heart, he turned on his heel and left Ellen standing in the exact centre of the club verandah. She stood there for quite a while, hardly moving a muscle, until Jack Widdener breezed up from the parking lot beside the club.

"Hello, darling! Hope I'm not late. How about some food?"

"Yes," said Ellen, startled. "I certainly need some."

On the way in Widdener said: "I've been talking to Meek, the naval architect. We're going to make some changes in the Serena."

Ellen caught her breath. "Jack! ... Not really?"

"Sure. Been planning it a long time. She's a tub—but Meek says the hull is sound and the lines all right. I'm going to make a real

### Such Slanguage, Oh, Dear, Dear!

HERE are slang terms current in United States colleges and universities at the moment. Keeping up with slang fashions there must be harder than learning Greek or Latin.

Apple polisher: One who curries favor with instructor.

B.M.O.C.: Big man on campus.

Ding: To blackball a candidate for fraternity.

Fruit Fly: Those who study in Toto's fruit shop.

Goon: A silly or boring person.

Hardware: Fraternity Jewellery.

In the Switch: To be in the know.

Jam Session: A good, noisy free-for-all.

Jolly-up: Get - acquainted dance given on a week-day night.

Keep Wee: Good, swell, or almost any meaning.

Nub: An unattractive person.

Pitching Woo: Known as petting, necking or sparking in old days.

Quilling: Making up to your professor.

Rum-dumb: An uninteresting person.

Sklooming: Unromantic term for romantic urge to make love.

T.P. or Table Party: Informals at men's fraternities.

The Morgue: Hall in basement where all examination marks are posted.

To Jelly: Soda-and-cigarette date.

Wheel a Sled: To drive an automobile.

Wolfing: Sneaking other girls' appointments.

cabin sailing craft out of her." He took a sheet from his pocket, spread it on the table. "And here's the new rig."

Ellen wasn't looking at the tracing paper at all. She was still looking at Widdener as though she couldn't quite believe him. "You're really going to give the Serena a new rig?"

"Not the Serena," corrected Widdener. "The Ellen." With that he leaned back, a little heavily, waiting for her to express her pleasure. She did manage it, finally. "That's nice, Jack."

"You won't really appreciate it until you see the finished product," he said. "Now this rig—it's got the new wishbone boom. The mast is higher. Meek says—"

"THE Serena was always good enough to windward," Ellen told him. "Lee Allen had a nice record with her, even though she was built just to knock around in."

"Knock around in!" repeated Widdener in disgust. "And she looks it. I'd never have bought her if I'd known as much about boats as I know now."

Ellen smiled. She couldn't resist it. "You don't learn about boats as quickly as you learn about automobiles, Jack. Boats are a little like women. Especially sailboats."

He laughed. "Well, you can't say I don't know women. Just take you, for instance. When I first saw you, Ellen, you had on a pair of denim pants and were helping young Allen sand down the Serena. I said to myself, 'There's a remarkably attractive young woman, but she doesn't know it.'"

"I was too busy having fun to care."

"But a woman can have more fun out of life if she makes the most of herself," argued Widdener. "And I know that running around with young Allen wouldn't get you anywhere. All he seems to want to do is fool around with sailboats."

Ellen nodded slowly. "To you a boat's something different, isn't it—I mean different from what it is to a boy like Lee! To you it's ... well, a possession that shows you're getting somewhere." She paused, then she said: "You'll get somewhere, all right. You're not like Lee."

"Sure. A smart woman can always see that in a man, can't she? And I want you to go places with me. You know that, too, don't you?"

Ellen laughed. "I hope you want me to go to lunch with you, at least."

"Done! How about here at the club?"

No matter how large the city, yachting news travels swiftly within the boundaries of its own little world. It wasn't long—only late that afternoon—before Lee Allen heard that Edwin Meek had designed changes for the Serena; and that a boatyard had been given the contract for the job. Half an hour after he'd heard the news he was in the cluttered cubicle wherein the naval architect dreamed boats and sometimes set them down on paper.

"After all," said Meek, "she was your boat, and I'll let you see the drawings. But I shouldn't do it."

ALREADY he was unrolling them on his board, pinning down their corners with thumbtacks. Then he lit a cigarette and stood back while Lee's eyes travelled over them with intelligent swiftness. Once or twice Lee brushed a hand through his unruly shock of tow-colored hair.

"I guess it's all right," he said finally. "I guess it'll make a boat, all right. But I certainly hate to see her changed."

The eyes of the two men met—two men who loved canvas and the sea. Meek nodded. "I know, Lee. But guys like Widdener are few and far between these days, so I took the job."

"Sure . . ." Lee lifted up one of the plans for a look at the outboard profile Meek had drawn. He straightened suddenly, pointing to a carefully lettered name on the bow. "What's this?"

"Ellen. He's going to rename her the Ellen."

"Sailboats," agreed the yachtsmen, looking at each other, "are like women—beautiful, but inconsistent."

That was all, except that Lee made a bee-line from Meek's office to the yacht club moorings. There he sought out the ketch called Serena. She was moored to the wharf, the sails were furled sloppily. Partly because he loved his boat, partly to correct an untidy job, Lee leaped lightly aboard and set to work. Once or twice he heard a faint stirring below, and smiled at the thought that Widdener was going to find his galley stores gnawed by mice.

When he had done a seamanlike job with the sails he returned to the dock and sat down, letting his gaze fondle the lines of the Serena. How long he sat there he did not know—but it was almost dark when his reverie was interrupted by footfalls along the mooring wharf. He looked up to see Widdener's white ducks shutting towards him.

As was his habit, Widdener all but ignored young Mr. Lee; but as he started to step aboard his glance caught the neatly-wound canvas and he recognised it as not his handiwork. He turned to the younger man. "I'd like to have you remember that this boat is no longer registered in your name, Allen. Furthermore, the rules of the club—"

Please turn to Page 16

## HOW to AVOID that "Made-up" LOOK

● Be colorful... but not painted. The Color Change Principle in Tangee lipstick, powder, and rouge intensifies your own natural color. It brings out a loveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks, and skin, because it accentuates your coloring.



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The public is to be warned against the use of ordinary bicarb or cooking soda for medicinal purposes. The safe and simple remedy for Indigestion, Acidity, Wind, Heartburn and Stomach Ailments is Pure TWIN SODA. It gives instant relief. Obtainable from all chemists at 4/6 or 2/0 per extra large packet.

# Jean Batten — Laughing Angel of the Skies

## THIS IS JEAN!

### Appearance

Slim little brunette. Naturally wavy hair, trimly shingled. Finest of skins, tanned golden brown and flushed with a peachbloom color (natural).

Eyebrows plucked to tidiness, no more.

Pretty mouth. Just a little lipstick.

Classical features.  
Intent brown eyes.

### Character

Singleminded. Tenacious. Definite. Asked a question, she considers it, answers it accurately and economically.

Modest, but not shy.  
Knows the value of her own achievements. Knows what she wants to do, knows how to do it, does it.

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Yes, with—speed.



● JEAN BATTEN LOOKS ALOFT. A beautiful new study of the charming New Zealand flier, who, for months, planned her latest attempt to establish a record Australia-England flight. Last week in Australia—this week in London... that's how she hoped to skip across the world again in her quest for fresh laurels. See story, page 4.

# THE SECRET OF PERSONALITY!

People judge you first by your ability to please, charm, and delight. To do this you must have a charming personality, and in this respect your appearance is most important. You should always make sure that you wear colours which suit you best, and apply them correctly in your clothes. The interesting free book, "More Frocks for Less Money," will tell you how to dress successfully on a limited dress allowance. Post coupon now.



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THIS charming M.-G.-M. player selects a white crepe one-piece dress for spectator sports wear which is patterned with tiny ring dots of Kelly-green and orange. A girdle in matching colors is added.



## SAILBOATS Are Like WOMEN

Continued from Page 14

"RATS," said Lee, and got to his feet almost hopelessly. "What did you say?"

"I said rats. It meant to you, too, and to anything you might have to say to me, past and present."

Widdener advanced with fists clenched. "Say that again, and I'll knock your block off."

"No use saying it again," remarked Allen. "Just go ahead, anyhow."

Thus challenged, Mr. Widdener swung valiantly—and missed. Then, as Lee began to pummel him with obvious enjoyment, Widdener hugged his adversary, and the two fell rolling onto the boards. At length Widdener found himself with shoulders pinned to the boards, his head uncomfortably suspended over the water.

"All right... all right, Allen. I've had enough."

Lee glared down at him. "I want," he said slowly, "to buy the Serena back again."

## The Australian Women's Weekly

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"You haven't the money," answered Widdener suspiciously.

"I've still got the money you paid me for it."

"That's not enough now," said Widdener.

Still astride, Lee was undecided whether to raise the ante or choke Mr. Widdener within an inch of his bargaining life. But he relented. "I'll give you my ninety-day note for a hundred dollars additional."

Perhaps it was his predicament, rather than the attractiveness of this offer, which caused Mr. Widdener to accede. But he nodded his head twice, then let it sag over the edge of the dock.

Lee got to his feet. "Come up to the club house and we'll make a written agreement."

"You don't need to," a voice advised him. "I saw and heard the whole thing. And if you two haven't completed a simple oral contract, then my Dad's a rotten lawyer."

Mr. Widdener and Mr. Allen turned in astonishment towards the Serena, for it seemed to be she who spoke. However, they perceived in the gathering twilight the piquant features of Ellen Fraser framed in a cabin port-hole. Her hair was unmistakably awry. There was a distinct smudge on the tip of her shamelessly freckled nose.

Widdener said "Bah!" or something very near to it, and strode away towards the club house.

Lee did not answer, because Ellen had come out of the cabin and stood in the cockpit. He perceived that she wore a familiar sweater, a pair of shiftless dungarees, and her feet were shod in sneakers much watermarked.

"Are you in disguise or something?" he asked ironically.

ELLEN'S nose lifted, smudge, freckles, and all. "Don't speak to me. I was surveying the Serena for Mr. Widdener—in view of the changes he planned. But he did very well to sell. The boat's a tub. That's why I was glad to witness the contract."

"That's a lubberly lie," said Lee, jumping down into the cockpit. "You came down here for the same reason I did. You couldn't bear to think of her being made over."

"But, Lee, you can't afford this boat. That's why you sold her."

"I sold her," said Lee slowly, "so I could propose marriage to you, the Lord knows why. Then before I could get up the courage you went white-pants-yachting on me and began chasing around with Widdener and his gang of pseudo sophisticates."

"I wouldn't," said Ellen Fraser, "marry you on a bet. You didn't care what changes Widdener made in me—but when it came to the Serena you couldn't stand it. You think more of this old tub than you do of me."

"That's right," said Lee truthfully. "So will you marry me?"

"You haven't a cent, and tomorrow you'll owe Jack Widdener a hundred dollars—and mother would just go down on her beam ends."

"We've a boat, haven't we? We can go to the South Seas or somewhere, and—"

Ellen thought for a moment. It was dark now, but the white wings in the bay made a glorious picture in her mind—a sight she waited for daily.

"I don't want to go to the South Seas," said Ellen, coming closer. "There are too many people down there already. Maybe we could just loiter around the bay and drop in on friends for dinner."

"Sure," said Lee, gathering her up happily. "Sure. Anything you say."

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# Some NEW LAUGHS

"Most folks were old and mellow when we were seventeen,  
When we are old and mellow they'll still be evergreen."

MOPSY — The Cheery Redhead



PASSENGER: Do you want a spell?  
ROWER: Thanks very much!  
PASSENGER: Well, drop the anchor over so that we won't drift.



"Tom spoke to 5000 people last night."  
"I don't believe it! What did he say?"  
"Lollies and chocolates."



EMPLOYER: Know anything about cars?  
APPLICANT: Been mixed up with them a bit.  
EMPLOYER: Mechanic?  
APPLICANT: No, pedestrian!



JANE: My Scotch boy friend sent me his picture yesterday.  
JUNE: How does he look?  
JANE: I don't know yet. I haven't had it developed.



"I'M WORRIED ABOUT WINNIE,  
NURSE. SHE FRETS FROM  
MORNING TILL NIGHT.  
WHAT DO YOU ADVISE?"

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each  
joke used.

YOUNG WIFE: How does my cook-  
ing strike you?  
Young Husband: Right across the  
chest.

"BUT if you don't really like the  
girl, why did you ask her to  
marry you?"

"Well, her family has been very  
nice to me—and it's the one way I  
can repay the hospitality."

"FIVE shillings a dozen for eggs!"  
exclaimed the customer. "Why,  
that's fivepence for each egg."  
"Yes, Mum," said the grocer, "but  
you must remember that one egg is  
a whole day's work for a hen."

SHE: I can't marry you for a year.  
He: Well, marry me for six  
months.

LITTLE GIRL (seeing golfer in plus  
fours): Mummy, why does he  
carry his darning wool on top of his  
stockings?

MISSIONARY: And do you still eat  
your fellow-islanders?  
Cannibal Chief: Oh, no, all our meat  
is imported now.

MRS. HIGGS: You know, my hus-  
band is not the man he was.  
Mrs. Migs: What's his alias now,  
dearie?

"WHY did you give up the nudists'  
club?"  
"Because I hate being dressed like  
every other woman."



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**'CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS'**  
**'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE**

"Why, the poor little mite is constipated. No wonder she's fretful. That is the chief thing a mother has to guard against, Mrs. Grant.  
Kiddies don't understand; they're so absorbed in their games, and neglect nature's call. Then they get bilious, lose their appetite and become irritable.  
Show me your tongue, Winnie. Yes, it is coated—a sure sign she's out of sorts. All she needs is 'California Syrup of Figs.'—'Calfig' and she'll be as happy as a sandboy in the morning.  
You'll find it keeps the bowels regular, purifies the system, saves stomach upsets and biliousness.  
If children are to thrive and grow strong and keen witted, they must feed well and digest what they eat. There's no better way than the regular weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs.' All children love it.

If I were you, I would send for a bottle and give Winnie a dose at once. Be sure you insist on 'California Syrup of Figs.' Mrs. Grant. I am surprised that some mothers are ready to experiment with cheap and drastic preparations. It's such a pity they don't realise that 'California Syrup of Figs.' is a perfectly safe children's laxative. I know myself how carefully and scientifically it is prepared.  
'California Syrup of Figs.' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

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Any well-dressed man knows just how much his appearance depends on a smart shirt and collar—that is why you see so many of the town's smartest men wearing Pelaco Shirts and Collars. You can rest assured that every garment bearing the Pelaco name is certain to give long-lasting comfort and a real sense of satisfaction and pride to its wearer.

The new range of Pelaco Shirts (priced from as low as 6/11) are available in all the latest colours, stripes and fabrics, and are on display at your local store. You must insist on seeing this new range—don't be side-tracked into buying something claimed to be "just as good." Pelaco-weld Starchless Collars can now be obtained with a range of Pelaco Shirts from 9/11.

Don't ask for just "a shirt"—specify . . .



Illustrated is the Valcol Shirt with two webbing-barred collars. Price, 10/6.

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**DANDRUFF**  
was ruining  
her hair—and  
happiness!

"Why doesn't Pam's hair dance with her?"

"It's because I'm going to have a talk with Pam afterwards."

"Dandruff is inexcusable dear. Barry's Tricopherous will quickly get rid of it."

"Pam, your hair is adorable. So silky and glossy. I love you more each day."

Make your hair beautifully clean, thick and lustrous with **BARRY'S Tri-coph-erous** For Luxuriant Hair Growth

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## SHE Wore ORCHIDS

Continued from Page 7

YOU see the sneer upon his face; that is how he looked when he spoke of her.

I could strike him as he speaks; but I am not a brave man, I content myself with painting truly that ugly sneer.

Strange it is, my friend, how often in the most debased of men one finds some trace of better things.

It was so with Monsieur Malin. He was a grower of orchids. Once, for a while, he spoke to me of them, and as he talked he was a man so different. In him I see the same love of flowers that is in my little Louise-ette.

You see, he wears one in his coat; I have taken much pains to show its beauty. He tells me that it is his greatest treasure.

A beautiful thing, is it not? See each petal with its serrated edge, and the thread of scarlet running down the centre. He says that, for many years, the production of that flower has been his object, and that never again will an orchid grower achieve so great a triumph.

I could listen to him a long time, as he talks so; but, alas, he speaks more of the women and of Mademoiselle Bergeret.

Always I am glad when he has gone and when the hour has come for the arrival of Louise-ette. They are to me the types of darkness and of light. But Louise-ette is to fill me with sorrow.

It is the Friday; Monsieur Malin has left me. I have flung open the windows of my studio. I have set his picture on the floor, with its face to the wall. I have placed Louise-ette's canvas on my easel.

Then I hear her singing on the stairs, and she opens the door. For a moment I stand aghast.

In the buttonhole of her coat she wears an orchid, and down the centre of each petal runs a scarlet thread!

**L**OUISE-ETTE smiles at me, but the smile that I give back is all twisted. Imagine my feelings. I do not know where to look. I cannot think what to say.

I cannot work; all the while I am thinking of the evil stories which Monsieur Malin has told me, and of the poverty of Louise-ette. I remember that love of flowers which they both have, and I am afraid.

Continually I see the orchid in Monsieur Malin's buttonhole and its replica in Louise-ette's coat. I try to tell myself that he has dropped it upon the stairs by accident, and that she has found it; but I know that it is not so.

At last I speak to her. "Where did you get the flower that is in your coat?" I ask, and I think I see the color rise to her cheeks.

She hesitates, and then, "Jacques gave it to me," she replies. "Orchids are expensive flowers," I say. "Is it wise to be so extravagant?"

For one moment I imagine that she is going to confide in me, but then I see her bite her lip. She does not speak.

My heart aches within me; I can say no more. I sign to her that the sitting is finished and stride from the studio. For a long time I walk about the streets; I am all distraught.

When I return she has gone, and on the floor I find the crushed orchid. I stoop and pick it up; I look at its spotted loveliness and think of my Louise-ette.

That night I cannot sleep. I am so miserable. I am remembering my little Flower of the Fields, and all the beautiful things of which she used to speak to me.

I think also of Jacques with the eyes of a dog, and I see the look of faith go from them for ever. I say to myself that they are my children, and that I must save them.

When at last it is daylight I am glad, but still I do not know what I must do. I have no appointments that morning, but I cannot work. I pace up and down my studio without hope.

Then, when the afternoon has come, my mind is made up—I will go and see Monsieur Malin. I am afraid of him, and also I do not know what I shall say, but I am determined. Immediately I put on my hat and coat, and in my pocket I have the orchid.

When I am arrived, his servant tells me that Monsieur Malin is going out, and that he cannot see me. I say that it is a matter most important—that it will not wait. At last I am shown in to him.

He is dressed for the Opera, where there is to be—what you say?—a charity matinee. All the world will be there, and Mademoiselle Ber-

geret will sing. Truly, it is a great event.

"Be brief," the Foreign Minister commands, and I do not like his manner.

"Monsieur Malin," I say, "you have given some of your wonderful orchids to a lady, have you not?"

He raises his heavy eyebrows indignantly. I will not repeat his language, my friend, but it means "What is that to do with you?"

"The lady is a dear friend of mine; I know her husband, they have been very happy together."

"You are mad!" says Monsieur Malin in a loud voice. "Mademoiselle Bergeret has no husband and if she had it is none of your business."

"I do not speak of Mademoiselle Bergeret," I reply as quietly as I can, "but of Louise-ette Longuey, to whom you have also given your flowers," and I bring out the crushed orchid from my pocket.

He snatches it from me and examines it.

"This has been stolen!" he shrieks. "Take me to this woman immediately."

My friend, I am as clay in his hands. Before I know where I am, we are in a taxi going to the rooms where Louise-ette and her husband live. I think I have—what you say?—"put the fat in the fire."

We arrive. Monsieur Malin jumps out, and I follow at his heels. He dashes up the stairs while I try to keep up with him. He bursts into the room; Jacques and Louise-ette are having a meal, and I see the look of astonishment upon their faces.

He flings the flower to the table, and it flutters into Louise-ette's cup of coffee. I think that it is a little undignified. "Where did you get that?" he shouts.

"My husband gave it to me," she replies, and I know that she speaks the truth. I could put my arms round Monsieur Malin and kiss him for joy, if I shut my eyes.

"Where did you steal this from, canaille?"

Jacques stands up, and I see his hand turn itself into a great fist. "I did not steal it," he grunts.

"Then where did you get it?" and the Foreign Minister bangs his fist upon the table.

"If you want to know, I got it out of the garbage tin at the house of Mademoiselle Bergeret."

"Garbage tin!" shrieks Monsieur Malin. "Explain yourself."

"My husband is a dustman," says Louise-ette.

"Your precious flowers are a great joke at the house of Mademoiselle Bergeret," Jacques adds. "Her maid tells me that as soon as they arrive they are put straight into the garbage tin," and he shouts the last two words, imitating Monsieur Malin.

The Foreign Minister goes the color of your English pillar-box. He seizes me by the arm, he rushes me down the stairs, he pushes me into a taxi, he jumps in after me. We are flying to the Opera, and my head is spinning like the roulette.

All the way he is shouting, "Garbage tin!" and "I'll show her!" and a lot of other things which I do not like to remember. He is a man demented.

We arrive at the Opera House; we enter at the stage door. Men try to stop us, but Monsieur Malin brushes them aside. His madness gives to him a strength incredible.

Monsieur Malin makes towards the dressing-rooms, and then we hear the sound of singing from the stage. I recognise the voice of Mademoiselle Bergeret; the opera has commenced.

He turns and rushes to the wings, and even then I try to stop him. I put my arms about him, but he struggles free.

He gives me—how you say?—"the stocking on the jaw." Biff! I sit down suddenly upon the boards and see stars of many colors unpaintable.

Of the things which followed I cannot speak plainly. I see Monsieur Malin upon the stage; I hear the song of Mademoiselle Bergeret trail off into silence, and the Foreign Minister using a lot of words for which I do not know the English. I hear the orchestra strike up to drown the noise; the audience is in an uproar, and then the curtain falls.

The next day Monsieur Malin is no longer Foreign Minister—and that, my friend, is how I, Andre Renaudin, played my little part in the Destiny of France.

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"My face and neck were covered with red blotches and pimples," states Miss E.J.D., Wardang Island, S.A. "For years I suffered anaemia, nervousness, had headaches and tiredness. I had no energy for work or pleasure. My color was pale and skin blemishes were unsightly. I tried many blood tonics without avail."

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# So they say

**LET'S HEAR FROM YOU**  
Try your hand now at writing a letter in answer to one of those already given on this page, or on some new topic. Our address will be found at top of page 3 of this issue.

## AUSTRALIANS ABROAD

**I** WONDER how many who travel abroad realise how their every action reflects glory, or otherwise, on their country.

While on a trip overseas recently, I was amazed to find how all past travellers were remembered according to nationality. Yarn after yarn commenced with, "I met a New Zealander last year," or "An Australian visiting here." The private name of the individual was long forgotten.

Realisation of this fact helped me to preserve an unruffled demeanor before everyone, no matter what petty annoyance arose.

It is important that we all should be on our best behaviour abroad.

£1 for this letter to Miss D. J. Miller, Merthyr, Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

## TO KEEP FRIENDS

**T**HERE is a saying: "It's easy enough to make friends, but it's very hard to keep them."

If you would keep your friends, be more chary of asking help from them than you would be from a stranger, because they are not as free to refuse you. Don't tell them all your troubles. It tends to become tiresome. Maintain a certain reserve.

Still you must make them feel their joys and sorrows are yours. None of us is attractive enough to be loved just for ourselves alone. If you want to keep a friend you must be one.

Miss Eileen Cagney, Monmouth, Durings, Qld.

## THEY WANT RAIN!

**T**HE Editorial in a recent issue of The Australian Women's Weekly prompts me to say that the "weather topic" certainly is "big news" to country people.

In this district we are wondering how much longer stock will live if it doesn't soon rain, and many people will be "broke" if they have to keep on hand-feeding. Yes! the weather is certainly the most important topic out this way!

E. Kathleen Jensen, Wyndorah, Connamie, N.S.W.

## PROPER TRAINING

**I**T is not uncommon in these times to see parents giving in to their children's every whim. Maybe it is because in their own childhood they were unable to obtain many things that they greatly desired, and wish to save them that same pain.

Judging by the increasing demands made upon modern parents to-day by their children, the kindness seems misplaced. Such children expect the pangs of life to fall into their hands unpicked, and, if circumstances force them to fight to obtain them, are often bitterly disappointed.

Surely it is better to give them the smaller pangs of disappointment than to lower their powers of resistance and lay them open to greater wounds later on.

V. F. Clatworthy, Eglina, Glen Forrest, W.A.

## WASTED MONEY

**W**HY is it that many people who seem to be living in poverty, when they have a little money to spare, waste it on unnecessary trifles?

While working in a leading city store, I could not help noticing how many seemingly poor women spent money on trinkets and cheap, useless ornaments.

Perhaps it is because, never having had much money to spend, they have no idea of how to spend it. Buying what we do not need is a sure way of needing what we cannot buy.

Miss Grace Machen, Elmleigh, King's Meadows, Launceston, Tas.

## Does Mother Always Know Best?

**I** DO not agree with Berne Pearson (2/10/37) who says that mothers, playing upon the saying "Mother knows best," only cloak a petty tyranny.

Women usually do have the instinct to protect their children against making serious mistakes. If the advice were taken more often there would be fewer broken hearts, failures in marriage, and ruined careers.

I have my mother's "instinct" to thank for my present happiness.  
Mrs. T. Cram, Kent St., Bellambi, N.S.W.

## "Instinct" Defined

**D**OES Berne Pearson know the meaning of the word "instinct"? It means "natural impulse." A mother's instinct is to protect and to work for the good of her children. Any impulse to the contrary in a mother is unnatural. One cannot associate the phrase "mother instinct" with crimes and ruined careers.

Mrs. M. Burgess, Rosary Crescent, Highgate Hill St., Brisbane.

## Misguided Parents

**P**ARENTS everywhere are too apt to regard themselves, because of their age and experience, as authorities on everything, and it is a fact that to get their own way they often deliberately invoke the phrase "Mother (or father) knows best."

Surely the person concerned is the only one who may fully realise a situation and its implications.

Neil MacMahon, Millingen St., West Perth.

## Listen to Advice

**B**ERNE PEARSON is very caustic regarding "mother instinct." Mothers occasionally may be petty, but generally they are anxious about the welfare of their families, working for the best for them.

If there is such a thing as a broken heart, it is a mother's—there is no other. Most ruined careers and marriage failures spring from foolish impulse and wilfulness, not from following a mother's advice, which is genuinely valued too late even by the apparently intelligent.

H. M. Nell, Moree, N.S.W.

## Can't Generalise

**W**E cannot generalise, Berne Pearson. There are, of course, some mothers who cloak petty tyranny with the "Mother knows best" attitude, and also some mothers who might occasionally use this weapon to gain a small end.

But a mother, by reason of her greater knowledge and experience and her love, does know better than her child, and in vital issues it would be well to take her advice.

Mrs. J. Miller, Princess St., Adelaide.

## Pitfalls for Unwary

**P**ARENTS' advice to their children is generally the best advice, and should be heeded at all times. Many pitfalls await unwary feet and the



Should take heed of mother!

experience of those who have "gone through the mill" should not be ignored. You will find that the best friends they can possess are their mothers and fathers.

Let me quote John Oliver Hobbes: "Oh, the comfort, the inexpressible comfort of feeling safe with a person, having neither to weigh thoughts nor measure words, but pour them right out—just as they are, clear and grain together, knowing that a faithful hand will take and sift them; keep what is worth keeping, and with the breath of kindness blow the rest away!"

Miss Eleanor Lea, 9 Austin Avenue, Croydon, N.S.W.

## Any Excuse for This Mobbing of Film Stars?

**Y**ES, Mrs. Leask, I agree with you that women should be privileged to become over-excited on seeing a cinema star "in the flesh." (2/10/37).

What I cannot understand, however, is this mobbing of a star. Some people would go to extremes to secure a place of the poor film actress' frock, or anything else that can be torn off her.

The average person, I think, will agree with me that there is a happy medium for hero-worship, as well as for most things.

Miss M. Barratt, P.O. Box No. 71, Launceston, Tas.

## No Excuse

**N**OBODY'S life should be humdrum. Mrs. Leask. You are offering that as an excuse for women who hysterically mob film stars.

In these days when we have so much to hand—art, music, books, friends, sport—it is rather a catastrophe to hear someone confess her life as humdrum.

There is never contentment of mind if we depend on others to give us our happiness. We must find it ourselves.  
Miss M. Gramshaw, 27 Liverpool Rd., Summer Hill, N.S.W.

## They Are Human

**S**ENSIBLE women, while eager to see these "glamorous" stars, can surely retain a measure of common sense, and remember that a cinema star is only human and possesses the faults and failings that characterise ordinary mortals. Welcome them by all means.

## That Kitchen

### Tea Craze

**T**HE "kitchen tea" craze is being carried too far. There are many unfortunate women who are, more or less, obliged to attend seven or eight teas for the one bride, many of them on little more than nodding acquaintance with her.

For girls whose incomes are limited these teas are a nightmare. Even by refusing the invitation you cannot escape the giving of a donation; if you do, then you are immediately dubbed as "mean."

It is a very pleasant idea for one's close friends to rally around and give a few parties for a bride-to-be, but need they be donation teas?

Miss N. C. Armstrong, 11 Como Crescent, Newstead, Launceston, Tas.

but ridiculous emotional display is definitely undesirable.

Mrs. A. Irving, 3 Llewellyn St., Merewether, Newcastle, N.S.W.

## Poor Taste

**E**VEN the glamor attached to film stars does not excuse women's rudeness in mobbing them when they make public appearances. Just because the film stars are so much in the public eye people think they can invade their private lives.

All these women want to do is satisfy their curiosity as to what the famous "star" looks like off the screen, and to tell their friends about it.

Miss Hanson, George St., Richmond, S.A.

## Cannot Condone It

**A**DMITTEDLY film stars typify glamor and romance, but does that excuse women for rushing them in the undignified fashion we read about in newspapers?

Recently I read that in London Robert Taylor was mobbed by crowds of young women, and had to have a police guard to protect him from their enthusiasm.

Women seem to lose all self-control under such situations—feminine mob hysteria—and while understanding the reason I cannot condone it.

Margaret Pendlebury, Broome St., Cottesloe, W.A.

## Home Influence—Its Effect on Character

**I** CANNOT agree that environment is more important than heredity in the forming of character.

Put two children together, give them exactly the same care and training. When they grow up, are their characters similar? Almost invariably you will find the two completely different.

What you are born with, you keep.  
Una Macrie, Augusta St., New Town, Tas.

## Quick to Imitate

**E**NVIRONMENT, Mrs. A. Saimond (2/10/37), is, I believe, the greatest factor in the growth of the child, mentally and morally. Children are quick to imitate, even



Company to blame!

unconsciously, and are very sensitive to atmosphere. They are the product of the home in which they have grown up, and in the cases of a girl or youth bringing discredit on good home training it is generally due to the wrong kind of company kept when away from home.

Mrs. E. M. Harris, 11 Watkins St., Rockdale, N.S.W.

## Both Influences Important

**H**EREDITARY influences determine those limits within which an individual can expand—a genius cannot be made out of a person of limited intellect. Whether the individual attains these limits is a matter of environment entirely, and, judging from the number of "mute, inglorious Miltons" in our midst, few of us do. Once a youngster is born, any effective effort to improve its lot must be directed through environment.

Muriel Macpherson, 8 Russell St., Oatley, N.S.W.

# Nasty Acid MEANS Digestive Trouble Take this Advice and EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

That excess outpouring of acid in the stomach is the cause of almost all forms of indigestion. But although this acid can quickly be neutralised, it does more harm than good if other facts connected with your indigestion trouble are not treated as well.

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The colloidal kaolin protects the stomach walls from the acid which irritates and inflames them. At the same time another ingredient actually digests a portion of your food. Thus the weak stomach soon regains its normal strength.

Finally, the bismuths and other ingredients renew the vitality and tone up the whole digestive system, so that once again you know the pleasure of healthy digestion.

Then you not only eat what you like, but your body gets the full nourishment from your food and makes you more vigorous and healthy. Why spend another day in discomfort? Get a supply to-day of

**DEWITT'S ANTACID POWDER**

Take it regularly according to instructions and you will be delighted with your relief from pain and return to health.

Of all chemists and stockkeepers, in handsome sky-blue canister, price 2/6



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There's a WEMCO fabric for practically every purpose. Wemcolisse is a supple crepe that won't crush. Cilmidene and Cilmiscol are glamorous silky fabrics for afternoon and evening wear. Tuxedo is for summer suits and tailored frocks—it looks like tuxedo but it's crease resisting. English weaves, every one of them. Expensive? Not at all.

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Conducted By . . . .  
**Leslie Haylen**

## Major P. C. Wren Among Pathans

Vigorous Story of Indian Frontier

Novels, like clothes, change with the seasons.

After a winter spent with the sophisticates of high society, spring finds the novelist in the wide, open spaces.

At the moment, romance with a background of adventure is first favorite with readers.

Stories of far places and strange happenings, even if a little improbable, seem to suit the mood.

TWO books of spring vintage in P. C. Wren's "Worth Wile" and Alexandra Dick's "The First Man" are tailored to order for the public taste.

P. C. Wren, whose novels and serials have appeared in The Australian Women's Weekly, splashes color with a generous brush in his tale of the north-west frontier of India.

Pathans, pukka sahibs, Afridis, secret service agents, Reds, old boys of Sandhurst and "the regiment," Khans, Cadis, and Califs jostle each other through the pages of a swift-moving story.

There are battles for beleaguered fortresses, air raids, sword fights, floggings and sinister plottings aplenty.

According to Wren, the frontier must be literally alive with Pathans who are secret service men. An intriguing game of Picking your Pathan could be made of it. Any moment the dark and difficult tribesman at the reader's elbow is likely to surprise by speaking in Oxford English and asking is all well with the regiment.

The story itself, a rattling good adventure romance, deals with Dick Wendover, who has turned Pathan after being court-martialled and dismissed from the army for being asleep on duty.

Although it was later proved that Wendover was the victim of a plot he refuses to incriminate the man con-

There is something of the Dornford Yates touch about "The First Man," by Alexandra Dick.

If it is a first novel, as it appears to be, then it is an extraordinarily good one.

The plot is a topical one about a dictator in a little Balkan kingdom.

This man, who rejoices in the forthright Scots name of Adam Gordon, has honey eyes which peer right through you, and in his audience chamber always has a wolf by his side.

Quite an original touch this; current dictators will feel annoyed that they hadn't thought of it themselves.

Still, under Adam's cold exterior is a heart. The beautiful English girl, Arabella, wins him, but only after a struggle. The plot is full of action and the story well written. The setting is



MAJOR P. C. WREN, whose latest novel, "Worth Wile," deals with soldiering in India.

beautiful, and full of color—gipsies, caravans, whitewashed inns hiding under the shoulders of craggy mountains, and all the glamor and glitter of a musical-comedy principally.

"Worth Wile," P. C. Wren. (John Murray). "The First Man," Alexandra Dick. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

### Books to Read

"JACINTH." Dennis Mackail. A bachelor uncle surveys the jazz generation.

"THE DUKE." Philip Guedalla. Brilliant biography of Wellington.

"THE MOON IS MAKING." Storm Jameson. English setting; clever characterisation.

cerned because he saved Wendover's life at the expense of his own in a frontier skirmish.

The friends of Wendover endeavor by every means in their power to get him back to civilisation and the army again.

It is not until a lovely English girl comes on the scene that this is achieved.

Sybil, the girl, is one of the best-drawn characters in the book.

She is refreshingly natural and adds the right romantic touch to a splendid tale of action and adventure which most people will want to finish at a sitting, even if that means burning the midnight oil.

Wren is still master of the melee school. He can describe a fight or a battle better than most.

Vere Vaughan rose to his feet as the three hordes of huge and hairy mountaineers, active as cats and strong as buffaloes, with wild yells and brandished rifles, bore down on him and engulfed him.

"It was like being overwhelmed by a wave, each drop of which was the devil; like being borne down beneath a surging avalanche of great savage apes that clutched and tore and snatched and rent, as though their one desire was to tear him asunder. But even as he fought desperately, driving his fists into open-mouthed, wild-eyed, hairy faces, he realised that the great Kyber knives, the small, needle-pointed Pathan daggers were not being used, and he was to be taken alive."



Brilliant gem of the Southern Seas made even more scintillating by glorious pageantry, merry carnival, gala sporting events, in celebration of a Nation's 150th Birthday

PAGEANTRY, CARNIVAL, SPORT. Whatever your tastes and inclinations may be, you will find in the round of attractions something to interest, to amuse, to enthrall you—the brilliant spectacle of pageantry on land and sea—the gaiety of carnival—the excitement of closely contested sport—the quiet reflective joy of historical, industrial and artistic exhibitions.

The attractions include—Venetian Carnival on Sydney Harbour. Surf Carnivals, March to Nationhood Pageant, Royal Show, Empire Games, World's Largest Rifle Shoot, International Lawn Tennis, Gala Race Meetings, Big Game Fishing, Big Cricket Bowls Carnival, City of Sydney Eisteddfod, and the most magnificent scheme of municipal decorations and illuminations ever planned.



**AUSTRALIA'S 150<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATIONS**

SYDNEY — JANUARY 26 — APRIL 25 — 1938

# Mandrake the Magician



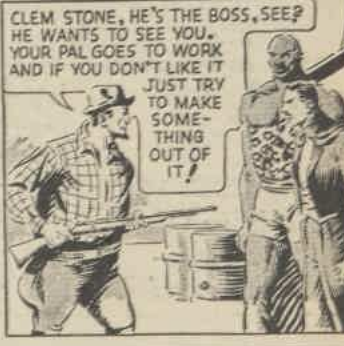
## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician, and

**LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, go to the South Pole to rescue

**MOLLY BRUNSWICK:** Missing airwoman. Walking through a wall of steam, they come upon a tropical country, peopled by neanderthal men and prehistoric animals. They find Molly, rescue her from a huge flying lizard, and meet

**LANCE:** Belonging to the Cro-Magnons, a race of super men, believed to have perished thousands of years ago. Lance tells them in English that his people have been enslaved by evil strangers who came from the sky in machines. Mandrake determines to find out who they are, and Lance leads them to his village. Mandrake then, leaving Molly and Lance to wait in the hills, goes with Lothar down into the village. NOW READ ON—



TO BE CONTINUED

Now have  
**JUNKET**  
flavoured



.. or PLAIN

Simply stir a dissolved Hansen's Junket Tablet into lukewarm sweetened milk, flavour or leave plain. Serve in individual dishes and decorate with whipped cream, fruit, jelly or nuts.

**HANSEN'S  
JUNKET  
TABLETS**



**Make Ice Cream**  
at home—  
half price!

You'll surprise your guests this summer when you give them your own home-made ice cream! And it's so easy to make, too—just mix Hansen's Ice Cream Mix with milk and cream, and freeze in your refrigerator or hand-churn. Flavours—Vanilla, Strawberry, Chocolate.

**HANSEN'S  
ICE CREAM MIX**

**Acids in Stomach  
Cause Indigestion**

Create Sourness, Gas and Pain.  
How to Treat.

Medical authorities state that nearly nine-tenths of the cases of stomach trouble, indigestion, sourness, burning, gas, bloating, nausea, etc., are due to excess of hydrochloric acid in the stomach. The delicate stomach lining is irritated, digestion is delayed and food sour, causing the disagreeable symptoms which every stomach sufferer knows so well.

Artificial digestants are not needed in such cases and may do real harm. Try laying aside all digestive aids and instead get from any chemist some Salix Magnesia and take a teaspoonful in water right after eating. This sweetens the stomach, prevents the formation of excess acid and there is no sourness, gas or pain. Salix Magnesia (in powder or tablet form) is harmless, inexpensive, and is a fine remedy for acid stomach. It is used by thousands of people who enjoy their meals with no fear of indigestion.

# Real Life Stories

## Child Fell From Moving Train—and Lived

**A**BOUT 18 years ago, after spending a holiday near Wynyard, on the north-west coast of Tasmania, I was returning to Latrobe by train, accompanied by my two small children.

After passing Wivenhoe, near Burnie, my little son, aged five years, climbed down from the seat to look out at the sea (for a few miles the railway line runs almost parallel with the sea coast).

As he placed his hand on the door it flew open under his touch and he fell headlong from the swiftly-moving train.

For a moment I was too astounded to move. We tried to pass word along to the guard, but were unable to make the people in the next carriage hear. Then a gentleman in our carriage swung himself on to the foot-board, and made his way along the swaying carriages to the guard's van (which was a dangerous yet courageous thing to do).

The guard at once stopped the train and had it shunted back to where the accident occurred. I was afraid of what we might find there, but to my great amazement and delight we found my little son running along the line behind the train.

Except for a very scratched face and hands and shock from which he soon recovered, he was none the worse for his terrible adventure.

11/1/- to Mrs. E. G. Viney, New Ground, Latrobe, Tas.

### Stopped in Time

**W**E were touring England by car and caravan. Night had found us within sight of the lights of Plymouth. A storm was brewing. Rain was falling, and the darkness was ink.

We had not been able to find a suitable camping ground within miles, and as midnight was approaching we decided that the next open gateway should lead to our retirement.

The wind was beginning to cause havoc, and at almost a given signal swept open a large gate in the fence alongside which we were slowly running.

We entered and immediately extinguished our lights. A terrific crash of thunder rent the air. Then silence, followed a few seconds later by a series of calls, "Hullo! Hullo there!" and the flashing of a lantern gave notice of the approach of two men.

We opened the caravan door to hear them murmur, "Thank God."

They told us we had stopped right on the edge of a burning slate quarry. They had interpreted the extinguishing of our lights and the booming of the thunder as our having crashed over the ledge.

The wind that had so accommodatingly opened the unlatched gate for our admittance had hidden from our eyes the words: Quarries. Strictly no admittance.

5/- to Mr. Stewart, c/o 78 2nd Avenue, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

### Thrill in Shop

**H**OW many of our readers would like to serve a customer who, in a big city store, wore a live goanna around her neck? Well, that is what happened to me.

About two years ago a customer came to the counter for some woollens. As I was attending to her, I noticed a reptile's head poking out from her coat.

Thinking it was a dummy, I did not take any notice of it until the head looked all round, then poked its tongue out at me.

I was terrified, as I thought it was a snake, and sprang back, but had to continue serving madam while she made up her mind as to what she wanted.

About two days later the same customer was in the shop carrying the goanna over her arm! Needless to say, I kept well away this time.

5/- to Miss Sybil Allman, 19 Malvern Avenue, Chatswood, N.S.W.

### Woman Fought Fire

**I**N my early years of married life I lived in Central Queensland, on a small sheep station, with my husband and two small children.

It had not rained for months, and my husband was compelled to drive his stock south to water and fresh feeding places, as the poor animals were dying rapidly.

The plains for miles around were covered with a heavy coating of dry grass, and fires were feared.

One afternoon I was standing at the back of the house, watching a storm rising in the north-west, while my two children were sleeping peacefully inside the house.

Out of the dense hurrying clouds came a blinding flash of forked lightning. Almost at once three fires blazed up close to the house.

Quickly grabbing hold of a fire-beater I raced to try and extinguish them before they gained ground, as there was a high wind blowing towards the house.

I beat out two and then rushed to a third, which was nearing the verandah. Heart pounding, I saw the flames lick up a canvas blind. Then another fire swept round behind me.

I was surrounded, the house alight, my babies inside. My strength was weakening and all hope of trying to save my few worldly possessions and children almost seemed gone when it started to rain.

Rain! I could hardly believe it as the cool drops started to fall heavier. Midst tears of joy and exhaustion, with my clothes burnt in places, my hair singed and arms stinging from burns, I beat out the flames, then rushed indoors and clasped my two poor terrified children to me as the rain beat upon the iron roof and the blackened earth outside.

5/- to Mrs. J. Stanfield, Cecil St., Nimbin, via Lismore, N.S.W.

**"let me explain how  
you can stop your  
dog scratching."**

*Bob Martin*

If your dog is constantly scratching it is a sure sign that his blood is loaded with impurities. These impurities set up a violent irritation under his skin and he scratches to get a little relief. The only way to stop him scratching is to purify his blood. To do that you must give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders which contain all the natural correctives every dog needs.



**BETTER HEALTH, BETTER COAT, BETTER SPIRITS.** I promise you that if you give him one of these powders every day you will soon see a wonderful difference. Not only will he give up scratching but he'll be free and safe from listlessness, loose coat, loss of appetite, swellings between the toes, eczema and all the other blood disorders. What is more, the whole standard of his general health will improve. He'll be livelier and healthier—a fitter companion. You can get Bob Martin's in boxes of 9 and 21 powders—instructions enclosed.

FREE SAMPLE and free copy of "Bob Martin on Dogs." Write to SALMOND & SPRACKSON (AUSTR.) PTY. LTD., Dept. W.W.3 Box 155 E. G.P.O., Sydney. State breed, age and weight.

**Bob Martin's**

TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

banish all  
blood disorders in dogs

### Cash Prizes Every Week

**EVERY** week cash prizes are awarded for the best Real Life stories submitted by readers.

There is no restriction as to the type of real life story that may be submitted. It may concern the dramas, tragedies, or adventures of your childhood, romance, or work—and should contain all facts necessary to prove its authenticity.

Incidents should not exceed 300 words, should be plainly written or typed, and should include all details necessary to make a simply-told, nicely-rounded-off story.

Letters should be sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, endorsed "Real Life Stories." Full postal address appears on page 3.

### Embarrassing Mistake

**T**HIS incident happened many years ago, when I was a girl of eighteen.

Cycling home from town one evening just at dusk, I saw a familiar figure hurrying along the road in front of me.

"Hello!" I thought, "there's Father. I'll give him a surprise." Jumping from my bicycle and leaving it at the side of the road, I ran quickly forward and, throwing my arms around his neck in a bear's hug, exclaimed:

"Guess who has got you."

"Imagine my horrified surprise when a strange and quite young face, with a pair of twinkling blue eyes, turned and confronted me!

"Sorry, young lady," he said, "but you'll have to do the guessing yourself."

Covered with confusion, I murmured an apology.

"That's quite all right," he said. "It's that's how you treat your father I don't mind taking his place now and again!"

This was too much for me. Hurriedly I remounted my bicycle and made speedy tracks for home.

Didn't the rest of the family laugh when I screwed up my courage to tell them about my embarrassing faux pas!

5/- to Mrs. E. H. Wright, Strathkyle, Raleigh, N.S.W.

### Fate Took a Hand

**T**HE story I am about to tell happened when I was a young woman.

We were living on the outskirts of the town. I had a baby about 19 months old.

We were having our house altered, and so I had to cook under a tree down the yard.

I had put the baby in his pram to sleep under the tree, and had gone into the house.

The carpenters had knocked down a detonator from the ledge, and never having seen one before I thought it would make a good pencil case, and took it down the yard to knock off the top with the axe.

When I got outside I saw the pram containing the baby in flames. I rushed to the rescue, and in the confusion I forgot about the detonator, laying it on a shelf.

When my husband came home and walked round to see the work the men had done, he saw the detonator.

"What is this doing here?" he cried out.

I told him I had been going to knock the top off, and about the pram catching fire.

When he had explained that if I had done as I intended, I should have been maimed for life or probably killed, I could not help thinking how fortunate I had been in having both tragedies averted.

5/- to Mrs. K. Talbot, Luke Street, Charters Towers, Qld.

that  
**SPOON**  
is wrecking  
your health



You took a harsh medicine again this morning—thinking that it would keep you well. If only you could see an X-Ray Photo of the shock that such medicines give to the muscles of your intestines! It left them slightly weaker than they were yesterday—less able to keep their natural regularity.

### The Truth about Constipation

So that real facts might replace unsupported opinions, the Kellogg Company has aided for some years in leading nutrition research. Studies made on a group of healthy women showed that two tablespoonsful of All-Bran daily continued to relieve constipation over a period of months. How different from cathartics—where dosage must constantly be increased to continue effective. And it is this constant dosing, with harsh medicines, that weakens the natural peristaltic action of the bowels which keeps you regular.

Common constipation is usually the result of insufficient "bulk" in the meals you eat. Kellogg's All-Bran supplies this "bulk" in the form of a nut sweet breakfast cereal. Two tablespoonsful daily will gently exercise your system and keep you well.



**LENTHÉRIC**  
PARIS



THE TOUCH OF GENIUS

A lipstick that will last through busy days—glamorous evenings. Cocktail-proof—gloriously flattering. Seven shades to make you lovely, including the new Brick Red, No. 6.

3/9—REFILLS, 2/6

FACE POWDER • EAU-DE-COLOGNE

**LENTHÉRIC**

PERFUMES • ROUGES

L2

# BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

## Nail Silver Standard to Your Mast for the Caulfield Cup

By Telegram from BETTY GEE

Dickie says a postponed race meeting is like an ill-cooked dinner. It pleases nobody.

Nevertheless, nail Silver Standard to the mast for the Caulfield Cup—wet or fine.

You should have seen me when I awoke at 11.15 on Saturday morning to hear the wireless blatantly announce that the Caulfield Cup was off.

You can understand my dilemma when I'd been to a conversation at Menzies until some large hour in the morning, and while a girl sleeps the sleep of innocence, the race club machinations shatter her social arrangements.

For 60 years the Caulfield Cup has been run on its allotted mid-October date. I am told, but on Saturday, while one slept the committee decided to postpone it. How they must have collectively blundered when, within the hour, the rain ceased.

### Bets With the "Boots"

That'll teach them to postpone without consulting me.

Of course, I was driven to conversation with the hotel "boots," who is the agent from the local bookmaker, and I did my betting on Sydney races.

Even a postponement can't keep a good girl down who knows her horses.

Now, who, for example, could miss Oratation for the Novice?

I ventured £1 on Mr. Norman Wheeler's three-year-old, and, of course, he won.

To be perfectly candid, I'll confess to having had the tip over here from Mr. Percy Miller, and he's Norman's pa-in-law; so he ought to know when the family horses are ready.

By the way, Mr. Miller says don't take any notice of stories about his champion, Avenger. He's all right, and will win the Derby at Flemington.

Well, as you see, winning tips begot winning tips.

Then came Homily, and nobody who saw this very sophisticated and grown-up two-year-old flapper beat the youngsters of both sexes in the Canonbury Stakes at Randwick on the last A.J.C. carnival day, could believe that she isn't a champion.

Old "boots" got a shock when I put £3 on Homily. It was fun listening in.

The man on the wireless rode a bad race in my opinion. He had Homily on the outside all the way, and only brought her up in the last furlong. It gave me quite a shock.



Caulfield Cup was postponed on Saturday, but Betty wasn't short of information for the races at Randwick.

These wireless announcers do take grave risks with our money, don't they? But, despite this, Homily came along at the right end and won it easily.

We got the impression down here that she was 5 to 1, and somebody in our party bought cocktails on the strength of it; but when Homily's price came through at only 5 to 2 he couldn't very well take them back, could he?

They were these expensive brandy crushers, too.

My money was on Bonnie Legion for the Flying Handicap. She came second to Bodley Head, but what was more annoying was that her price was 10 to 1.

### Royal Step's Victory

Well, I've been telling you about Royal Step, so when I saw he had been saddled up, according to the wireless, for City Tatt's Handicap, of course I went in deep with £2. The dear broadcaster told us how he playfully sat behind Young Crusader, Billy Boy, and Dulcedo.

By the way, wouldn't it be funny to see a horse really sit.

Anyway, he kept behind them until they got well into the straight, and then he came on and won by a couple of broadcaster's gurgles.

I found out afterwards it was three-quarters of a length.

When I put £1 on St. Constant and another £1 on Salamyne for the Three and Four-Year-Old, Arabia beat me completely by leading all the way.

St. Constant was second and Salamyne wasn't in a place.

When I found out St. Constant was 10 to 1 it vexed me beyond endurance to think that I hadn't taken the trouble to back him each way.

Just imagine missing 2½ to 1 just for the taking of an each-way bet!

### Cup Carnival

Owing to a mechanical error "Betty's Racey Narratives" were left out of some papers in the last issue.

Over the Melbourne Cup Carnival, however, special arrangements have been made for Betty GEE to wire special stories from Melbourne, giving the latest gossip and information about the horses and those associated with and interested in them.

What a disappointment I had in the last race with my £9 to £2 Coolspell! Forestage got it by half a head after a great tussle.

I think if the broadcaster had ridden Coolspell a little more vigorously he would have won well. However, it wasn't to be, and Coolspell looked such a "hunch" bet, with the rain and all.

I sighed a little over this. Forestage hasn't shown much form lately, but he won with the determination of a bargain-hunter taking the last 9 o'clock special at the lace counter.

My Beechwood tip stands for the Caulfield races on Wednesday, and Silver Standard is right for the Cup.

### Talking and Parrot

Mr. Alan Cooper advises a small place investment for a saver on his Talking, and he's got another in the Nursery called Parrot, and that's worth an each way investment, too.

I can see myself busily queuing up at the place tele at Caulfield.

Dan Lewis says his horse, Gay Knight, might land the Moonee Valley Cup on Saturday, and Gay Romance has the prize for a division of the St. Albans in her handbag already.

# Chronic Skin Diseases

Brilliant Chemist's Amazing Successes



Hundreds of readers throughout Australia write praising in the highest terms the skill of Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, whose successful treatment of long-standing skin diseases is a high tribute to his knowledge of Dermatology.

Complaints treated personally and by post include ECZEMA, PSORIASIS, GERM UNDER NAIL, ULCERS, TINEA, ACNE, BOILS, PIMPLES, PRURITUS, VARICOSE VEINS, etc. A diagnosis is obtainable without obligation by writing to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, M.P.S., Ph.C. New Address: 22W Rawson Place, Sydney.

For Blood Disorders and Skin Complaints

## DIAMOND'S

BLOOD TONIC SKIN and ECZEMA SOAP

For Eczema, Psoriasis, Boils, Pimples, Surfer's Foot, etc.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

For All SKIN COMPLAINTS consult Mr. RICHARD DIAMOND 22W RAWSON PLACE, SYDNEY. Opp. Lowes, near Central Station.



## Comfort in Shaving



POST FREE FOR CASH WITH ORDER



1938—Good Quality Shaving Brush, mixed Badger and Bristle. Horn Handle 7/6

### IMPROVED EMPIRE MODEL WILKINSON SAFETY RAZOR

New features include Double Strapping Gear, stronger Frame and new Blade Holder. This is a self-sharpening razor, without removing the Blade from the frame. No. 16—Complete with Strap and 5 Hollow-ground Blades, in Oak Case 18/6 14/6

No. 7—With 3 Blades 14/6

W. JNO. BAKER PTY. 3 HUNTER ST. LTD. SYDNEY

## PLANNING A HOLIDAY?

We can help you.



Why should YOU worry about the hundred and one things that go to make up a perfect holiday? The Daily Telegraph Holiday Booking Bureau is there to do it all for you... It will give you, FREE, all the

help and information you want—the answers to such questions as these:—

Locality? Name of Establishment? Proprietor? Tariff—Weekly? Daily? Week-end? Holiday?—Number of Boarders Taken? Distance from Station? Menu? Facilities and Prices Charged for Children, if catered for? Sewerage? Lighting? Sporting and Social Facilities available, and distance from same?

## DAILY TELEGRAPH HOLIDAY BOOKING BUREAU

99 PITT STREET (3 doors from Hunter St.) Phone: BW 3017

## I SAW THE END OF "SCRATCHITIS"!

Says FERDIE, THE FRYING PAN "I'll never forget first coming here and finding the saucepans all stricken with 'Scratchitis'. They looked awful! However with her new saucepans our mistress changed from harsh scolding to 'Monkey Brand' cleaning. That was the end of 'Scratchitis'..."



## DON'T SCRATCH CLEAN... SMOOTH-CLEAN WITH MONKEY BRAND

Monkey Brand cleans thoroughly without scratching, because its fine particles remove the dirt smoothly. You'll always feel happy about your kitchenware with Monkey Brand to keep it hygienic and sparklingly clean.

- 3 POINTS TO PLEASE YOU
- 1 Simple to use. Just rub Monkey Brand on a damp cloth, rub over the surface, and the dirt vanishes away. Brand absorbs the grease.
  - 2 Pleasant to use. Monkey Brand does more work than large amounts of bulky, inefficient cleansers.
  - 3 Economical. Because it is concentrated, a little Monkey Brand does more work than large amounts of bulky, inefficient cleansers.



MONKEY BRAND Cleans smoothly... preserves the surface.

FIRST CHURCH of CHRIST, SCIENTIST, SYDNEY announces a

## FREE LECTURE ON CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

Entitled: "Christian Science: A Religion of Service" by Mr. GAVIN W. ALLAN, G.S.B.

Member of the Board of Lecturers of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

In the TOWN HALL, SYDNEY, on WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1937, at 1.15 P.M.

THE PUBLIC IS CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.

BLINDFOLD TEST No. 33.

# Corn Flakes

## DO TASTE BETTER

### MEET THE DOORLEY FAMILY

of 19 Birrell Street—still another Australian family to make Kellogg's sensational blindfold test. Each, whilst blindfolded, tasted four different breakfast cereals, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Five out of five of the Doorleys gave a straight-out "Yes" vote for Kellogg's Corn Flakes as the most delicious breakfast food they had ever tasted.



"Corn Flakes do taste better!"

## ---Vote 5 Out of 5 in the Doorley Family

You've got to taste those great, big, crunchy Corn Flakes to realise why everyone votes for them in Kellogg's sensational blindfold test. Other breakfast cereals are almost flavourless by comparison. No other breakfast cereal can give you anything like that extra-rich flavour of Corn Flakes. Because no other cereal is made with corn—and corn has much more natural flavour than any other grain.



Votes "YES"  
"ONLY CORN FLAKES FOR ME."  
This blindfold test has taught me which breakfast food tastes best." Mr. M. Doorley.

All Vote "YES"  
"CORN FLAKES ARE GOOD-OH" vote Daisy, Garth and Valda Doorley, as they finish up a big plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes after making Kellogg's Blindfold Test.



You can always keep them oven-fresh even after the packet is opened because the flavour of Corn Flakes is doubly protected by Kellogg's famous Wax-tite innersealed wrapper. Order a packet from your grocer straight away. You'll love Corn Flakes.



Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.



IN THIS PICTURE the Duke and Duchess are shown in happy mood. During their German visit, however, the Duchess was nervous and ill at ease, but the Duke's charm caused their public appearances to go off without a hitch. (See story below.)

## DUCHESS of WINDSOR

### Nervous IN PUBLIC

How She Impressed Germans on First Official Appearance

By Cable from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

The social goodwill inquiry tour of Germany by the Duke and Duchess of Windsor is proving a great success.

Everywhere the Duke is receiving the greatest welcome ever accorded a foreigner in Germany since the Hitler regime, but the main interest of the people, particularly the women, is centred in the Duchess.

PEOPLE were most curious to see how she, a commoner and a former citizen of a republic, would conduct herself on her first public appearance as the wife of a Royal Duke who had been a King.

The Duchess came out of the ordeal well, although those accustomed to seeing Royalty on similar occasions felt she was somewhat ill at ease and nervous.

Her smile was too fixed, but her ready wit helped her over the difficult patches.

Still she was most natural with the German children, who gave her the warmest of welcomes.

### The Smiling Prince

THE Duke, who was once again the "Smiling Prince," made things easy for his wife, his world-famous charm of manner and savoir-faire causing each appearance to go off without a hitch.

While the visit to the Paris Exhibition was the occasion of a public demonstration, the German visit is the first official appearance since the marriage of the Duke and the Duchess of Windsor. Prior to that they lived in almost complete retirement.

For her Berlin appearance the Duchess wore a Wallis-blue ensemble, blue velvet turban hat, dark beige stockings, and blue shoes, gloves and handbag.

In the afternoon she came out in a brown Chinchilla coat, the most costly fur in the world.

When she attended the dinner given by the German Ambassador to England, Herr Von Ribbentrop, she wore a white evening dress with a bouquet at the waist. She carried a silver handbag.

The Duchess appeared tired and strained after the first visits to factories, welfare organisations and

### Dancing as a Body Corrective

By Air Mail from New York.

MME. SONIA SEROVA, New York dancing instructor, declares that dancing is a body corrective, and particularly helpful for children suffering from the effects of infantile paralysis, spinal curvature and other defects in posture.

Such children, she says, do not become great dancers, but they learn to correct posture faults and that dance rhythms designed to correct or aid their faults give them confidence when they learn they can walk and act like normal children.

workers' homes. She retired, leaving the Duke to carry on.

The Duchess plans to continue the tour with the Duke, but will not accompany him to all places in his strenuous programme of social inquiry.

The Duke of Windsor's investigation of the social and economic lot of the workers of the world may eventually take him to Russia and to Scandinavia.

Should that eventuate, it will not be until after his visit to the United States, with holidays spent probably at Cuba or the Bermudas.

### Recipe to Darken Grey Hair

A Sydney Hairdresser Tells How To Make Remedy for Grey Hair.

Mr. Len Jeffrey, of Waverley, who has been a hairdresser for more than fifteen years, recently made the following statement:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a quarter ounce box of Orlex Compound, and 1 ounce of Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolor the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

# APRON STRINGS

A story that  
will interest  
every mother,  
a story that will make you think!



FROM her white-curtained window, Mrs. Morrison watched Sally nervously. The girl closed the garden gate carefully behind her, and disappeared along the road to the house next door. There were twin spots of color in Mrs. Morrison's cheeks as she turned into her quiet sitting-room and... as always happened when she was upset over anything... her limp became even more pronounced as she took the vase of marigolds from the mantelpiece and set it in the centre of the speckless supper cloth.

She frowned as she looked at the clock. Really, she had begun to think Sally Winter would never go. Ten to six... and it had taken three broad hints before the girl had said her reluctant good-bye.

Now everything was peaceful again in the room. Duller, perhaps, with the removal of Sally's bright red head. And so quiet you could hear a pin drop, now Sally's eager voice was no longer heard, bubbling over with the news of her day.

But safer. Much, much safer. Mrs. Morrison straightened a knife and fork, gave a final satisfied scrutiny to her inviting table, and sank into her usual chair. An old-fashioned rocker, it was, in which she creaked back and forth, her mouth set grimly.

Sally wasn't a disagreeable girl, as girls go. Pretty, like they all were these days. And not too modern; that is, she didn't use flaming lipstick, or paint her nails that pillar-box red. No, Sally had a soft rose color of her own, and if she did use lipstick you'd never know it. She was a good housekeeper, too, judging by that sandwich cake she'd brought over. Mrs. Morrison knew a well-baked sandwich cake when she saw it. Sally had told her, eagerly, how much she liked cooking.

THAT only made Sally all the more dangerous. A flighty girl might attract Billy, but it wouldn't last long; he was too sensible and quiet. But a girl like Sally... pretty, wholesome, and a good housekeeper! She could attract a man—and hold him!

Mrs. Morrison jumped nervously as the gate clanged. She limped to

A Ten-  
Minute  
Story

By...

Norah  
Smaridge

the window. She wouldn't put it past that girl to come back again, on some trumped up excuse. Obviously, she admired Billy... even though he had only said a casual "Good-evening" to her, now and then. Sally hadn't lived long in the house next door, but quite long enough for Mrs. Morrison to realise she was dangerous. She'd made friends as they worked in their gardens in the cool evenings. She'd got into the habit of running in during the day-time. She'd tried it at night, too, when Billy's light was shining in the sitting-room. But Mrs. Morrison hadn't asked her in; she'd been pretty short with her... so the girl hadn't called in the evening again.

It was only the little Williams boy swinging on the gate. Mrs. Morrison relaxed as she knocked the window at him; she even smiled as he scuttled away. She didn't mind small boys at her gate. Grown-up girls were an entirely different matter!

She heard the kettle boiling madly in the kitchen, and went to rescue it. She knew how to make tea just as Billy liked it. And, tonight, she had a steak-and-kidney pie for him, made in those individual little brown dishes he liked so. She looked after him well. No slip of a girl could give him as comfortable a home.

She didn't want Billy to marry. He was a good son. Kind, devoted, hard-working. They were perfectly happy and peaceful together, she and Billy. He'd promised his father, on his death-bed, that he'd "look after Mums." And he'd kept that promise honorably; she had no cause for complaint. He'd hurried through his schooling, then got himself a job, and started to study accountancy in night courses. She'd managed the best she could on the scrap of an income they had. Billy hadn't suffered much privation, though he had little time or money for amusements.

BUT in these last two years their fortunes had definitely mended. He had a good job now... and only one more exam to take before he qualified as a chartered accountant. After that, he'd the promise of an excellent position. They would have a bigger house, and a servant, perhaps. Or one of those new-fangled flats, with a refrigerator and an electric cooker!

Mrs. Morrison put the knitted cozy over the teapot. Sally had given her a new one, rather shyly. Very beautifully knitted, in two shades of blue; Sally loved blue. Mrs. Morrison had thanked her and hidden it away in a drawer; she didn't want any questions from Billy that might draw the next-door girl to his notice!

Thank goodness, he'd never had much time for girls... or much enthusiasm for the few he met! When she was younger, before the accident that caused her limp, he used to take his mother out a lot. They went for walks, her arm through his. Nowadays she couldn't manage that. So he stayed in. He had his papers and books and studies.

Please turn to Page 26

# Go Places!



ON A

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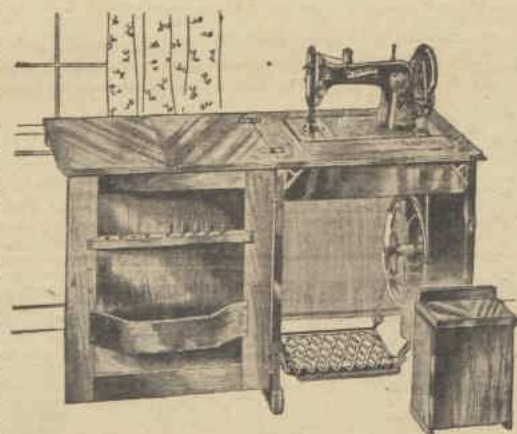
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**Y**ES, they were very cosy together. She always had a good meal ready. Always a fire, and drawn curtains, in winter, with his slippers, his arm-chair at the fire, and his pipe on the mantelpiece. Or, in summer, the windows flung open to the breeze, lots of delicious salads and cold meat, and the garden delightfully shady to sit in.

She looked after his room scrupulously, kept his drawers tidy, mended his clothes and socks; she was a regular valet . . . and liked it!

No girl could look after him as well. She knew that.

Now her face lit as Billy strode up the path, and his key turned in the lock.

"Hello, Mum! Had a good day?" He kissed her. She noticed, with approval, how sleek his hair was, how sturdy and well-fed he looked, how nicely he kept his hands. "Any visitors?"

She amused him with a description of the funny things Sarah Willis said; she was the woman who came twice weekly to help with the hard work. She told him about the Vicar's wife, dropping in for a contribution to the Bazaar, and about the little girl named Rosemary

## Continuing APRON STRINGS

From Page 25

from three doors away, who brought her new doll.

She didn't mention Sally Winter.

They sat down to supper. She was pleased with the way his eyes sparkled at sight of her steak-and-kidney pie. He talked with his mouth full. He relished the sandwich cake, too . . . but she didn't tell that the girl next door had given it to them. Let him think she got it at the new baker's. He had a second helping, pronouncing it excellent.

"And now . . ." He relaxed, sinking lazily into his chair. "I've a treat in store for you. I've had a rise . . . so you're going to have a little holiday!" He grinned at sight of her pleased, startled smile, and the way she dropped the pull-over she was knitting for him. "You deserve it. You've been looking a bit peaky lately. A fortnight at Seaview will do you good. Fresh air and good food. . ."

"Lovely, dear!" She leaned forward, her mind at work. "When do we go? What shall I pack for you?" Billy held up a restraining hand. "Not me, Mum! I can't make it

. . . not possibly. This promotion means hard work. I'll be terribly busy. But you're going . . . and if you're a good girl, I'll run down for the week-end, and we'll go on a binge together!"

"But Billy!" Her face fell. The visions disappeared; she had seen herself down on the promenade, hanging on Billy's arm. Or sitting on a rock in the sun, on a rug he would have spread for her. "I can't leave you behind alone. Who'd look after you? Get your meals. . ."

"I'll manage the best I can!" He waved away her objections. "Sarah can come every day. It'll do me good to hustle a bit. I'm getting spoiled . . . soft. . ." He dropped a kiss on top of her head. "Forgot to get the paper. I'll be right back!"

He came straight back . . . and she managed to look cheerful. But her mind was full of foreboding. Go away? And leave him to the mercies of Sarah Willis, who would cook his eggs in a dirty pan, and let him sit in a draught? And . . . leave him to that girl next door! That Sally! She'd be finding excuses to

run over. She'd be talking flirting, probably . . . when Billy watered the garden; it would have to be watered. She'd bring him a cake she'd baked . . . and she wouldn't be shy of walking right in!

She thought, suddenly, of a way out, and her eyes gleamed triumphantly. She was very gentle and sweet with Billy, and listened to all his plans for her comfort at Seaview.

She'd go. It would never do to let him get suspicious, to let him see that she dreaded leaving him on his own. Yea, she'd go, but she wouldn't stay two weeks! Or even one! After three days, she'd come home, unexpectedly. She'd say she was homesick . . . lonely. That the air didn't agree with her and that she couldn't sleep, and her leg hurt. He'd be full of sympathy. Yea, for three days she'd go to Seaview. He couldn't get into much trouble in that short time.

When, a week later, he settled her into her corner seat in the train, she clung to his hand.

"You'll write me every night, son? Tell me all about your day? What you've done? How Sarah is feeding you?" She knew she looked pathetic and anxious, her faded blue eyes fixed eagerly on his pleasant brown ones.

"Every night," he promised. "So stop your worrying, old lady!" And he kissed her again, and bought her a magazine for the journey.

She almost chuckled aloud as the train moved out. If he kept his promise . . . and he always did . . . of writing every night, that would keep him occupied. He couldn't linger over watering the garden. There'd be that much less danger from pretty Sally Winter!

**H**ER spirits soared as she got out of her taxi at Seaview. Quite a nice boarding-house, with crisp, rose-colored curtains and shining brasses. She liked its flight of scrubbed stone steps, its cheery lounge with the cretonne-covered chairs, and the airy bedrooms with the smell of the sea seeping in through the windows.

She liked the proprietress, too. Buxom Mrs. Connistey, who looked as if she might once have had a prosperous home of her own. She wondered a little about Mrs. Connistey; she was so bright-eyed, so busy and smiling and cheerful. They took an immediate liking to each other . . . so much so that Mrs.

### SONG CLASSICS

#### Serenade

Schubert, 1797-1828.

**THRO'** the leaves the night winds moving murmur low and sweet.  
To thy chamber window roving, love hath led my feet.  
Silent prayer of blissful feeling link us though apart,  
On the breath of music stealing to thy dreaming heart.

**Moonlight** on the earth is sleeping, winds are rustling low  
Where the darkling streams are creeping. Dearest, let us go.  
All the stars keep watch in Heaven while I sing to thee,  
And the night for love was given. Dearest, come to me.

**Sadly** in the forest mourning Wails the whip-poor-will,  
And the heart for thee is yearning,  
Bid it, love, be still.

Born in Germany in 1797, Schubert struggled pitifully during his brief life, and died never knowing of his triumph. Widely as musicians diverge, their opinions in one thing all agreed—that Schubert was the greatest of song writers. During his lifetime his genius was unappreciated, and it was decades after his death before musicians and music-lovers discovered that this prolific artist belonged to the very front rank of composers.

Connistey seated Mrs. Morrison next to her, at her own table.

Very nice people stayed at Seaview, she noticed. Pretty young girls with well-mannered, boy-friends. Some unattached girls, too. She was suddenly relieved that Billy had not been able to come. Altogether there was too much feminine company to choose from. Any one of these girls might snare his fancy . . . anything could happen in two weeks.

There were some middle-aged couples, too, interested in little except themselves and their children. A widower. And a plump oldish young man who sat opposite to her.

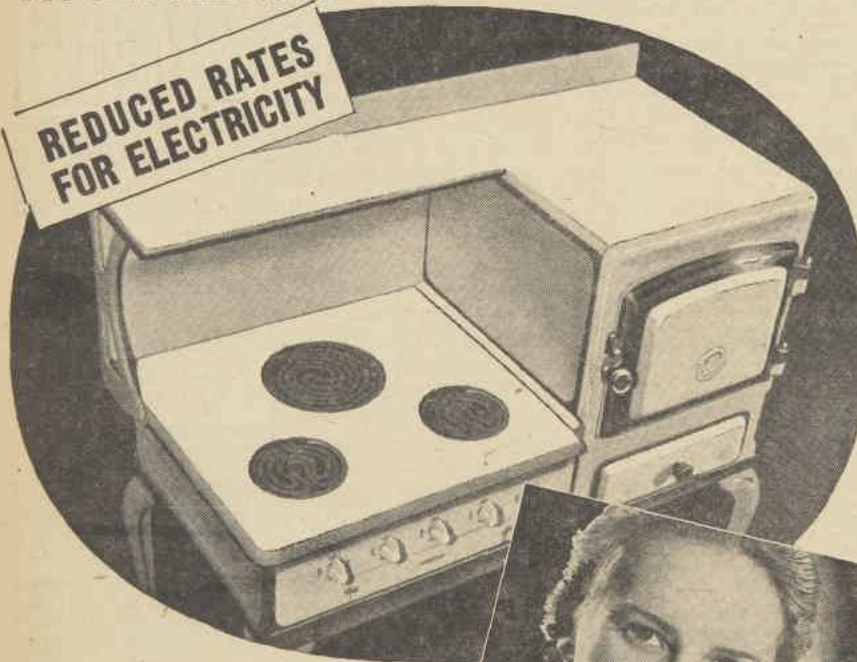
She didn't know what it was that made her take a special interest in the plump oldish young man. But somehow he had a curious fascination for her. Mrs. Morrison found herself talking to him a lot. He didn't seem to get on with the younger ones, and looked a bit lost among them.

Please turn to Page 45

### A NEW MODERN ELECTRIC RANGE

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Why suffer a half-choked catarrh-ridden existence any longer—get a tin of Tiger Salve from your chemist or store to-day, and to-morrow you will be on the road to buoyant, clean-breathing health. Tiger Salve is the ideal healing preparation for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Sores, Cuts, and Scratches—soothing the throbbing discomfort away—warding off infection and healing QUICKLY and SURELY.

Keep a tin handy—it's useful.  
2/- everywhere.



## TIGER SALVE

# Intimate Jottings *by Caroline.*

## I'm Glad To Hear—

That Captain and Mrs. Ian Campbell are coming back from their long sojourn in England early next year. Ian has been attending military staff courses at Camberley.

## Two Garden Parties

TO be host to hundreds of guests on two occasions during one week is quite a business. But Lord Gowrie, who shook hands with each guest at both Admiralty House parties, appeared quite unperturbed and maintained an admirable graciousness.

The contrast in the weather conditions of the two afternoons brought forth most varied fashions. At the first party furs were much favored, and I particularly noticed Mrs. Hector Clayton's lovely kolinsky cape.

Mrs. Elink Schuurman, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, in a sweeping black taffeta caped frock, and Clarice Faithfull Anderson were among the smartest wearers of summery garden party frocks at the reception on Thursday.

Hilda Barton, of Wellington, N.S.W., is expected home in time for Christmas. She is making a final tour of the Continent before embarking at Genoa for home ports.

## Three Named Betty

THREE girls named Betty followed each other up the aisle at St. John's on Thursday night at the Bucknell-Dickenson wedding, the bride and both her maids, Betty Laxen, from Young, and Betty Harris, all having the same Christian names. Quite a spot of confusion ensued at the wedding breakfast at Elizabeth Bay House when anyone called at random for "Betty."

The Bucknells will make their home in the Moree district, and the station homestead has been newly remodelled and decorated for the bride. Blue is the predominating note for the living-rooms.

Just returned to town is Mrs. W. Pearse, who has been out East staying with her sister, Mrs. Harry Piper, at Port Dixon, Malaya.

## Coming Home

AFTER a delightful trip abroad, Ida King is en route to Sydney via the Panama Canal. She is a cousin of Jessie King, the well-known contralto at present giving broadcasts in Australia, and is looking forward to meeting her. The day after she arrives in Sydney Lucy King, her sister, is having a party in her honor.

Jean Harper, of Glasgow, is a fellow-passenger on the trip. She came to Sydney three years ago, and has lots of friends here, and this time she is coming for the Sesqui-Centenary celebrations.

Very attractive are the cocktail glasses used in the Warwick Fairfax household. They are in the shape of an hour glass with a tinkling bell in the lower half.

## Country Girls

LINDSEY SINCLAIR left last week to spend a few weeks' holiday with Daisy Osborne. Then both girls will go north and stay at Lindsey's home, Collymongle, Pokataroo.

Pam, another member of the Osborne family, is not so lucky. She has just had her tonsils removed at St. Vincent's Private Hospital.

## London Romance

COLONEL LANCE PITTMAN, whose marriage to Clare McMahon took place in London last Saturday, is, I have just learnt, a cousin of Lady Murray Anderson, widow of our former Governor.

It was at a reception at Lady Murray Anderson's London home that Colonel Pittman saw Clare and asked to be introduced to her.

Snapshots Clare has sent to her parents show the colonel to be over six feet in height and most satisfactorily dashing and romantic looking.

## No Wonder!

MRS. ERIC BOYD finds life in Taiping, Federated Malay States, most fascinating. And no wonder. Her home is famed throughout the F.M.S. as being the only air-conditioned bungalow in the country.

In letters Mrs. Boyd tells of entertaining many Sydney friends who wander in their direction. Wilma Baily was a recent guest.

Mrs. George Main left for her home, The Retreat, Illabo, last week, but she will not be there long before packing up for Melbourne. With her husband she will attend the Melbourne Cup festivities.

## In Colombo

I HAVE pleasing visions of Dorothy Deakin, of Sydney, flitting around the palm-shaded roads of Colombo, as the last news I have of her comes from that city.

After leaving Sydney, Dorothy stayed some time in Perth, where she had a very jolly time as the guest of Mrs. Frank Cadd and Mrs. M. G. Lavan. She is accompanied on her travels by Eleanor Dalton, also of Sydney.



## After Four Years

AFTER nearly four years abroad, Mrs. James Shute and her niece, Val Daniel, are on their way home from England. When they left Sydney they had no idea of staying so long, but they enjoyed life so much on the other side that they could not tear themselves away. They are on board the Moldavia, due here this month.

Mrs. Shute's small grandson, James, son of Dr. and Mrs. Redvers Shute, has just had the misfortune to break his arm and will be wearing splints when he greets the travellers.

Orchids and rust-colored lilies made exotic floral decorations at St. Stephen's on Friday evening for the wedding of Alice Dennet and Bruce Lenehan.

## Jolly-Sounding Name

I AM quite sure Merri Merrigal, the station home of the Inigo Triggs at Lake Cargelligo, will live up to its jolly-sounding name when its owners return from their honeymoon.

Mrs. Triggs, formerly Anne Bryen, is very charming and her prowess on horseback is well known in the Southern districts, where she has ridden at picnic race meetings.

## Country Life

ENJOYING a country holiday are Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Johnson, of Greenknowe Flats. They are the guests of Mr. Johnson's brother and sister-in-law at Coombing Park, Carcoar, where they are golfing, playing tennis and motoring about the district.

I believe there are trout to be caught by the wily fisherman in the river nearby, so I expect they are doing their best to cast the right fly at the right moment in otherwise idle moments.

Barbara Parry-Oken, of Auburn Station, Queensland, is one of the young Australian girls enjoying a trip abroad this year. She will visit her aunt, Mrs. D. Parry-Oken, in London, and will also spend some time in Paris before returning home.

## Visitor Likes Us

"I JUST love Australia and Australians and have had a perfectly wonderful time in your country," said Mrs. Newland-Fletcher before she left on Friday in the Mongolia for Melbourne.

She will spend several weeks in Victoria, Adelaide and Perth before embarking for India en route for London. Mrs. Newland-Fletcher has been our visitor since July, and during that time has travelled extensively through the State, Chasing kangaroos in the Narramine district was one of her most thrilling experiences.

## Have You Heard—

That the Lentie Bucknells, of Wellington district, are off to England this month via the East? They will lose no time in making for Edinburgh, where they have relatives.



LONDON PHOTOGRAPHS of Misses Helen (at left) and Betty Weihen, the pretty daughters of Dr. and Mrs. A. Wallace Weihen, who have been spending several years abroad with their parents. The family is expected home before Christmas.

—Pearl Freeman photo

ADELYN ADELYN ADELYN

**Adelyn**

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Fidlers Lane Melbourne

QUITE often Princess Elizabeth's little cousins, the Lascelles boys, came to tea and she would practise her vocabulary on them, for she was now learning to talk, or at least to say isolated words.

One word in particular was repeatedly rehearsed. Her nurse was determined her charge should be able to greet her mother with a perfectly distinct "Mummie."

Not long before her parents' return Princess Elizabeth moved into their new home in Piccadilly, and established herself in her own gay nurseries, every detail of which had been planned by her mother before her departure.

Towards the end of June, while the Renown drew near the shores of England with her parents on board, Princess Elizabeth, had the known how, might well have sung:

"I see a ship a-sailing  
A-sailing o'er the sea,  
And it is deeply laden  
With pretty things for me."

No ship in the whole history of the seas can ever have been more deeply laden with treasures for one child. At every single halt in their progress, gifts to take home to their daughter had been showered on King George and Queen Elizabeth.

The Renown returned like a veritable argosy, bearing in her hold, not only nearly three tons of toys, ornaments, knick-knacks and gew-gaws of every imaginable kind, but also several dolls far larger than the Princess herself, and a whole battalion of giant Teddy Bears.

# THE King's DAUGHTERS

Continued from Page 3

Besides all these offerings, she also brought the little Princess some valuable livestock.

Not only two singing canaries and twenty squawking macaws, but two real live play-fellows—a father and a mother, both so hungry for the sight of their child that they had had a fresh set of her photographs sent out to them by every mail.

Without these photographs I do not think King George and Queen Elizabeth could have recognised their daughter.

During all the months of their long absence she had never suffered from even so much as a cold in the head. In the keeping of devoted grandparents and the clever care of Nurse Knight (the beloved Nannie of her mother's childhood as well as her own), she had thrived in every sense of the word.

In fact, she had developed into a very real personality. At fourteen months of age, she already knew how to smile strangers into slavery, and would engagingly throw out her arms to a delighted crowd, just as though it were one bright toy, or some delicious sweet that she wanted to put into her mouth.

A golden-crested "little friend of all the world" with a rose-leaf skin and a brilliant blue gaze, this "fourth lady in the land," or "Li-i-bet," as she already called herself, had completely captivated London.

Indeed, her success had already occasioned her no little inconvenience, for, owing to her perambulator being mobbed by importunate admirers, she had been obliged to forgo her agreeable outings in the Park!

## Family Reunion

ON the afternoon of June 27 Princess Elizabeth, arrayed in all the glory of her most frilly frock, was taken from her new home back to Buckingham Palace, the "very big place" where she had stayed with "Grandpa England," as she was soon to call her grandfather the King.

Meanwhile her father and mother were alighting from the train at Victoria Station.

At the Palace, Princess Elizabeth hears an unusually loud noise and, when she looks inquiring, she is told that the noise is the kind people saying how glad they are that her father and mother have come safely back to London. Father? Mother?

Father and mother are pictures—just pictures that stand in big frames in the nursery. Her blue eyes look perplexed. She shakes her head.

Minutes pass. The shouts grew louder—rise to a roar. At last her grandmother, Queen Mary, lifts her up in her arms and, pointing to a pretty lady with a very excited face, says:

"There's mother—Li-lbet!"  
"Oh, you darling!" cries the excited lady.

How will the baby receive this strange mother?

It is an anxious moment. But all is well. After one swift, bright blue glance of inquiry, Princess Elizabeth seems almost as pleased with her mother as though she were quite a large crowd. Her round face breaks into a wide smile and her chubby arms go out.

The two smiling Elizabeths are happily reunited.

## Mother's Training

INSTALLED in her new home, Queen Elizabeth flung herself into enjoying the enchanting company of her little daughter, who showed herself pleasantly grateful for two such good play-fellows—a father and a mother, both of whom she could now order about by name, and either of whom when at home, ever failed to attend her coucher, and watch her splash the soapy water over the edge of her bath.

No child ever had more appreciative parents, and few parents a more repaying child. It was impossible to have a dull moment while she was in the room, but though her liveliness increased, she seldom gave much trouble. As soon as her daughter could understand, Queen Elizabeth began to teach her to think of others, a lesson in which a very well-qualified teacher found an apt pupil.

The second August of Princess Elizabeth's life was spent at Glamis, where her ambitions were very busily and rather perilously engaged in learning to walk—and accomplishment triumphantly mastered.

In September she travelled farther north to stay with King George V at his beloved Balmoral where—very walking-proud—she was the gracious

centre of attraction at an immense garden-party.

On her way south, while her parents paid some visits, she was left at Glamis. Resenting their absence, she one day determined to take things in hand herself and, lifting the mouth-piece of the telephone to her lips, announced in crystal tones to the surprised exchange:

"Li-lbet speaking. I WANT my Mummie."

She also loved impersonating her mother at the dressing-table, and liked to engage some super to act the lady's maid and hand her hairpins, powder-puff, etc. Her technique in this pantomime was perfect.

She always loved pretending to be grown up, and used often to play at going into a small cupboard and holding, through an imaginary telephone, long conversations in tones that were a quaint blend of all the grown-up voices and intonations familiar to her.

## Met Australian XI

WHATEVER she may have felt in the presence of strangers she always showed unusual self-control before visitors, as though instinctively she knew that much was expected of her.

One day, when she was just two, this self-control was rather severely tested. The Australian cricket eleven were being entertained at 1.45, and she was brought down and deposited just inside the door which her nurse closed behind her.

There was a great deal of noise going on in the room and the eleven—looking far more than eleven—stood in a very formidable group at the other end of the room.

Scared for a moment or two, little Princess Elizabeth stood with her back to the wall, a tiny, forlorn figure in her stiff muslin frock, and it looked as if for once she would, as many children might, burst into tears.

Then lifting her head and straightening her back, she advanced as though impelled from behind towards the group in the midst of which she could see her mother, who had not realised her arrival.

But before she could reach her haven, one of the eleven fielded the little white figure and lifted it high up in his arms.

A breakdown seemed inevitable. The child's lips quivered, her face flushed, but no, whatever her feelings, there was no declared protest, and when her mother spoke to her, the situation was saved and a smile trembled into place.

To Be Continued



## THE SECRET OF NATURAL MAKE-UP

In the range of Coty "Air-Spun" Face Powders you'll find the exact shade intended by nature to blend with your hair colour. This correct shade will bring your beauty nearer to nature's perfection than ever before.

Remember, too, that Coty's exclusive "Air-Spun" Process has eliminated harsh adhesives—it allows your skin to breathe naturally. You must try this thrilling powder. Large size, 3/9. Small size, 2/3.

**Coty**  
**AIR SPUN**  
FACE POWDER



## NEW SCIENTIFIC WASHING METHOD

# RINSO

## 2 minute boil

gives DAZZLING WHITENESS hours faster

HALF an hour's fuel saved on every copperful of clothes . . . washing speeded up to save hours . . . rubbing and hard work made unnecessary . . . yet clothes washed cleaner and whiter by the Rinso 2-minutes boil method.

## BIG SAVING IN FUEL!

Two more women discover the amazing saving of fuel through the Rinso 2-minute boil. Half an hour or more on every copperful—pounds worth in a year! And such a beautifully white wash, too!



For thousands and thousands of women throughout Australia washing clothes no longer means hard work and drudgery. These women have taken up the amazingly easy, quick, economical Rinso method with only 2 minutes at the boil, instead of 30 or 40, and no hard rubbing at all!

## Essential to use Rinso

Rinso—and Rinso alone—makes this wonderful short-cut washing method possible because only Rinso suds are so rich that they can remove every trace of dirt . . . in such a short time without rubbing.

**LUKEWARM RINSO SUDS—WONDERFUL FOR SILKS, COLOURS WOOLLENS!**

The wonderful thing about Rinso is that it's so safe for delicate washing. Give woollens, silks and coloured things a few minutes' gentle run-through in lukewarm Rinso suds. No rubbing is necessary.



A LEVER PRODUCT



HOUSE OR GARDEN

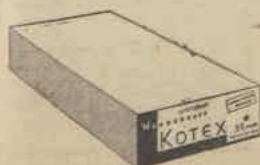
## Gay Smocks

FROM ONLY 10/6

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(Above) 'Duroson' floral smock. Rose, blue or ant. tints. 10/6  
(Below) Tyrolean smock. Figured patterns and colour comb. 10/11  
SW., W. sizes.

Smocks on the Fourth Floor



## KOTEX, 1/2

That's what it costs when you buy a packet of three dozen for 3/6. Call and ask Jean Abbott, of Kotex, about correct methods of sanitary protection.  
Hygiene Set. — Ground Floor

# FARMER'S

## THE "CHINOIS"

Half price beach hat

Wear one of these daringly different beach hats when your new costume breaks the ice for the first time. A light and durable summer straw, colourful as a grand fete. This is a real half price special. It's usually 6/11. At 3/6

Millinery on the Third Floor.



Farmer's joins with Harrod's of London in novel gift scheme. You tell Farmer's what you'd like to send your friend abroad, giving us the necessary money plus 25% exchange (or having it charged to your account). Farmer's cables your Christmas order abroad and Harrod's efficiently does the rest.



## REEL TOWELS

Lively beach winners

Monogrammed free of charge with the name of the beach and your own initials. In green, blue, fawn, red and gold colours. 26 x 54 inches. Other designs, too. This is 5/11

Towels on the First Floor.

AIR-CONDITIONING keeps Farmer's cool as an ice-floe all summer. Temperature's never over 73°.



## SWISS MODEL

Reproduced by Farmer's

You'll find your favourite type, your favourite heel height among Farmer's brown and white summer shoes. Illustrated is a reproduced Swiss model. Yes, mail orders. 15/-

Shoes — Third Floor. Most sizes

MAX FACTOR'S famous beauty preparations solve your problems of loveliness. Soft creams and powders to give you a fine sun tan are among them. Cosmetic Section, Ground Floor.

● THE PEASANT MILK BAR is the most pleasant spot in Sydney for summer drinks. Cool as a breeze.

Farmer's new "Streamline"

## WAVE SETTERS

You dampen your hair and comb out straight, press the setter wide open and close on the wave to be made. Simple! Or use it for re-setting your perm. Card of 4, 9d.

Hair Accessories — Ground Floor



Two of Farmer's

## Finest jewels

to sparkle and gleam in the night

Dress clip. An exquisite brilliant and pearl clip for your most exotic frock. 12/6

Pearls from America. New 3-row style, with an expensive-looking clasp. At 10/6

Art. Jewellery — Ground Floor.



# 20 YEARS INTERNATIONAL SATISFACTION

## A UNIQUE RECORD of GRATIFICATION

LET'S take a trip around the world to prove the unprecedented success and 20 years' progress of 'ASPRO.' In the native Warongs of Java you can buy 'ASPRO.' In the village stores throughout Singapore and Malaya 'ASPRO' is everywhere. Then on and up through Siam — Hong Kong and through the continent of China — over to Ceylon and India. Down through Egypt to Africa — back to France and Belgium and throughout the British Isles, you will find 'ASPRO' the most popularly used household medicine everywhere. More could be written, but this record of achievement has only been possible because 'ASPRO' definitely fulfils all claims made for it and has been proved RELIABLE and SAFE. Unparalleled INTERNATIONAL SUCCESS is the INDISPUTABLE PROOF of the SAFETY and MERIT of 'ASPRO.'

ALWAYS KEEP A PACKET IN THE HOME!

# 'ASPRO'

## Has Been Proved PURE-TRUE & SAFE

### "LEFT MY PLOUGH, IN PAIN, BACK AT WORK IN HALF AN HOUR."

Tumbi Umbi,  
N.S.W., 3/4/37.

Dear Sirs,  
For nearly 20 years I have suffered with attacks of acute pain in my left knee as a result of an accident when a horse fell on me. Though the knee has been operated on the growth of certain bones brings on attacks of pain and I have been at a loss to know what to do to relieve the pain until recently I noticed in your 'ASPRO' Year Book "that 'ASPRO' relieves pain quickly." Recently I had a very bad attack while ploughing and hobbled back to the house and took two 'ASPRO' tablets. The relief was absolutely remarkable and in half an hour I was back on the plough and finished a hard day's work. I asked my doctor if it were true that I could get such relief, and he told me that it was quite true, so I am writing you this testimonial and am quite agreeable to your publishing it.

Yours truly,  
(Sgd.) E. G. HICKS.

3GE/37.

### RELIEF OBTAINED FROM NEURITIS PAINS OVERNIGHT.

Payneham Road, Marsden, S.A.,  
29/9/36.  
Dear Sirs,  
I have something to tell you of the benefits I have obtained from taking 'ASPRO' tablets. I had been suffering from a severe attack of Neuritis, and so I decided to try 'ASPRO' and took 4 tablets (2 at 8 o'clock and 2 before going to bed). The relief I derived overnight was wonderful, now I always take 'ASPRO' tablets at the first sign of pain.—(Sgd.) E. Gillespie.

## 15 PROVED USES for 'ASPRO'

- 1—It relieves Headaches in 5 to 10 minutes.
- 2—It brings Sweet Sleep to the Sleepless.
- 3—It relieves Rheumatism in one night.
- 4—It will ease the Nagging Pains of Neuritis and Neuralgia.
- 5—Take 'ASPRO' to relieve Toothache.
- 6—'ASPRO' taken as directed will smash up a Cold or 'Flu' attack in 24 hours.
- 7—It brings relief without harming the heart.
- 8—It soothes away Irritability.
- 9—It speedily reduces Temperature.
- 10—The stabbing pains of Sciatica and Lumbago can be hunted out with 'ASPRO.'
- 11—It can be taken at any time, in Train, Tram, at Home, at Business, anywhere, everywhere.
- 12—It gives great relief to women when depressed.
- 13—It relieves ill after effects of alcohol.
- 14—It relieves Dengue and Malaria by reducing the fever.
- 15—As a gargle, 'ASPRO' is wonderful for Sore Throats and Tonsillitis.

Nicholas Ltd.

## "DOWN to the Sea" Again... by RADIO

### Immortalising Heroes Of The Past

What girl has not said at some time or other, "I wish I were a man. Then I could go to sea."

For the sea—except, of course, for the isolated case in which a woman has been inspired by a spirit of adventure to take a job on a windjammer—is the most romantic of all callings still exclusive to man.

MEANTIME, women continue to read stories of sea adventure as avidly as men, and they will doubtless find much pleasure in a unique sea broadcast from 2GB on Sunday next at 9.30 p.m.

This broadcast will feature "Lee Fore Brace," one of the world's most famous raconteurs of sea stories.

In real life, "Lee Fore Brace" is Mr. Forbes Eadie, but it is under his pseudonym that he is best known in England, America, and New Zealand, in all of which countries he has established a reputation over the air.

He has gathered for himself a repertoire of 300 stories of the sea, each one of breath-taking interest.

"Lee Fore Brace" is a Greenock man. He hails from the Clyde, which has sent more men and ships down to the sea than perhaps any other spot on earth. His forbears were sea people, sailors and engineers, and at the age of fourteen young Forbes Eadie signed on his first ship.

That was in the early nineties, when sailing ships were still the



KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, famous Norwegian soprano, will be the celebrity artist in a recorded session from Station 2GB on Sunday night.

### Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

WEDNESDAY, October 20—  
11.45 a.m.: London Calling.  
2.45 p.m.: The Fashion Parade.

THURSDAY, October 21—11.45 a.m.: Things That Happen.  
2.45 p.m.: The Movie World.

FRIDAY, October 22—11.45 a.m.: So They Say.  
2.45 p.m.: Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, October 23—7.45 p.m.: The Music Box.  
9.30 p.m.: Rhythmic Troubadours and Les Allen.

SUNDAY, October 24—4.30 p.m.: Celebrity Singer Recital—Beniamino Gigli.  
6.10 p.m.: London Symphonic Orchestra and Kirsten Flagstad.

MONDAY, October 25—11.45 a.m.: People in the Limelight.  
2.45 p.m.: Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, October 26—11.45 a.m.: Overseas News.  
2.45 p.m.: Things That Happen.

pride of the ocean. By the time he was 23, he had rounded Cape Horn nine times, and had sailed all the southern seas. At the turn of the century he abandoned sail for steam. He might have been a sailor yet but for a defect in his sight, which made his retirement from active sea life unavoidable, just prior to the outbreak of the Great War. His heart was still with the sea, so what more natural than that he should turn to writing about it.

### Rare Adventures

"When only 12 years old," says "Lee Fore Brace," "I witnessed the greatest shipping catastrophe on the Clyde, the burning and explosion of the Auchmountain, which had just been built.

"It was loaded with 1200 tons of explosives, which caught fire when the dottle of a seaman's pipe fell down the ventilator. Every window for a radius of fifteen miles was smashed by the force of the explosion, and dead fish were thrown up on the beaches for miles around.

"Fate also ruled that I should be present at Hongkong when, in 1904, the greatest typhoon disaster the China Seas has known occurred. So you see I know something of the hazards and mischances of the sea.

"For my half-hour broadcast over 2GB I have chosen the story of 'Freeman of the Roddam' from among my three hundred stories.

"I regard Freeman as one of the greatest heroes of all time, and I think most listeners will agree with me when they have heard the story.

"It occurred late last century, when, during the volcanic eruption of Mount Pelee, the steamer Roddam was in port at Saint Pierre, in the West Indies. The Roddam was anchored at the time, and the lava fell so thickly that the captains were unworkable.

"However, Freeman was determined to get his ship out of port, and with remarkable seamanship and almost unbelievable personal bravery he succeeded in doing so. It was an epic of the sea."

### Best-Dressed Man in Spite of Himself

By Air Mail from Our Special Correspondent in New York.

A bitter controversy is raging among America's foremost tailors and designers over the question of whether President Roosevelt is the best-dressed or one of the worst-dressed men in the United States.

It all started when the President appeared at his own inauguration attired in an unorthodox morning suit of solid dark grey. "Tails" and trousers were of the same material.

Shortly afterwards, a convention of the Merchant Tailors Designers' Association voted Mr. Roosevelt the best-dressed man in the United States. They declared he was the only President in the past twenty years whose formal clothes did not look "moth-eaten," and added that the originality in dress which he displayed at the inauguration was a definite indication of good taste in clothing.

Incidentally, the second choice of the M.T.D.A. for sartorial perfection was Enzo Piermonte, a former boxer.

Mrs. Roosevelt declared that if her husband was the nation's best-dressed man he had achieved that distinction in spite of himself. She revealed that the President regarded clothes as being of very minor importance, and said that the family had been trying for months to convince Mr. Roosevelt that he needed new evening clothes.

Here is Taken No. 24 for The Australian Women's Weekly "People of the World in Pictures."

Obtainable for 5/6 and 1 token.

PW  
34

Here is Taken No. 73 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Australian Home Gardener."

Obtainable for 4/- and 1 token.

G  
73

Here is Taken No. 49 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Mammoth Wonder Book."

Obtainable for 5/6 and 1 token.

WB  
49

# What Women Are Doing

## Travelled Around

**D**R. MURIEL McILRATH, who returned to her home in Sydney recently after two and a half years' post-graduate study in England, combined work and pleasure during her stay overseas.

She visited the Continent several times, and her journeyings took her to Scandinavia, Holland, Belgium, Germany, Austria and many other places.

## Helps to Perpetuate Memory of Shakespeare

**M**RS. J. HENRY HANCOCK, of Brisbane, is intensely interested in the Brisbane Shakespeare Society, of which she is a foundation member.



Mrs. Hancock

She also devotes a good deal of her time to the women's section of the Social Service League, and for the last two years has been a committee member. For the last few weeks she has been concentrating on arranging a novel mannequin pageant to be held at her home on Thursday of this week. It is being organised under the auspices of the Social Service League to provide Christmas cheer for as many deserving cases as possible. The mannequins will parade in the garden and bathing beauties in the ballroom.

## Mission Sends Gifts Overseas

**A**FTER six years as president, and eight years as secretary of the South Australian branch of the Methodist Overseas Mission, Miss Bessie Champion has the annual business of packing up Christmas gifts for the missions and hospitals at Papua, New Britain, Fiji, Azamgarh and Northern Provinces of India, as well as Northern Australia, at her fingertips.

Miss Champion explains that the native children would much rather have a pencil than a doll, and that the women prefer a length of print to anything else. Therefore useful presents have been packed up by about 60 helpers and sent off.

They are packed into good wooden boxes, and these are converted into furniture by the technical schools connected with the missions. The contents of some of the boxes (there are 33 in all) are valued at as much as £15, and country branches of the Mission have helped supply the gifts.

## Assisting the Work of Various Charities

**M**RS. C. H. TUTTON has had very little spare time since she arrived back from her eighth trip to the United States.



Mrs. C. H. Tutton

An ardent worker for charity she has given several talks on her impressions abroad in Canada and America, in aid of various hospitals.

As vice-president of the Central Council of the Prince Henry Hospital and president of the combined Younger Sets she has helped organise the annual ball for some years and is hard at work again as the date is fixed for November 17 and the place is to be Ormond Hall.

The Alfred Hospital, the Blind, and the South Melbourne Mission and Greche also claim the interest and help of this energetic woman.

## Indian School Inspector

**I**NSPECTING primary schools in the Nagpur circle of the Central Provinces of India is the responsible position held by Miss Lakshmi Lydia Dewaji, a picturesque Indian woman who is at present holidaying in Australia.

Miss Dewaji is an arts graduate of the University of Allahabad, and was the first woman to be admitted to the University Training College in Nagpur, where she gained her Licentiate in Teaching. Since then numerous women students have trained at Nagpur, and there is now a separate college for men students. In her position as school inspector, Miss Dewaji makes two visits each year to the hundred schools in her district.

Miss Dewaji's sister is accompanying her on her holiday trip, and they plan to visit New Zealand before returning to India in January.

## Women Athletes Training for National Games

**M**EMBERS of the Adelaide Women's Amateur Athletic Club

have begun serious training for the National Games, which will be held in Sydney next February. Although their club is the only one of its kind in Adelaide and members cannot gain much experience in competitive racing, the secretary, Miss Mavis Knight, feels very hopeful of its success.

Miss Knight has been re-elected to the position of club secretary, which she filled last year, and is working hard to build up the membership of the club. There are already more members this year than in any of the past seven years and Miss Knight hopes that in the near future the club will be able to divide into two separate and competitive clubs.

## Carpet the Persians Would Have Coveted

**M**RS. A. H. MARSHALL (Devonport), who, with Mrs. E. A. Waterworth, O.B.E., and Mrs. A. Hollingsworth, was a delegate to the W.C.T.U. conference in Brisbane recently, returned with many nice things to say about Queensland. She was particularly impressed with the floral show she attended in the City Hall. It was organised in aid of the Brisbane Free Kindergarten, and was apparently a marvellous spectacle. But quite the piece de resistance of the Fair was a large carpet (18ft. by 24ft.), composed entirely of flowers, the work of four women.

The design was traced on a tarpaulin, and the thousands of blossoms required for the work were collected by the State school children in Brisbane. The dark edges were composed of rose-colored bougainvillea, the corners pale pink flowers, the centre of pale pink stocks and roses edged with dark purple stocks, and a charming design was worked in arum lilies, roses, sweet peas, pale stocks, and nasturtium leaves. Yellow marigolds and dark leaves made an effective outer border. The exquisite result of all this artistry was always surrounded by crowds of admirers, who gladly paid their expenses to view this novel and arresting work.

## Sings Her Sister's Compositions

**M**ISS PAULINE HYDE, the young South Australian soprano who gave three recitals during her recent visit to New South Wales, includes in her repertoire a new composition by her sister, Miss Miriam Hyde, called "Dreamland." This song had not been sung in Australia until Miss Hyde's recitals in Sydney and Bathurst, when the composer, who has recently scored it for orchestra, acted as accompanist for her sister.

Besides possessing a delightful soprano voice, Miss Pauline Hyde is also an accomplished violinist and played with the South Australian orchestra until it was disbanded. She studied the violin for several years before taking up singing, and gave her first song recital at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, last year.

## Introducing Hebridean Songs to Schoolchildren

**M**ADAME GREGOR WOOD, of Melbourne, has aroused much interest in musical circles with her lecture recitals of Hebridean songs.

Her series given over the air recently had a wonderful response, and when she visited one of Melbourne's city schools and gave a recital to 1040 boys there were most enthusiastic.

In order that these songs may gradually reach the younger generations and become familiar to them, many more schools are to be visited in the near future.

Madam Wood conducts the Victorian Scottish Union Choir, which already this year has given ten concerts in the suburbs of Melbourne, with several more engagements before the year closes.

## Schoolgirl Was Successful Show Competitor

**O**NE of the most successful entrants in the handicrafts section at the Royal Adelaide Show this year was a schoolgirl, Miss Gwen Butcher, who gained six first prizes and an award for each of her other three exhibits.

Her entries, which were all completed before her eighteenth birthday, included millinery, dressmaking, art, and needlework. In the school section Miss Butcher was awarded first prize for a child's playtime outfit, a baby's bonnet, a child's dress, a boy's romper suit, a traycloth, and for her exhibit in the wood staining section, and she was commended for her entry in the open division for a coat and skirt.

Miss Butcher is an advanced pupil of the Goodwood Central School and has exhibited some of her work in the Adelaide Show for the past three years, each time with success.

## First Experience as a Campaign Secretary

**S**URELY one of the most interesting and excited people watching the Victorian State election results was Miss Marjorie Irvine Smith, who was campaign secretary for Mrs. Clarence Weber, the newly-elected member for Nunawading, Victoria.

Miss Smith, for some time a partner with Miss Florence Hazlethorn in a radio advertising copy-writing service, is a Tasmanian by birth. Her people are well-known farmers in the Prime Minister's electorate of Wilmut.

She transferred to Melbourne ten years ago and began her career as a nurse at Epworth Hospital, but gave that up for journalism, and for three years did political work for the United Country Party.

She was also closely associated with Mr. Dillon's campaign in Essendon during a previous election.



Miss Irvine Smith

## Harmony Girls, a Trio With Ambitions

**T**HREE Melbourne girls, Pauline, Judith, and Joan Allen, began broadcasting three years ago as the Harmony Trio; then Pauline got married and Gwen Hutchings took her place.

The trio as it now stands, Gwen, Judith, and Joan, made its debut in public in Mrs. Clapp's show, "Joanna."

After that they came back on the air with renewed attraction for listening audiences. They hope ere long to sell their act abroad, either in England or America.

All three girls sing; Gwen does the harmonies and Judith plays the guitar as accompanist for the broadcast.

At one time they had to buy all the popular music as it came out, but they've got so into the knack of picking up the latest tunes they now sing by ear. That's to say, they hear a record and so work it up with Gwen's harmonising, introducing novel touches of their own.

## Two Years at Mission Hospital in the North

**S**ISTER VERA STEWART and Sister Jessie Langham have returned to Melbourne and joined the staff of the Royal Melbourne Hospital after two years in the Northern Territory in charge of the Australian Inland Mission's Hospital on Victoria River Downs Station, one of the largest stations of the north.

The hospital, with a capacity for 12 beds, situated a quarter of a mile from the station homestead is 200 miles from Katherine, 300 miles from Wyndham, and 400 from Darwin, and works in conjunction with the Flying Doctor.

Sister Stewart has ridden as far as 12 miles to a patient, but on one occasion Sister Langham had to ride 30 miles. It took her two days to do it, as she had to camp by a flooded river and wait till it was possible to cross.

There is a pedal wireless set at the hospital, and both sisters learnt Morse code. The set was mainly used for medical purposes, but they also sent all telegrams for the settlers round about, and even for the men at Average Station, 130 miles away.

When Flight-Lieut. Hely was lost, these two sisters relayed all the messages from the search planes, and played an important part in his rescue.

## Will Visit Palestine on Her Way Home

**M**RS. NEWLAND-FLETCHER, after completing a successful lecture tour of New Zealand, booked to return to her home in England in the Mongolia, leaving Sydney on October 15. She will break her journey at Port Said to visit Palestine.

Mrs. Newland-Fletcher is well known to Dominion visitors to London, for she was hostess of the Overseas League in that city for sixteen years.

## Expert Ecclesiastical Needle Worker

**F**EW Australian needle workers are as familiar with the rare art of ecclesiastical embroidery as Miss Corrie Clayton, of Adelaide, who has been supervising the work of the St. Peter's Cathedral Guild for the past 16 years.

This guild works to supply orders for ecclesiastical embroidery which come from all parts of Australia.

All the work is done voluntarily and the funds raised by the guild are used for the upkeep of the vestments and church trappings in St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide. As well as supervising the guild meetings Miss Clayton arranges for the purchase of the expensive materials and threads, many of which are imported from England.

## On Secretarial Staff Of League of Nations

**M**ISS PATRICIA COLE, a Sydney girl, at present engaged on the secretarial staff of the League of Nations, has had a very interesting time since leaving Australia in October last year.

Before she left she was well known in amateur theatrical circles.

When she arrived in England she obtained a secretarial position with Mr. Strahan, secretary of the Australian delegation and to overseas officials at Australia House during the Coronation.

Then Miss Cole visited the Paris Exposition with Miss Kathleen Collins, another Australian girl who is pursuing a successful business career abroad.



Miss P. Cole

**THERE'S**

# Dazzling Beauty

**IN THREE FLOWERS**  
**NEW LIPSTICKS & ROUGE**

Here's rosy, luscious colour for your lips. Youth and glamour for your cheeks, in these fragrant cosmetics that lend your skin an eye-catching radiance. Rouge that's like a delicate, tinted mist—so soft it blends into your skin without a trace of "artificial look"—gives your complexion a natural, youthful glow. Three Flowers and Hudnut Lipsticks so rich and creamy they soften your lips while they brighten them, making them younger, lovelier, more fascinating with brilliant, lasting colour.

- \* Three Flowers Rouge.
- \* Three Flowers Lipstick. Seven alluring shades.
- \* Richard Hudnut Permanent Lipstick. Seven enchanting shades.
- \* Richard Hudnut Petite Permanent Lipstick. Seven favourite shades.

AND TO COMPLETE YOUR BEAUTY, ESSENCE... Three Flowers Face Cream... Eau Powder... Hair Preparation... Head Cream... Perfume.

**RICHARD HUDNUT** **AIDS TO LOVELINESS**

# Special Purchase by GRACE BROS The CHARM COAT

For BEACH or

HOUSE WEAR



MAIL ORDERS  
AVAILABLE FOR  
ALL THESE  
GARMENTS

Above:

MP2—RIVERINA HAIRCORD in Floral Design featuring the Princess style and long sleeves. Noted for its splendid washing and wearing qualities. In Orange, Pink, Green, Brown, Lemon on White Grounds. Sizes, 8S.W., 8W., 9W. USUAL PRICE 12/11, 14/11. PRICE SPECIALISED 8/11

At right:

MP3—IN PURE IRISH LINEN, buttoning from hem to neck, collar and pockets trimmed with contrasting shades. In Tan, Red, Sage, Pink. Sizes: 8S.W., 8W., 9W. USUAL PRICE 12/11, 14/11. PRICE SPECIALISED 8/11

Above:

MP1—IN PURE IRISH LINEN, double-breasted effect with Puff Sleeves and revers collar. In Red, Tan, Sage, Pink. Sizes: 8S.W., 8W., 9W. USUAL PRICE 12/11, 14/11. PRICE SPECIALISED 8/11

Top:

MP4—INTRODUCING THE NEW AIR BREEZE FABRIC. Cool and comfortable for all Summer wear, featuring inverted pleat at back and puff sleeves. In Green, Blue, Blue. Sizes: 8S.W., 8W., 9W. USUAL PRICE 12/11, 14/11. PRICE SPECIALISED 8/11

## HOW—the ELECTIONS will be BROADCAST

From the moment Federal election polling closes this Saturday the focus of hundreds of thousands of New South Wales voters will be the Australian Broadcasting Commission's stations, 2BL and 2FC.

WITHOUT a minute's break from 8 o'clock on Saturday night till 1 o'clock the following morning either one of these stations will be radiating the latest news of the fortunes of the many candidates.

This amazing gathering and giving of progress results of the election has been made possible by wide planning on the part of the Commission's executives.

The feat will be accomplished by means of a National relay from all stations throughout the Commonwealth.

Exclusively broadcasting State results until 9 p.m., New South Wales A class stations will then switch to a National relay from stations 2BL Sydney, 3AR Melbourne, and 5AN Adelaide, and give brief summaries of the Commonwealth position.

From 10 p.m. all stations throughout the Commonwealth will take the National relay. The New South Wales stations—2BL and 2FC—supported by 2NR (Grafton), 2NC (Newcastle), and 2CR (Central Regional), will break in on their evening programmes at set intervals to give State results.

The Melbourne Central Electric Telegraph Office will be the clearing house for Australia-wide election news transmitted by telegraph and telephone . . . even by air.

### Doctor Says Six is Ideal Family

By Air Mail from our London Office.

"TWO, four, and six children constitute the ideal families—but six should be the limit."

This is the opinion of Dr. S. N. Galbraith, Medical Officer of Health at Tonbridge (Kent), who, in his annual report, attacks the cult of the "empty cot."

"An increase in family life," he says, "will mean less need for hospitals and institutions."

Incidentally, Dr. Galbraith praises the courage of two Tonbridge mothers, one of whom has had twenty-four children, and the other twenty-two.

At 11 p.m., with the co-operation of the Postmaster-General's Department, it will be possible to broadcast on a National relay a dramatic "Round Australia" conversation with Melbourne as the controlling point.

A two-way circuit, which was last used when the Duke of Gloucester visited Australia, will be in operation and by this means it will be possible to hold conversations with commentators at various points, and to pick up the threads of progress results in other parts. The method is best explained by the following schedule.

The Melbourne officer-in-charge will call Queensland at 11 p.m., and inquire for whatever news that may be available. Queensland will reply, and at 11.10 o'clock New South Wales will be called.

There will be an instant cross-over to Melbourne at 11.20, and another to Adelaide at 11.30 p.m. At 11.40, Melbourne will give a brief resume of the progress results in Tasmania and West Australia.

At midnight there will be another "Round Australia" conversation tour, and the schedule is as follows:

12 midnight, Queensland.  
12.10 a.m., New South Wales.  
12.20 a.m., Victoria.  
12.30 a.m., South Australia.  
12.40 a.m., States will give a last-minute resume, and at  
12.50 a.m., Melbourne will give a Commonwealth resume of the whole election, and all stations will close down at 1 a.m.

GRACE BROS. PTY. LTD. BROADWAY ♦ SYDNEY ♦ PHONE M6506

No. 6 of Our Great Medical Series

# MORE WOMEN Now Suffer from DIABETES

## Sugar Plays an Important Part in Keeping Us Healthy...

By A SPECIALIST

Diabetes is a strange complaint. From one point of view its cause is obvious, and there appears to be a satisfactory treatment to hand.

From another point of view, there appears to be "a cause behind the cause" which is still a mystery, also the unwelcome fact remains that, in spite of all modern methods of treatment, more persons die of diabetes each year.

THE number of cases of diabetes has enormously increased during the past thirty years. This increase has been chiefly among the white civilised races.

Among white races, the Jews are particularly liable. This liability of Jews living in highly-civilised countries is borne out by French, German and U.S.A. statistics. In France over half the total number of deaths from diabetes occur among Jews.

Another peculiar feature is that there has been a very large increase of cases among middle-aged women. In the nineteenth century diabetes was a "man's disease"—male patients outnumbered females. To-day the position is reversed.

### Eating Too Much

IT is said that the increase of diabetes among middle-aged women during the past half-century has been more rapid than any other disease (including cancer). It is possible that (as with cancer) the increase is largely illusory, owing to the fact that longevity has increased, and that more women now survive to middle age, where diabetes is likely to set in.

Another factor is that in civilised centres famine has disappeared from the face of the earth, and its place has been taken by an abundance of food. Most people eat more than their body requires.

There should be in the body a perfect balance between the amount of food taken in and the amount of energy expended. This applies to all machines; the human machine is no exception.

People actually need less food to-day, because, with our transport system so highly organised, and the popularity of the motor car, much less exercise is taken in the ordinary way of life.

Also the popularity of afternoon bridge among a certain type of woman, ending up with a feast of sweet cakes and cream, is a pastime for which the body must bear the penalty.

It must not be concluded from the foregoing that diabetes is a disease of middle life only. It occurs at all ages, from infants of six months to old people past eighty. As a rule, the younger the patient the more severe the disease.

Young people may be seized with an acute attack which will be fatal in a few months unless they receive immediate treatment; while old people often contract a mild form which persists for years and may be held at bay by diet.

The strangest thing about diabetes is that in spite of intensive medical research its cause remains unknown. This needs qualification; the immediate cause is known, but not the remote one.

### Sugar Starvation

WHATEVER the cause, the result is that the body is unable to utilise sugar taken in as food.

Instead of being assimilated, the sugar drifts uselessly round the circulation; it is ultimately removed by the kidneys, and eliminated.

Diabetes is, in fact, simply sugar starvation.

"Why should this sugar starvation matter?" is a natural question, for by most people sweets and sugar are looked on as luxuries of diet. Actually sugar is a vital necessity of life. Every muscle of the body (including

the heart) uses sugar as fuel; nothing else will do.

Sugar is supplied to the muscles from two sources—from the diet, and from sugar already stored in the body. Diet supplies sugar in two ways. One supply is from sugar or sugar-forming foods (carbohydrates); the other is from proteins (such as meat). Fifty per cent. of all protein eaten is converted by the body into sugar.

The human body is a machine which "runs on sugar," just as a motor car runs on petrol. The analogy is fairly close.

At each meal the body takes in a supply of sugar or sugar-forming food, and stores it in the liver, just as from time to time a motor car takes in a supply of petrol, which is stored in the tank. The sugar stored by the liver is fed bit by bit to the muscles, just as the petrol stored in a motor car tank is fed bit by bit to the engine as needed.

If one wished to extend the analogy further, the liver cells of the pancreas might be compared to the spark-plugs in a motor car engine, which ensure combustion of the fuel.

For, as a result of recent research, it is now known that the liver cells manufacture a substance called

will depend on whether the diabetes is of rapid or slow type. In the former (usually seen in younger people) the disease if untreated runs to a fatal termination by "diabetic coma."

The patient, after a sudden attack of abdominal pain and gasping for air, becomes unconscious and gradually sinks beyond recovery. Before the discovery of insulin most rapid cases ended this way.

The other type of case, the slow type (usually occurring in older people) may last for years, and, if a suitable diet is followed, the disease may be kept at bay. Even untreated cases may survive for many years.

But sooner or later the progressive loss of strength turns these patients into chronic invalids. Two common sequelae are arteriosclerosis (disease of the arteries), which may cause gangrene, and heart failure.

Before 1922 (the year in which insulin was discovered) the only treatment available for diabetes was by drugs and diet. A large range of drugs was tried out (more or less in desperation) without much success. The nature of the disease was not clearly understood.

Doctors thought that the trouble was due to sugar being too hurriedly eliminated from the system, and prescribed drugs which diminished the elimination of water. Codeine (a close relative of morphine) was a great favorite. It is rarely used to-day.

### Importance of Diet

DIET, however, was the great standard. To-day it is still of the utmost importance, but it is employed in a much more sensible way. It is obvious enough that in treating by diet a disease which is really sugar-starvation the physician is confronted by a dilemma.

Sugar is a vital necessity; if all sugar and sugar-forming foods are cut out of the diet we are simply adding an artificial sugar-starvation to that already imposed by the disease.

The rational way to treat diabetes by diet is to discover how much sugar the patient is capable of utilizing, and to supply just so much and no more.

This was not at first understood. The dangerous symptoms of the disease were thought due to the presence of sugar in the system, and very strict diets were imposed, which rapidly brought the patients to a state of great weakness and invalidism.

All carbohydrates (sugars and sugar-formers) were forbidden, and their place in the diet was taken by fats. The result of this was a great increase of the number of deaths from diabetic coma.

This greatly mystified the physicians of the Victorian era. We know now that diabetic coma is due to incomplete breaking-up and assimilation of fats by the body.

For complete breaking-up of fats, sugar is necessary. If it is lacking, abnormal end-products are produced, aceto-acetic acid and hydroxy-butyric acid. These accumulate in the blood, setting up "acidosis."

The acidosis results in a dramatic and fatal termination—diabetic coma—with unconsciousness and death within 48 hours.

GRADUALLY physicians came to see that complete sugar starvation was as dangerous as excess sugar in this disease. So a revolution in treatment was made.

After a preliminary period of starvation diet to abolish sugar from the



A LUMP OF SUGAR as an abnormal desert... the human body is a machine which runs on sugar, just as a motor car runs on petrol. When the sugar machinery of the human body fails, diabetes occurs.

water, carbohydrates were cautiously given till sugar reappeared. By experimenting thus, it was found possible to ascertain exactly how much carbohydrate (sugar and sugar-formers) each patient was capable of dealing with.

Having found this, a diet could be calculated which supplied this, and at the same time gave the minimum quantity of other necessities (protein and fat) which, conjoined with the carbohydrate, would keep the patient in a fair state of health.

Wonderful results were (and still are) obtained by this method with the

milder and less progressive forms of diabetes; but in rapid cases and those in which only a minimum of carbohydrate can be dealt with by the body, the diet eventually becomes mere starvation, and the patient becomes too weak to remain at work.

In 1922 came the dramatic discovery, by Banting and Best at the University of Toronto (Canada), that the lack of a substance normally produced by the pancreas was the cause of diabetes, and that the role of this substance (which they named insulin) was to make sugar utilisable by the body.

Please turn to Page 50

# Bushell's Tea

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Young leaf buds, picked fresh, and then cured slowly and carefully to imprison the delicate flavor of the fresh, juicy tea-sap! That is what makes Bushell's Tea yield such an enticing flavor.

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### Home Folks

You know Wade Lane as the inimitable Pinto Pete. But here he is in a new role—a singer of ballads of yesterday and to-day. He sings them with artistry and sincerity, and adds to the entertainment a meed of homely philosophy. Don't miss the "Home Folks" every Thursday night at 7.15 p.m.

### Music As You Like It

Two artists combine to give you this delightful entertainment, featuring the most popular of all musical instruments, the piano. Every Saturday afternoon at 3.50 Len Langford provides a snappy swing session, and every Sunday night at 6.45 Connie Morgan presents melodies from the masters.

## 2 GB

The Favourite Station



A DEAL of controversy has been aroused in America by the introduction of anti-gambling classes in some of the schools. Parents approve, but many educators condemn. Pictured above is an interesting experiment with a slot-machine in the classroom. Each pupil's play is tabulated, and the number of zeros recorded. The "received" column in this case shows that you can't win.

## "THOUGHT - SURGEON" Dusts Out EMOTIONS

American Woman's Science of Living

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Correspondent in London

With the truly "man-sized" object of curing not only individual character faults but the ills of the world as well, Mrs. Eloise Moeller, blonde, blue-eyed American, is now visiting London.

The character faults she cures as a "thought-surgeon" through her science of living. The ills of the world she hopes to deal with through her International Peace Association, of which she is the founder.

MRS. MOELLER'S recipe for putting individuals at peace with themselves is certainly interesting.

She calls it the science of everyday living and says that she dusts out a person's emotions, finds what his or her character really is, then starts to rebuild. Health care, diet and chemical make-up also come into her "science of living."

Each "patient" has to answer a character chart questionnaire. The answers to 74 questions lay bare all the faulty characteristics—the "energy wasters." Do you worry? Are you boastful? Do you fear failure? Are you intolerant?

Another 75 questions show just how much hope there is of turning you into a person at peace with yourself. Are you punctual? Have you courage, a sense of humor, loyalty and gratitude?

Mrs. Moeller then sets to work to eradicate the energy wasters and build up the good characteristics. If necessary, she then examines your chemical make-up. Sodium means leadership, calcium conditions your physical strength, magnesium makes you sensitive to flattery and protectiveness, carbon tends to fat and laziness.

### Playing on Pride

DIET and exercise, personal pride and feminine vanity are called in to assist in the reclamation of those who have not yet learned Mrs. Moeller's "science of living."

A girl of eighteen, bad-tempered and morose, seemed like a pretty hopeless case till Mrs. Moeller built up her pride by concentrating on her one claim to beauty—her lovely red hair. In a few months she was a completely changed individual.

A young mother had lost all her charm and individuality because her figure was no longer good. Mrs.

### Robert Taylor's

#### Ideal Girl

By Air Mail from Our London Office.

ROBERT TAYLOR, heart-throb No. 1 of the film world, who was mobbed in England and had a cold reception in France, declares that he does not intend to marry until he is thirty.

"Then I shall look for the girl," he says.

The search, however, is not going to be an easy one, for, according to Taylor, she must:

Lack all artificiality; have a sense of humor; be fond of dancing; have perfect taste in clothes; possess the great gift of happy conversation.

"When I meet a girl like that," he says, "I shall fall in love with her, and do my best to make her fall in love with me."

But since Bob Taylor (whose real name is Arlington Brugh) is only 26, the girl of his dreams has four years to wait.

Moeller got to work on her diet and her pride and rebuilt her character, personality and figure so successfully that the woman's husband said he felt married to an entirely new wife.

Mrs. Moeller wears an enamel Dove of Peace in her coat lapel. She first began to think it was a badge badly needed by the world when she was an official court stenographer in Los Angeles, where she recorded the private wars of hundreds of couples suing for divorce.

### Devilish Torture with Rheumatism

"I suffered absolute torture from Rheumatism," writes Mr. J. R. Johnson, Post Office, Rochesters, N.E.W., "but since your wonderful remedy was recommended to me by Mrs. M. J. Whitstead, I can truthfully say I am a new man." R.U.R. Rheumatic Remedy is sold with genuine money-back guarantee certificate by All Branches of W. H. Soot, Pattinson & Co., all Chemists, and Moram and Cole's Stores. Ask for FREE Booklet.

## Now . . . in light and dark



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DARK IN QUART BOTTLES



If your life is being made miserable by distressing heartburn, flatulence, sick headache and pain after meals, then follow the example of Nurse Jennings, who writes:

"I was a great sufferer with heartburn and pains after eating, and I dreaded mealtimes . . . After taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia I can now eat anything without discomfort."

Your first dose of "Bisurated" Magnesia will stop the stomach pain; take it after meals and you'll forget you ever had indigestion. "Bisurated" Magnesia is used and recommended by doctors everywhere . . . you simply cannot buy a better stomach remedy. Get a bottle today.

It is a concentrated preparation and very economical. The package bears the trade mark "Bisurated".

## You want 'Bisurated' Magnesia

# WHAT ACTRESS Says About CENSORS

Visiting Star's Views Of Offensive Plays

Fay Compton, the English actress who will play "Victoria Regina" in Australia, including lines censored in England, is stirred to indignation if censors cut lines in what seems an unjustified way.

She gave her opinions on censorship to The Australian Women's Weekly in a special interview in Melbourne.

"WHEN we hear of a play being censored, we people of the theatre always want to ask WHY," said Miss Compton.

"You know, some of the lines in 'Victoria Regina' were censored in England, but we are to use them here. But please do not think we are using them just because they were cut out in England.

"The eleven scenes of Queen Victoria's life that we are doing are being done in their entirety because we think they are more effective that way.

"Censorship has never cramped us in England. I don't remember ever being in a play that was censored. As a matter of fact, I don't like listening to anything particularly suggestive myself.

"But even if there are lines in a play that I do not like saying, I do not consider that they should be cut.

"If an artist is good, she should be able to take away any offence that may be there.

"If there is anything really beastly in a play, perhaps that should be cut.

"But I do not think that one man should sit in judgment, with the power to say that the public must



FAY COMPTON, the distinguished English actress now touring Australia, doesn't like suggestive lines in plays. She will play in "Victoria Regina," which begins its Australian season in Melbourne this week.

not see this or that scene or hear this or that line."

## Rehearsal Scenes

INTERVIEWED in the wings of His Majesty's Theatre, Melbourne, after a morning's rehearsal, Fay Compton looked cool and dainty.

Before she was free there was a wait of some minutes among the "Balalaika" scenery in the wings, while the rehearsal went on on the drab stage, devoid of scenery, and cut off from the rest of the theatre by the lowered curtain.

The only props were a table, a few chairs and a Victorian sofa. The scene where Victoria is watching Albert shave was in the first stages of its shaping.

Miss Compton and Bruno Barnabe, with typewritten copies of their parts in hand, were going through the scene slowly, trying out various movements with infinite care. While hand-dance, fair-haired Peter Dearing, the producer, stood by, another typewritten copy in hand, and offered advice.

It was all carried out with great politeness. There were no displays of temperament.

Miss Compton, speaking the rather precise lines of the youthful Victoria, while looking like something from a preview of 1939, wore a slim little black frock of crinkled material, a straight hip-length coat with high-shouldered sleeves, and an exaggerated black hat that terminated in a tiny bow on her brow.

The only bright things about her were the large brilliant ornament at her throat and her shining honey-red hair.

## Her Freckles

NOW and again she would break off to suggest, "I would prefer to walk to the left," or "I would rather sit down just there."

Then there would be a serious discussion with Mr. Dearing about the ultimate effect of these moves. All very businesslike.

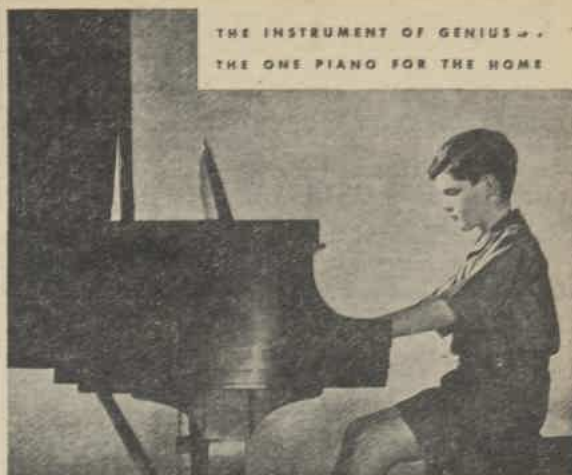
But Fay Compton says the theatre is a business.

"My father was an actor, and his father before him. And it was the same on my mother's side. Our family naturally goes in for acting, just as some families go in for law."

It is hard to believe she has a son of twenty-one. Her figure is very girlish. The pointed structure of her face is youthful, too, and she is not afraid to wrinkle her brow as so many beauties are.

When asked a question, she screws up her eyes in consideration in a rather fetching, but none the less wrinkling, manner, and she wears a consistent sprinkling of honest Scotch freckles, not just across her nose but all over her face.

Somebody asked if she minded. I am sure she doesn't. They give her a touch of the little girl that is a series of trips in taxis to and from delightful surprise in a poised and famous actress.



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A microscope test soon shows the wonderful smoothness of Revelry compared with other face powders which often contain harsh, splintery particles. Don't endanger the delicate tissues of your skin—use no powder but Revelry.

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# LITTLE DOC. Takes the CASE

Continued from Page 5

SHE looked in one morning upon the shining, white splendor of the ground floor interior.

Jose Gonzales, father of Little Antonio, who had loved Little Doc for medical attention for something like a year, was polishing windows. He looked down upon Little Doc from his lofty perch.

"Buenos dias, Senorita Doc!" His good morning was bright and cheerful, and his charcoal-black eyes glowed in his brown face. "Buenos dias. I have much work for the new hospital. Pretty quick I have some money for the rheuma and the little arm which is broke."

Little Doc grinned up at him. "Fine, Jose. What do you mean? Hospital?"

"Si, si, Senorita Doc," Jose assured her. "The Senor Halliday wishes one very grande hospital. Pretty quick she have a doctor who is un hombre." Then, as if to soften the effect his words might have had, he added hastily: "But Jose Gonzales, he do not wish for the Senor Doctor, Jose Gonzales," and he struck his stout chest resoundingly. "He theenk the little Senorita Doc pientee good enough!"

So Tod Halliday was importing a male doctor to the little valley that had not enough paying patients to support one. Little Doc wrinkled her forehead thoughtfully. Four-fifths of the population paid for months of medical attention with a burro-load of mesquite roots for fuel or a bag of frijoles for food. Many of them paid nothing at all. The neighboring ranchers and handful of business men in Salinas were practically the only ones who paid her in money and most of them had very little of that. With a male doctor in Salinas, backed by Tod Halliday . . . Little Doc sighed.

She went straight back to her office and wrote a letter of application for the position of County Health Officer to the Board. If she should be left with the burden of the charity work on her shoulders and no remuneration at all, necessity would drive her East, where a

position in the hospital of an old friend had long been open to her. But to Little Doc, who was as much a part of the country as the cacti, the desert people were her folk; Salinas and the neighboring ranches, her land, and its children like her own.

For many days the press of work absorbed her completely. One morning she came back to her office, tired from a case that had taken all night, and found that the postman had left two letters.

The top letter was from Senator Tod Halliday. A cheque for twenty dollars fell from the envelope as she opened it. But the letter itself was what kindled her eyes to laughter.

"Madam," it began. Tod Halliday never had conceded her the title of Doctor and, stubbornly, would not call her Emily. "I enclose my cheque for twenty dollars in payment for your visit to the ranch. No doubt you have seen my new hospital by now. Dr. Pitcairn from Los Angeles will be in charge. I don't wish you to suffer any financial loss through his practice in this county, therefore, I am offering you the position of head nurse in my hospital. This is a salaried position and very well suited to a lady."

Little Doc fairly crowed with laughter. Presently she inserted a sheet of paper in her old typewriter.

"Dear Tod," she wrote. "Thanks a lot for your generosity in remitting twenty dollars instead of the three I had billed you. As you see, I am not above accepting charity from an old friend."

"But about that position as nurse, Tod. It's certainly generous of you, but I've got to admit I don't qualify for it."

She signed herself, "Cordially, Emily." And then, still smiling, gave her attention to the second letter. It was from the Board, in answer to her application.

"In reply to yours of the 16th instant," the letter began to inform her. "Doctor Andrew W. Pitcairn has recently been offered the position,

following the recommendation of the Honorable Tod T. Halliday." They regretted, et cetera.

Hope had vanished entirely from Little Doc's being before she finished reading. She re-read it, nevertheless, and tears dimmed her courageous eyes. Then sudden determination swept the color into Little Doc's cheeks. Her capable, bronzed fist banged hard on her desk.

"Emily Little," she addressed herself aloud and somewhat belligerently. "You're going East with your chin up. Tod Halliday's got to think he's kicked you into heaven by mistake."

A slight noise at her door brought her spinning around in her chair. Standing before her, hat in hand, was a stranger. A young man of some twenty-five or six years, she decided instantly, but his slightly pink cheeks had the freshly scrubbed appearance of a little boy just out of his bath. His entire appearance was so alien to the citizens of Salinas that Little Doc needed no one to tell her that Doctor Andrew W. Pitcairn had arrived.

"HELLO, son," she said calmly as she advanced to meet him. "I've just this minute learned that you were expected in Salinas." She shook hands cordially. "You're Doctor Pitcairn, Tod's doctor, aren't you? Sit over there, and let's get acquainted."

He had just finished his internship, he admitted under questioning from Little Doc. How young and inexperienced, she thought. And she was leaving her people to his ministrations! Panic gripped her heart as these doubts assailed her.

While the young doctor talked the conviction grew on her that she could not go East until she knew beyond a doubt that her people would not suffer from her going. She rose and held out her hand.

"Your coming has given me a break, anyway, Doctor Pitcairn," she said affably. "I haven't had a leave from my professional duties in twenty years. Now that you're here to look out for the sick I'm going away for a month's rest. I'll send



SWIRLING INTO STEP

Gloria Stuart wears this evening gown of swirling loveliness. It is fashioned from pleated violet satin. The wide girdle of turquoise moire ribbon ends in long streamers at the back.



over my file on the patients; you can consult that for the history of nearly anyone who calls on you. Good-bye, Doctor."

Bill Dick Halliday, alone of all in Salinas, knew when Little Doc left for her vacation. At night when the desert was sleeping he drove her down the Rio Grande road to his ranch thirty miles from Salinas. They were to send for her, she told him, if an emergency great enough arose. Otherwise, she was to be left strictly alone on the Rio Rancho. There were no telephonic connections, but Bill Dick would be able to reach her and take her back to Salinas in an hour.

Despite the favorable conditions

for rest and isolation, Little Doc found the very attempt at resting the hardest work she had ever done in her life.

She would wake with the thought that the tamale vendor's wife back in Salinas was approaching her time for childbirth; that there were probably fresh cases of mumps in the school.

"You big dunce!" she would scold herself. "You're an old setting hen for worry."

Then out of the dusk one evening towards the middle of the month, Jose Gonzales came for her. He was riding a horse.

Please turn to Page 44

## Choose a CHESRO frock — they're so chic!

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# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

## Librans Are Gentle... But They Can Be "Tough"

Don't imagine that all Libra people (those born between September 23 and October 24) are gentle, modest, unselfish... and as pliable as putty. Some are... but others are not.

Most Librans have quite a jealous and vainglorious little streak in their make-up (although they won't admit it), and if these characteristics are aroused they can be as hard and "tough" as those of any other sign.

**L**IBRANS, for the most part, are so anxious for harmony, affection and popularity that they will stand for many impositions and much unwanted domination in preference to making a fuss.

But do not rely upon this seeming "softness." It is a mask which can be dropped upon demand. And a Libran on the warpath is no mean enemy.

Remember these facts if you come up against a Libran in any competitive element—whether it be domestic, business, or sport.

You will find it wiser—and far more satisfactory—to enrol such a person as a co-worker than to have him as a competitor. Moreover, most Librans will accept a flag of truce with a good grace.

They seldom bear ill-will, though, if really hurt, can be quite vindictive and they can be fierce in the protection of those they love.

Most Librans are intuitive, charming and clever, and capable of reaching positions of authority and prominence.

Particularly is this so for those of this sign whom fate, wisdom, or their own determination takes into pro-

fessional, artistic, humane, and public spheres of endeavor—whether as a vocation or a hobby.

It is through such channels that these fine people best express the inherent nobility and fineness of judgment which they possess.

Harmony, balance, kindness and justice are some of the most important basic qualities of the Libra nature. They are attributes which help to produce some of the finest doctors, nurses, actors, judges, lawyers, artists and philanthropists in the world.

Yet for complete success and happiness in life the Libran must have co-operation and loyal partnership in both business and marital relationships.

An unmarried Libran is only a half-happy one—and an entirely self-reliant business Libran is usually mentally over-tired and always fearful of failure. He likes to have someone in whom to confide, and upon whom to shift some of his burdens.

In spite of this, Librans should take their own advice in preference to that of other people.

### Thrive on Popularity

**T**HOUGH seemingly modest, and rather shy, many Librans are keenly ambitious and will work hard to achieve their ideals, particularly if their work takes them into public spheres where they can enjoy popularity and positions of honor.

They thrive on public acclaim. Perhaps that is why many are successful as radio, stage, and film artists—and as mannequins, lecturers, teachers, and advisers.

Others make good shop-keepers (which brings them into direct contact with the public), and journalists (who contact the public intellectually).

Careers are not, however, the mainspring of Libran ideals. Love comes first. Careers are renounced for love if the Libran cannot have both. If, however, love and career can be combined there is little the Libran cannot achieve in the way of success and happiness in life.

The worst quality of these people is "Love of Praise"; their best "Kindness." Their gems are opal, turquoise and diamond; their colors, yellow and pastel pinks and blues; their metal, copper.

### The Daily Diary

**T**RY to use this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (March 21 to April 21): Cautious living will prove best on October 24, 25 and 26, but your difficulties will ease up thereafter.

**TAURUS** (April 21 to May 22): Finish important matters on October 26 (p.m.), 21 and 22 (a.m.). Then live quietly for a while.

**GEMINI** (May 22 to June 21): Make the most of October 22 and 23 to improve or finalize matters of moment.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 22): Take no risks on October 20, 21 or 22 (early), but make hay while the sun shines on October 24 (afternoon), 25 and 26. Your affairs take a turn for the better now, so plan ahead.

**LEO** (July 23 to August 24): Go quietly. October 19 and 20 (early), can be fair, but thereafter take no risks.

**VIRGO** (August 24 to September 23): Just fair on October 20, 21 and 22 (early).

**LIBRA** (September 23 to October 24): October 19 and 20 (a.m.), poor, but work hard on October 22, 23 and 24 (early). Try to complete important projects. Make contemplated changes or ask favors then.

**SCORPIO** (October 24 to November 23): Your chance has now come. Concentrate on securing the improvements you have been hankering after.

### A Warning!

If you are a Libran, don't let other people mould your life for you!

Remember that you have a mind of your own, and although you are inclined to lean on other people you will find that your own decisions are most dependable.

Therefore, listen to others, and act according to your own judgment.

Be your confident and optimistic self on October 24 (afternoon) 25 and 26 (daylight), but temper aggression with wisdom and good nature.

**SAGITTARIUS** (November 23 to December 22): Fair on October 19 and 20 (a.m.), but poor on October 22, 23 and 24 (early).

**CAPRICORN** (December 23 to January 20): Your difficulties of past weeks are easing up, but caution still advised this week, especially on October 19, 20 (early), 24 (afternoon), 25 and 26.

**AQUARIUS** (January 20 to February 19): Make the most of October 22 (afternoon only), 23 and 24 (early). Then live quietly for some weeks.

**PISCES** (February 19 to March 21): October 22, 23 and 24 poor, but make important plans for October 25 and 26. Work hard then.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained therein.—Editor, A.W.W.)

(ADVERTISEMENT)

## Federal Labor Leader JOHN CURTIN says:

I summarise the main features of Labor's policy at this election by affirming that:—

- We will defend Australia.
- We will develop and protect Australian industries to ensure our capacity to resist aggression and to enable us to be a self-reliant people.
- We will make the employment of the Australian people a major measure of national policy.
- We will make the Commonwealth Bank a bank for the nation.
- We will apply the Forty-Hour Week principle.
- We will enable the primary producers to organise on a Commonwealth basis for their mutual protection against exploitation.
- We will establish a system of unemployment allowances.
- We will provide pensions for widows who have children dependent upon them.
- We will give young persons opportunity for training and employment.
- We will liberalize the pensions and repatriation laws.

A Labor Government in the next Parliament will carry out the policy I have placed before you—a policy that will promote the widest distribution of national prosperity, and which will safeguard the peace and happiness of our people.

## VOTE LABOR ON OCT. 23rd

Authorised by: D. I. McNAMARA, M.L.C., Sec., A.L.P., 56 Victoria Street, Melbourne.

# Avoid the DEAD-POINT

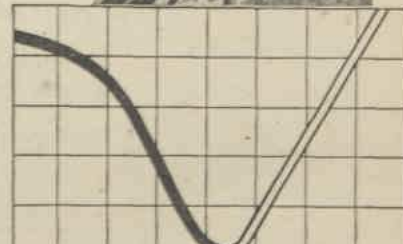
**T**HE graph on the right shows how your energy drops when heat, humidity, and a morning's heavy housework combine to tire you out. Unless you renew that constantly falling vitality, you soon reach the point where you feel you can't go on, the point where mistakes, mishaps, and even accidents often occur—the "Dead-Point."

That is why you need more Tea than ever in summer. Tea has a mild tonic action that quickly lifts vitality and keeps you high above the "Dead-Point." And doctors agree that Tea is the best cooler of all. It not only reduces body temperature, but keeps it at a comfortable level for hours afterwards.

Remember this whenever you feel the "Dead-Point" approaching, and rely on Tea to revive you and keep you cool.

# TEA

revives you  
keeps you cool



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**STOMACH AILMENTS**

Stomach pains occur and are relieved by taking Food, only to recur a few hours later. Obviously, the patient cannot be fed at intervals of only two hours, as this overloads the stomach and results in further trouble. The safe remedy is a teaspoonful of pure TWIN BODA before each meal. If taken regularly, this brings the digestive system back to normal. Buy a 1/2 packet from your chemist and try it to-day.

## LITTLE DOC. Takes the CASE

Continued from Page 42

**B**ILL DICK was very badly hurt—"bust" from the broncho!" Jose said. "The Senior Doctor say to me, 'Jose, go for Doctor Little, queck!'"

Little Doc took the wheel and sent her little roadster into a burst of speed towards the new hospital. Jose clutched the door of the car for support, having left his horse for the quicker transport of the car; but he continued to talk. The tamale vendor's baby had been born the day before, he said.

"The Mamma is bueno," he assured Little Doc, "and the baby, he is wan fat boy. The Senior Doctor is very good man, I theenk," he ventured farther, "but maybe so no sabe much. It was such a little job of making the new baby, but, that young fella sure sweat!"

Then the new doctor was on the job, doing his duty. Little Doc's heart glowed warmly at the Mexican's words.

Little Doc went rapidly up the hospital stairs. On the landing at the top Tod Halliday's tall form blocked her passage.

"Miss Little," Halliday's eyes glared at her from under his beetling brows, "I'm very sorry that young know-nothing of a doctor sent for you during your vacation. Wholly unnecessary, but he defied me. I've wired El Paso for a doctor who will reach here early to-morrow."

Sudden anger coursed in Little Doc's veins, but she spoke calmly.

"Look here, Tod," she said reasonably, "you can run a cattle ranch perfectly well, and you can whoop it up in the legislature, but when it comes to the medical profession you know about as much as a locust-burner. You're risking your son's life." Her voice became gentle. "Now, Tod, please step out of my way."

Halliday's face flushed and he stood even more erect than formerly.

"I'm not going to have a yearling doctor or a female eccentric at work on my only child!"

Just then the sound of labored breathing came from the room behind Tod Halliday. Little Doc's head went up in the manner of a horse that smells fire.

"Stand out of my way, Tod!" she ordered.

But Halliday only folded his arms across his broad chest. "There's no use arguing . . ." he was beginning when his sentence ended in a voluble gasp.

Little Doc's arms were small, but muscular and wiry. Her hard-muscled right fist landed in the pit of Halliday's stomach with all the strength of her arm and the weight of her body carrying through. He folded in his middle and sat down resoundingly on the floor. Little Doc stepped over his outstretched legs into Bill Dick's room.

**D**OCTOR PITCAIRN, inside the room, was staring goggle-eyed.

"My flat can't hurt anything through that cushion of fat Tod Halliday calls his stomach, except his pride," she stated grimly. "How's Bill Dick?"

"He was kicked in the back," the young doctor told her rapidly. "Ribs on the right side are crushed in. I think we'll have to operate before the surgeon from El Paso arrives."

Bill Dick lay on a bed at the far end of the room. The commotion had stirred him from his narcotic-induced sleep.

"Little Doc," they heard him call weakly through his heavy breathing. "Haan't she . . . come yet?"

Something rose in her throat that made speech impossible for the fraction of a second, but by the time she reached his side she was the iron-nerved doctor again.

"Hello, Cowboy!" was her greeting. "So the bronc was the best man this time?"

The young fellow's eyes filled with a look that was near worship and his white lips attempted a grin.

She made her examination immediately. She had X-ray pictures taken that showed a jagged rib against a vital organ. Little Doc hesitated not at all. "We must operate at once," was her verdict. She added: "Show these pictures to Halliday, Doctor Pitcairn."

Tod Halliday was shown the pictures, Pitcairn explaining quickly. The big man nodded assent to the operation but only he

knew of the grip of fear that closed about his heart like a hand of ice. In his rebellion, he had not guessed the extent of his son's danger. His only child, whom he loved deeply in his heart.

Under the white lights over the operating table, Little Doc worked with steady precision. Very quietly Tod Halliday stood in the doorway. He saw where the white swathings were drawn back from the section of operation. He watched the cool, magical movements of Little Doc's hands. He saw the nervous perspiration on Doctor Pitcairn's boyish face.

Blindly, he turned and made his way out into the hall. Finding a chair, he sank into it, feeling his legs could hold him up no longer.

Tod Halliday was still sitting there when Little Doc finally came out of Bill Dick's room and softly closed the door behind her. She did not know just what to expect from him now, the operation over.

He slowly rose to his feet, one hand resting on the back of his chair. He looked old, she thought, old and worn. Gone were his soldierly bearing and dominating manner. There was dread in his eyes as he stood silently waiting for the sentence of life or death which she would pronounce.

Seeing that look in his eyes, pity stabbed at her heart.

"Hello, partner!" she greeted him cheerily. "Bill Dick's coming along with a strong pulse and a healthy blood pressure."

Halliday took a step towards her. "Emily . . ." he began.

Little Doc smiled. "Emily," for the first time in twenty-odd years!

"Emily, I'm an old fool, but I know you wouldn't deceive me. My boy's all right?"

The corners of Little Doc's mouth quirked up.

"Pretty nearly perfect for a young fellow who's been operated on by both a bronc and a female doctor inside the last two hours. There's

every reason to think he'll live a lot longer than either you or I." Little Doc's eyes began to twinkle. "In a short time you'll be going in to see him, Tod, and while you're in there will be a good time to start framing an apology to Doctor Pitcairn. He's young, but he's got the makings of a fine doctor and a dependable man."

**T**OD HALLIDAY reached out and took Little Doc's hands in his. Raising them to his face, he pressed them against his rough cheek. She felt the moisture of tears on her hands as he released them.

"I'll apologise to him after I have to you, Emily," he said huskily. "I can't ever make up to you for my bullheadedness through all these years."

"Oh, now, Tod!" Little Doc laughed an embarrassed little laugh and her cheeks suddenly glowed warmly under their tan. "How's . . . your stomach?"

"I still have got the hives a little," he confessed sheepishly, "but I got the kind of stomach treatment to-night I've been deserving for many a year," he grinned. "But from now on I'm going to try to make things right for you, Emily."

She started down the stairs, but it was not until she reached the fourth step that she could turn around and speak.

"Thanks for all fair favors, Tod," she managed. "You go in now and see Bill Dick."

At the open door of the hospital she paused and looked out upon the desert night. Through the trees of the Plaza she could see the dim, white corner of her little, adobe home-and-office, and felt she had only to reach out and touch all her dear, friendly things.

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All characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



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## APRON STRINGS

Continued from Page 26

SHE didn't exactly approve of him, though... and he wasn't the sort you like very much. He didn't talk as young men do, of sports and politics. He chattered, rather old-maidishly, about his grandmother with whom he lived, and their pets... a dog, and a parrot. He seemed, to Mrs. Morrison's critical eye, to be far too much interested in his food. She shuddered a little as he eyed his plate of roast beef with a faintly greedy look in his spectacled eyes. As if he wasn't overweight already! Why, he couldn't be more than thirty-eight, she noticed, but he had distinct signs of a corporation already! She turned away in sudden relief, to answer a question of Mrs. Connistey's, and forgot the plump young man for a few minutes.

But later, in the lounge, her eyes returned to him. His name, she had learned, was Raymond Jenkins. He was sitting now... or sprawling... and she couldn't help noticing how fat and womanish his hands were, and how he was almost dandified in his clothes.

No, she didn't like him, but she felt sorry for him. And oddly, he reminded her of someone, she couldn't think who. In a few more

years, he would look positively chubby. Mrs. Morrison repressed a smile, and buried her nose in a magazine. She wished she could remember who he reminded her of. It bothered her a bit.

She described Raymond, and the rest of them, in her nightly letter to Billy. It was fun telling of all these people; Billy would enjoy the letter. She didn't say much about the girls, though. It might rouse his interest... he might even get a week off and come up. And she didn't want him to. On the whole, he was safer at home.

Much safer at home, she decided, after two days. These girls were a man-mad lot. They were always getting up bathing parties, picnics, or groups to play tennis or cricket. They hauled all the men off with them. Almost every man was paired off now. The only one they left alone was Raymond Jenkins, and Mrs. Morrison could hardly blame them. He was a lazy creature, and certainly lived for his meals... and his seat in the sun!

Billy's letters came regularly. Long, delightful letters. So frank

and open. Hiding nothing. He didn't mention Sally Winter at all. Mrs. Morrison relaxed. Perhaps, after all, she'd stay for ten days. She was so comfortable here.

And she was getting very friendly with Mrs. Connistey. They got on beautifully together. Mrs. Connistey had a little second-hand car and they went for drives. And she learned all about the boarding-house business; the house next door was to let. Mrs. Connistey hoped to take it soon, and expand. It was an interesting subject.

She was quite at home with Mrs. Connistey when Billy's fateful letter arrived on the sixth day of her stay. Mrs. Morrison felt the color rush into her cheeks as she read it. Half a dozen snapshots fell out on to the table. She and Mrs. Connistey had been lingering after their supper. All the guests had long since gone off to their evening's entertainment. Raymond was the last to go; he was, Mrs. Morrison noticed, pretty well stuffed with date pudding.

"Any trouble?" Mrs. Connistey's pleasant voice interrupted her reading.

Mrs. Morrison jerked back to reality. She heard her own voice, sounding quite natural and calm. It amazed her.

"Not at all," she said, quickly. "Just a letter from my son. He..." She picked up the snapshots and passed them on to Mrs. Connistey. "He's been busy in the garden. Says it's looking lovely. He took these..." her voice sharpened a little. "They're most of them of the girl next door..."

She was glad that Mrs. Connistey was occupied with those snaps for the next few minutes. Her own mind was whirling.

She had thought Billy so safe from that girl. But he wasn't. True, he had written long letters, that took time. But they hadn't taken enough time... evidently. He still had opportunities to linger in the garden.

And that girl... Mrs. Morrison's mouth tightened... had made the most of her opportunities. Look at those snaps. Billy, with a casual arm round Sally's shoulder. Taken, no doubt, by Sally's younger brother. Sally, waving a watercan, and looking radiant. She was laughing at someone... Billy, no doubt.

Mrs. Morrison clenched her hands. True, there seemed nothing very ominous in that letter. Not to a casual eye. But a mother read between the lines. It was obvious, even from Billy's brief, oblique sentences, that he had taken a great liking to Sally Winter.

"NICE girl!" Mrs.

Connistey was admiring the snaps. "Looks sweet... sensible, too. No plucked eyebrows and plastered lashes! Your son knows how to choose." She smiled. Then, suddenly, she frowned as she stared at the next snap. One of Billy, it was. She looked at it for a few seconds, her brows drawn. "Is this your son? He reminds me of..." she stopped, casting an embarrassed glance at Mrs. Morrison. "of Raymond Jenkins!" She went on quickly. "Not that he can really be like poor Mr. Jenkins, of course. He's not so fat... or so spoiled - darling - looking! Regular mother's boy, that Mr. Jenkins. He's got all the earmarks. Going bald... and a bit soft." She made a little grimace of disgust. "His mother kept him tied to her apron strings till she died. Then he went to live with his grandmother, who's even worse. Seems a pity, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Morrison murmured something unintelligible. Rigid in her chair, she scooped the snapshots towards her and stared at Billy. That was it! The resemblance that she couldn't track down. Mrs. Connistey had seen it... she had seen it herself, without knowing what it was. Not a strong resemblance, but a look, just the same.

She stopped, horrified at where her thoughts were leading. Was that what she was doing to Billy? Turning him into a Raymond Jenkins... into a smug, spoiled young man? She felt suddenly weak and dizzy. She tried to smile as she heard Mrs. Connistey's voice, running cheerily on.

"I used to be a bit like that myself once... a bit possessive with my two lads. It's hard not to be, when you're father and mother both! But thank heaven, I learned sense,

and stopped spoiling them. Now they're both married. They've got to work hard to keep their wives and children." She chuckled. "No chance to sit still in the evenings and grow fat. Modern wives keep husbands on their toes." Her bright eyes sought Mrs. Morrison's. "As for me, I'm happy in my boarding-house. I'm doing well... and I feel alive." She leaned forward, dropping her voice. "By the way, I've something I want to talk over with you, Mrs. Morrison..."

IT was very late that night before Mrs. Morrison retired to her airy sea-scented bedroom. She walked proudly, her chin lifted, her limp barely noticeable. She had had an excellent talk with Mrs. Connistey. She had said good-night to Raymond Jenkins with real pity, leaving him yawning behind his paper, a plump hand at his mouth.

Now, at the little writing-desk she took pen and paper with a hand that shook faintly. Her eyes were very bright.

No son of hers was going to turn out a Raymond Jenkins. Thank heavens, she'd seen, in time, what she was going to Billy.

"Dear Son," she wrote. She told him more of her holiday, of the gay parties, the pretty girls. And then, her resolution unflinching, she went on. "When you come down at the week-end, I want you to bring Sally Winter with you. The change will do her good. As you say, she's a sweet girl. The sort..." she paused a minute, then continued deliberately. "the sort I want you to marry." Beginning a new paragraph, she wrote more slowly. "I've an idea to discuss with you, too. Mrs. Connistey is enlarging this place. She wants me to go into partnership with her. I'd like to. I like her... we'd do well together. And I'd like a more active, busy life. Because I don't expect to have you with me much longer, Billy. You'll get married. I don't want you to get tied to my apron-strings. That's a terrible thing to see. A thing I simply won't allow!"

Proudly, Mrs. Morrison sealed her letter, and took it downstairs, to catch the early post next morning.

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## HELP WIPE OUT DENTAL DECAY SCOURGE!

Follow these 7 Vital Rules for the Care of Your Teeth

The recent Australian Dental Congress brought to light many startling facts. The most important facts stressed was the growing menace of dental decay. Dentists agreed that it must be wiped out.

But how? Dentists and doctors also agreed that the most essential thing to do was to stress publicly the need for more calcium-bearing foods in the Australian diet. You cannot have sound teeth without the necessary supply of calcium, they said. The following 7 vital rules have been scientifically planned to help you get more calcium-bearing food in your diet.

### 7 Vital Rules Which Will Help You Save Your Teeth

1. Prenatal diet should include wholemeal bread, milk (particularly rich in calcium), butter, eggs, salads, green vegetables, fresh fruits. (Teeth begin to form seven months before a child is born.)
2. Teeth-strengthening foods for children: Milk, butter, eggs, salads, vegetables and fruits.
3. Teeth-strengthening foods for adults: Milk, fish, eggs, salads, fruits, cheese, greens and vegetables. All are rich in calcium and phosphorus.

4. Exercise for teeth and jaws is essential. Choose foods which provoke much chewing.

5. Obtain Vitamin D from Cod Liver Oil, Haddock, milk, egg-yolk, and greens; also by sun-bathing. (Vitamin D enables the body to deliver lime and phosphorus to your bones.)

6. Visit your dentist every six months for dental inspection. This is essential.

7. Clean your teeth at least twice a day with Euthymol—the GERMICIDAL Tooth Paste.

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**Reckitt's BLUE**

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"O H, that!" She made her voice sound casual. "That's a wedding present—from Denny!"

"Denny!" His face changed. Philip had been stiff and off-hand when he had charged down upon him to thank him for his help in getting the new job and to tell him he was marrying Christine. This morning he had not even come to see them off. It had hurt Andrew, made him feel that Denny was too complex, too incomprehensible to remain his friend. He advanced slowly, rather suspiciously to the case, thinking, probably an old boot inside—that was Denny's idea of humor. He opened the case. Then he gave a gasp of sheer delight. Inside was Denny's microscope, the exquisite Zeiss, and a note:

"I don't really need this. I told you I was a sawbones. Good luck."

There was nothing to be said. Thoughtful, almost subdued, Andrew finished his omelette, his eye fixed all the time upon the microscope. Then, reverently, he took it up and, accompanied by Christine, went into the room behind the dining-room. He placed the microscope solemnly in the middle of the bare floor.

"This isn't the library, Chris—or the morning-room or the study or anything like that. Thanks to our good friend Philip Denny, I hereby christen it the Lab."

He had just kissed her, to make the ceremony really effective, when the phone rang—a persistent shrilling which, coming from the empty hall, was singularly startling. They gazed at each other questioningly, excitedly.

"Perhaps it's a call, Chris! Think of it! My first Aberlaw case." He dashed into the hall.

It was not a case, however, but Doctor Llewellyn, telephoning his welcome from his home at the other end of the town. His voice came over the wire, distinct and urbane, so that Chris, on her toes at Andrew's shoulder, could hear the conversation perfectly.

"Hello, Manson. How are you? Don't fret, now, it isn't work this time. I only wanted to be the first to welcome you and your missus to Aberlaw."

"Thanks, thanks, Dr. Llewellyn. It's awfully good of you. I don't mind if it is work though."

"Tut! Tut! Wouldn't dream of it till you get straight," Llewellyn gushed. "And look here, if you're not doing anything to-night come over and have dinner with us, you and your missus, no formality, half-past seven, we'll be delighted to see you both. Then you and I can have a chat. That's settled then. Good-bye, in the meantime."

Andrew put down the receiver, his expression deeply gratified.

"Wasn't that decent of him, Chris? Asking us over bang off like that! The head doctor, mind you! He's a well-qualified man, too, I can tell you. I looked him up. London hospital—M.D., F.R.C.S., and the D.P.H. Think of it—all these star degrees! And he sounded so friendly. Believe me, Mrs. Manson, we're going to make a big hit here." Slipping his arm round her waist he began jubilantly to waltz her round the hall.

That night, at seven o'clock, they set out through the brisk and busy streets for Dr. Llewellyn's house, Glynnmawr. It was a stimulating walk. Andrew viewed his new fellow townsmen with enthusiasm.

"See that man coming, Christine! Quick! That fellow coughing over there."

"Yes, dear—but why—?"

"Oh, nothing! Nonchalantly."

"Only, he's probably going to be my patient."

They had no difficulty in finding Glynnmawr, a solid villa with well-tended grounds, for Dr. Llewellyn's beautiful car stood outside and Dr. Llewellyn's beautifully polished plate, his qualifications displayed in small chaste letters, was bolted to the wrought-iron gate. Suddenly nervous, in the face of such distinction, they rang the bell and were shown in.

Dr. Llewellyn came out of the drawing-room to meet them, more dapper than ever in frock-coat and stiff gold-linked cuffs, his expression beamingly cordial.

"Well! well! This is splendid. Delighted to meet you, Mrs. Manson. Hope you'll like Aberlaw. It's not a bad little place, I can tell you. Come along in here. Mrs. Llewellyn'll be down in a minute."

Mrs. Llewellyn arrived immediately, as beaming as her husband. She was a reddish-haired woman of about forty-five, with a pallid freckled face and, having greeted Manson, she turned towards Christine with an affectionate gasp.

## THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 6

"Oh, my de-ar, you lovely little thing! I declare I've lost my heart to you already. I must kiss you. I must. You don't mind, my dear, do you?"

Without pausing, she embraced Christine, then held her at arm's length, still viewing her glowingly. At the end of the passage a gong sounded. They went in to dinner.

It was an excellent meal—tomato soup, two roast fowls with stuffing and sausages, sultana pudding. Dr. and Mrs. Llewellyn talked smilingly to their guests.

## GIRLIGAGS



"WE MAY never be too old to learn, but when we reach a certain age it's not knowledge we crave, but how to forget."

"You'll soon get the hang of things, Manson," Llewellyn was saying. "Yes, indeed. I'll help you all I can. By the way, I'm glad that feller Edwards didn't get himself appointed. I couldn't have stuck him at any price, though I did half

promise I'd put a word in for him. What was I sayin'. Oh, yes! Well, you'll be at the West Surgery—that's your end—with old Dr. Urquhart—he's a card. I can tell you—and Gadge the dispenser. Up here at the East Surgery we've got Dr. Medley and Dr. Oxborough. Oh! They're all good chaps. You'll like them. Do you play golf? We might run out sometimes to the Fernley Course—that's only nine miles down the valley. Of course, I have a lot to do here. Yes, yes, indeed. Myself I don't bother about the surgeries. I have the hospital on my hands, I do the compensation cases for the Company. I'm medical officer for the town, I have the gas-works appointment, I'm surgeon to the workhouse and public vaccinator as well. I do all the approved society examinations with a good deal of county court work. Oh! and I'm coroner, too. And besides—"a gleam escaped his guileless eye—"I do a goodish bit of private practice odd times."

"It's a full list," Manson said. Llewellyn beamed. "We got to make ends meet, Dr. Manson. That little car you saw outside cost a little matter of twelve hundred pound. As for—oh, well, never mind. There's no reason why you shouldn't make a good livin' here. Say a round three to four hundred for yourself if you work hard and watch your p's and q's." He paused—confidential, humbly sincere. "There's just one thing I think I ought to put you up to. It's all been settled and agreed amongst the assistant doctors that they each pay me a fifth of their incomes." He went on quickly, guilelessly. "That's because I see their cases for them. When they get worried they have me in. It's worked very well for them. I may tell you."

Andrew glanced up in some surprise. "Doesn't that come under the Medical Aid Scheme?"

Please turn to Page 47



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# THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 46

"Well, not exactly," Llewellyn said, corrugating his brow. "It was all gone into and arranged by the doctors themselves a long time ago."

"But—?"  
"Dr. Manson!" Mrs. Llewellyn was calling him sweetly from her end of the table. "I'm just telling your dear little wife we must see a lot of each other. She must come to tea sometime. You'll spare her to me, won't you, doctor? And sometime she must run down to Cardiff with me in the car. That'll be nice, won't it, my dear?"

"Of course," Llewellyn proceeded gloomily, "where you'll score—Leslie, that's the feller that was here before you—was a slack devil. Oh, he was a rotten doctor, nearly as bad as old Edwards. He couldn't give a decent anaesthetic anyhow! You're a good anaesthetist, I hope, doctor? When I have a big case, especially my private cases, I must have a good anaesthetist. But, bless my soul! We'll not talk about that at present. Why, you've hardly started. It isn't fair to bother you."

"Idiot!" cried Mrs. Llewellyn to her husband with a kind of delighted sensationalism. "They were married this morning! Mrs. Manson just told me. She's a little bride! Why, would you believe it, the dear innocents."

"Well, well, well, now!" beamed Llewellyn.

Mrs. Llewellyn patted Christine's hand. "My poor lamb! To think of the work you'll have getting straight in that stupid Vale View. I must come sometime and give you a hand."

Manson reddened slightly, collecting his scattered wits. He felt as though Christine and he had somehow become moulded into a soft little ball, played back and forwards with deft ease between Dr. and Mrs. Llewellyn. However, he judged the last remark propitious.

"Doctor Llewellyn," he said with nervous resolution, "it's quite true what Mrs. Llewellyn says. I was wondering—I hate asking it—but could I have a couple of days off to take my wife to London to see about furnishings for our house and—and one or two other things?"

He saw Christine's eyes widen in surprise. But Llewellyn was graciously nodding his head.

"Why not? Why not? Once you start it won't be so easy to get off. You take to-morrow and the next day, Doctor Manson. You see! That's where I'm useful to you. I can help the assistants a lot. I'll speak to the committee for you."

Andrew would not have minded speaking to the committee, to Owen, himself. But he let the matter pass.

They drank their coffee in the drawing-room from, as Mrs. Llewellyn pointed out, "hand-painted" cups. Llewellyn offered cigarettes from his gold cigarette case—"Take a look at that, Doctor Manson. There's a present for you! Grateful patient! Heavy, isn't it? Worth twenty pounds if it's worth a penny."

Towards ten o'clock Doctor Llewellyn looked at his fine half-hunter watch—actually he beamed at the watch, for he could contemplate even inanimate objects, particularly when they belonged to him, with that bland cordiality which was especially his own. For a moment Manson thought he was going into intimate details about the watch. But instead he remarked:

"I've got to go to the hospital. Gastro-duodenal I did this morning. How about running round with me in the car and taking a look at it?"

Andrew sat up eagerly. "Why, I'd love to, Doctor Llewellyn."

Since Christine was included in the invitation also, they said good-night to Mrs. Llewellyn, who waved them tender farewells from the front door, and stepped into the waiting car which moved with silent elegance along the main street then up the incline to the left.

"Powerful headlights, aren't they?"

Llewellyn remarked, switching on for their benefit. "Luxtite! They're an extra. I had them fitted specially."

"Luxtite!" said Christine suddenly, in a meek voice. "Surely they're very expensive, doctor?"

"You bet they were," Llewellyn nodded emphatically, appreciative of the question. "Cost me every penny of thirty pounds."

Andrew, hugging himself, dared not meet his wife's eye.

"Here we are, then," said Llewellyn two minutes later. "This is my spiritual home."

The hospital was a red-brick building, well constructed and approached by a gravel drive flanked with laurel bushes. Immediately they entered Andrew's eyes lit up. Though small the place was modern, beautifully equipped. As Llewellyn showed them round the theatre, the X-ray room, the splint room, the two fine airy wards, Andrew kept thinking exultantly, this is perfect—what a difference from Blaenelly!—I'll get my cases well in here!

They picked up the matron on their travels, a tall, raw-boned woman who ignored Christine greeted Andrew without enthusiasm then melted into adoration before Llewellyn.

"We get pretty well all we want here, don't we, matron?" Llewellyn said. "We just speak to the committee. Yes, yes, they're not a bad lot, take them all in all. How's my gastro-intestum, matron?"

"Very comfortable, Doctor Llewellyn," murmured the matron.

"Good! I'll see it in a minute!" He escorted Christine and Andrew back again to the vestibule.

"Yes, I do admit, Manson, I'm rather proud of this place. I regard it as my own. Can't blame me either. You'll find your own way home, won't you? And look here, when you get back on Wednesday ring me up. I might want you for an anaesthetic."

Walking down the road together they kept silence for a while, then Christine took Andrew's arm. "Well?" she inquired.

HE could feel her smiling in the darkness. "I like him," he said quickly. "I like him a lot. Did you spot the matron too—as if she was going to kiss the hem of his garment. But by Jove! That's a marvellous little hospital. It was a good dinner they gave us, too. They're not mean. Only—oh! I don't know—why should we pay him a fifth of our salary? It doesn't sound fair, or even ethical! And somehow—I feel as if I'd been smoothed and petted and told to be a good boy."

"You were a very good boy to ask for these two days. But really, darling—how can we do it? We've no money to buy furniture with—yet."

"You wait and see," he answered cryptically.

The lights of the town lay behind, and an odd silence fell between them as they approached Vale View. The touch of her hand upon his arm was precious to him. A great wave of love swept over him. He thought of her, married off—and in a mining village, dragged in a derelict lorry across the mountains, dumped into a half empty house where their wedding couch must be her own single bed—and sustaining these hardships and makeshifts with courage and a smiling tenderness. She loved him, trusted him, believed in him. A great determination swelled in him. He would repay it, he would show her, by his work, that her faith in him was justified.

They crossed the wooden bridge. The murmur of the stream, its lilted banks hidden by the soft darkness of night, was sweet in their ears. He took the key from his pocket, the key of their house, and fitted it in the lock.

Please turn to Page 48

## NEW CUTEX SMOKY SHADES FLATTER YOUR FINGERTIPS



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Just stamp your hair-brush Dampette through—finger press hair into beautiful waves.

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IN the hall it was almost dark. When he had closed the door he turned to where she waited for him. Her face was faintly luminous, her slight figure expectant yet defenceless. He put his arm round her gently. He whispered, strangely:

"What's your name, darling?"

"Christine," she answered wonderingly.

"Christine what?"

"Christine Manson." Her breath came quickly, quickly, and was warm upon his lips.

The following afternoon their train drew into Paddington Station. Adventurously, yet conscious of their inexperience in the face of this great city which neither of them had seen before, Andrew and Christine descended to the platform.

"Do you see him?" Andrew asked anxiously.

## THE CITADEL

"Perhaps he'll be at the barrier," Christine suggested.

They were looking for the Man with the Catalogue.

ON the journey down Andrew had explained, in detail, the beauty, simplicity, and extraordinary foresight of his scheme, of how, realising their needs even before they left Blacely, he had placed himself in touch with the Regency Plinishing Company and Depositories, of London, E. It wasn't a colossal establishment, the Regency—none of your department store nonsense—but a decent, privately owned emporium which specialised in hire purchase. He had the recent letter from the pro-

Continued from Page 47

prietor in his pocket. Why, in point of fact—

"Ah!" he now exclaimed with satisfaction. "There he is!"

A seedy little man in a shiny blue suit and a bowler hat, holding a large green catalogue like a Sunday-school prize, seemed, by some obscure feat of telepathy, to single them out from the crowd of travellers. He sidled towards them.

"Dr. Manson, sir? And Mrs. Manson?"

Deferentially raising his hat, "I represent the Regency. We had your telegram this morning, sir. I have the car waiting. May I offer you a cigar?"

As they drove through the strange, traffic-laden streets, Andrew betrayed perhaps the faintest glimmer of disquiet, the corner of one eye on the presentation cigar still unlighted, in his hand. He grunted:

"We're doing a lot of driving about in cars these days. But this must be all right. They guarantee everything, including free transport to and from the station, also our railway fares."

Yet, despite this assurance, their transit along bewilderingly complex and often mean thoroughfares was perceptibly anxious. At length, however, they were there. It was a showier establishment than either of them had expected, and there was a good deal of plate glass and shiny brass about the frontage. The door of the car was opened for them, they were bowed into the Regency Em-

AGAIN they were expected, made royally welcome by an elderly salesman in a frock coat and high collar, who with his striking air of probity bore some resemblance to the late Prince Albert.

"This way, sir. This way, madam. Very happy to serve a medical gentleman, Dr. Manson. You'd be surprised the number of 'Arley St. specialists' I've had the honor of attending to. The testimonials I've 'ad from them! And now, doctor, what would you be requiring?"

He began to show them furniture, padding up and down the aisles of the emporium with a stately tread. He named prices that were inconveniently large. He used the words Tudor, Jacobean and Lopez Sez. And what he showed them was fumed and varnished rubbish.

Christine bit her lip and her worried look increased. She willed with all her strength that Andrew would not be deceived, that he would not burden their home with this awful stuff.

"Darling," she whispered swiftly, when Prince Albert's back was turned, "no good—no good at all."

A barely perceptible tightening of his lips was her answer. They inspected a few more pieces. Then, quietly, but with surprising rudeness, Andrew addressed the salesman.

"Look here, you! We've come a long way to buy furniture. I said furniture. Not this kind of junk." Violently with his thumb he pressed the front of an adjoining wardrobe which being of plywood, caved in with an ominous cracking.

The salesman almost collapsed. This, his expression said, simply cannot be true.

"But, doctor," he gulped, "I've been showing you and your lady the best in the 'ouse."

"Then show us the worst," Andrew raged. "Show us old second-hand stuff—so long as it's real."

A pause. Then, muttering under his breath: "The gov'nor'll give me what for, if I don't sell you!" the salesman padded disconsolately away. He did not return. Four minutes later a short red-faced common man came bustling towards them. He shot out:

"What d'you want?"

"Good second-hand furniture—cheap!"

The short man fired a hard glance at Andrew. Without further speech he spun round and led them to a trade lift at the back which, when manipulated, dropped them to a large chilly basement, crammed to the ceiling with second-hand goods.

For an hour Christine probed amongst the dust and cobwebs, finding a stout chest here, a good plain table there, a small upholstered easy-chair beneath a pile of sacking, while Andrew, following behind, wrangled long and stubbornly with the short man over prices.

Their list was complete at last and Christine, her face smudged



TINY MULTI-COLORED bouquets on a black crepe background make this alluring afternoon frock worn by Alice Faye. A black hat with a wide, lacy brim completes the ensemble.

but happy, pressed Andrew's hand with a thrilling sense of triumph as they ascended in the lift.

"Just what we wanted," she whispered.

The red-faced man took them to the office, where, laying down his order book on the proprietor's desk with the air of a man who has labored to do his best, he said: "That's the lot then, Mr. Isaacs."

Mr. Isaacs caressed his nose. His eyes, liquid against his sallow skin, were sorrowful as he studied the order book.

"I'm afraid we can't give you E.P. terms on this, Dr. Manson. You see, it's all second-hand goods." A depressing shrug. "We don't do our business like that."

Christine turned pale. But Andrew, grimly impatient, sat down upon a chair like a man who meant to stay.

Please turn to Page 49

## REDUCE YOUR WEIGHT WITH HERBAL TEA

Drink EL-HERRA TEA and FAT WILL GO! Lose up to 15 lbs. in a week! 14 lbs. in a month. Overfat folk everywhere are astonished at the marvellous results of agreeable tonic HERBAL TEA to dispel fat and win back youthful slenderness, health and energy.

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Unless 2 pints of bile juice flow from your liver into your bowels every day, your movements become difficult and constipated and your food decays unhealthily in your 2 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you groggy, grumpy and no good for anything. Your friends notice this unpleasantness and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help a little, but you must get at the cause. Take Carter's Little Liver Pills. They get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills. Look for the name Carter's Little Liver Pills on the red label. Sold in two sizes—regular size 1/4, household size 1/2. Resistant a substitute.

## says "A few doses MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING"



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### CLEMENTS TONIC—THE NERVE CELL BUILDER

Nerves are really composed of myriads of tiny cells that are constantly in the process of being destroyed by the effort of daily mental or physical work. Good sleep helps to repair much of this destruction of nerve cells but in debility or sickness, particularly in insomnia, there is terrific destruction of nerve cells and weakening of the whole nervous system. That is when the body must have help. That is why phosphates are so essential, and why they form such a valuable part of Clements Tonic, "The Nerve Cell Builder." There are several phosphates in Clements Tonic that are absolutely vital to your nervous system, which requires continuous supplies of these compounds in order to keep the nerves strong and healthy.

### Why people lose their "punch"

Every little red corpuscle in your blood must have an iron ration to enable it to transport oxygen. When your "lose your punch" it means that your red corpuscles have lost their "punch" through overstrain due to insufficient supply of iron. The easiest and safest way to correct this is to take Clements Tonic. Clements contains iron compound in proper medicinal quantities so that it is easily and quickly absorbed by the blood. After a few doses, the red corpuscles get busy again in full force, and soon your punch is regained.

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Clements brings feeling of well-being to men and women

### All the family derive benefit

"I have often thought I would like to let you know how much I think of your wonderful Tonic. For 20 years I have kept it in our home and I am sure we all, my family and self, derive great benefit from it."

"After an attack of flu I do not think anything is better than a course of Clements Tonic."

—(Mrs.) A.J.C., Redbank, Qld., 5/10/36.

Flavoured Clements Tonic has an ORANGE, green and blue carton and label. The original plain Clements Tonic still has the familiar RED, green and blue carton and label. Both contain the same health-giving ingredients. It is for you to decide which you prefer.

### ★ There is no substitute for Clements Tonic

# CLEMENTS TONIC

PLAIN or FLAVOURED

Prices in Capital Cities: 3/- and 5/- a bottle (plain or flavoured), at all Chemists and Stores. 3367

# THE CITADEL

Continued from Page 48

"YES you do, Mr. Isaacs. At least it says so in your letter. Printed in black and white on the top of your notepaper. New and second-hand furniture supplied on easy terms."

There was a pause. The red-faced man, bending over Mr. Isaacs, made rapid mutterings accompanied by gesticulations in his ear. Christine plainly caught impolite words which testified to the toughness of her husband's fibre, the power of his racial persistence.

"Well, Dr. Manson," smiled Mr. Isaacs, with an effort. "You shall have your way. Don't say the Regency wasn't good to you. And don't forget to tell your patients. All about how well you were treated here. Smith! Make out that bill on the H.P. sheet and see that Dr. Manson has a copy posted to him first thing to-morrow morning!"

"Thank you, Mr. Isaacs." Another pause, Mr. Isaacs said, by way of closing the interview. "That's right, then, that's right. The goods will reach you on Friday."

Christine made to leave the office. But Andrew still remained fast to his chair. He said slowly: "And now, Mr. Isaacs? What about our railway fares?"

It was as if a bomb had exploded into the office. Smith, the red-faced man, looked as though his veins would burst.

"Good heavens, Dr. Manson!" exclaimed Isaacs. "What do you mean? We can't do business like that. Fair's fair, but I ain't a camel! Railway fares!"

Inexorably Andrew produced his pocket book. His voice, though it wavered slightly, was measured.

"I have a letter here, Mr. Isaacs, in which you say in plain black and white that you will pay customers' railway fares from England and Wales on orders over fifty pounds."

"But I tell you," Isaacs expostulated wildly, "you only bought fifty-five pounds worth of goods—and all second-hand stuff—"

"In your letter, Mr. Isaacs—"

"Never mind my letter," Isaacs threw up his hands. "Never mind anything. The deal's off. I never had a customer like you in all my life. We're used to nice young married people which we can talk to. First you insult my Mr. Clapp, then my Mr. Smith can't do nothing with you, then you come here breakin' my heart with talk of railway fares. We can't do business, Dr. Manson. You can go try if you can do better somewhere else!"

Christine, in a panic, glanced at

Andrew, her eyes holding a desperate appeal. She felt that all was lost. This terrible husband of hers had thrown away all the benefits he had so hardily won. But Andrew, appearing not to see her even, was dourly folding up his pocket book and placing it in his pocket.

"Very well, then, Mr. Isaacs. We'll say good afternoon to you. But I'm telling you, this won't make very good hearing to all my patients and their friends. I have a large practice. And this is bound to get round. How you brought us up to London, promising to pay our fares, and when we—"

"Stop! Stop!" Isaacs wailed in something like a frenzy. "How much was your fares? Pay them, Mr. Smith! Pay them, pay them, pay them. Only don't say the Regency didn't ever do what it promised. There now! Are you satisfied?"

"Thank you, Mr. Isaacs. We're very satisfied. We'll expect delivery on Friday. Good afternoon, Mr. Isaacs."

Gravely, Manson snook him by the hand, and, taking Christine's arm, hastened her to the door. Outside, the antique limousine which had brought them was waiting and, as though he had given the largest order in the history of the Regency, Andrew exclaimed:

"Take us to the Museum Hotel, driver!"

They were off immediately, without interference, swinging out of the East End in the direction of Bloomsbury. And Christine, tensely clutching Andrew's arm, allowed herself gradually to relax.

"Oh, darling," she whispered. "You managed that wonderfully. Just when I thought—"

He shook his head. His jaw still stubbornly set.

"They didn't want trouble, that crowd. I had their promise, their written promise. He swung round to her, his eyes burning. "I wasn't these idiotic fares, darling. You know that. It was the principle of the thing. People ought to keep their word. It put my back up too, the way they were walking for you, you could see it a mile away—here's a couple of greenhorus—easy money—Oh, and that cigar they dumped on me, too, the whole thing reeked of swindle."

"We managed to get what we wanted, anyhow," she murmured tactfully.

He nodded. He was too strung up, too seething with indignation to see the humor of it then. But in their room at the Museum the comic side became apparent. As he lit a cigarette and stretched himself on the bed, watching her as she tidied her hair, he suddenly began to laugh. He laughed so much that he set her laughing too.

"That look on old Isaacs' face—" he wheezed, his ribs aching. "It was—it was screamingly funny." "When you," she gasped weakly, "when you asked him for the fares." "Business," he said, "we can't do business." He went off into another paroxysm. "Am I a camel, he said. Oh, heavens!—a camel—"

"Yes, darling." Comb in hand, tears running down her cheeks, she turned to him, scarcely able to articulate. "But the funniest thing—to me—was the way you kept saying 'I've got it here in black and white' when I—when I—oh, dear!—when I knew all the time you'd left the letter on the mantelpiece at home."

He sat up, staring at her, then flung himself down with a yell of laughter. He rolled about, stuffing the pillow into his mouth, helpless, out of all control, while she clung to the dressing-table, shaking, sore with laughter, begging him, deliriously, to stop or she would expire. Later, when they had managed to compose themselves, they went to the theatre. Since he gave her free choice she selected "Saint Joan." All her life, she told him, she had wanted to see a play by Shaw.

Seated beside her in the crowded pit he was less engaged by the play—too historical, he told her afterwards, who does this fellow Shaw think he is, anyway?—than by the faint flush upon her eager entranced face. Their first visit to the theatre together. Well, it wouldn't be the last by a long way. His eyes wandered round the full house. They would be back here again some day, not in the pit, in one of those boxes there. He would see to it; he would show them all a thing or two! Christine would wear a low necked evening dress, people would look at him, nudge each other, that's Manson, you know, that doctor who did that

marvellous work on lungs. He pulled himself up sharply, rather sheepishly, and bought Christine an ice cream at the interval.

Afterwards he was reckless in the princely manner. Outside the theatre they found themselves completely lost, baffled by the lights, the buses, the teeming crowds. Peremptorily Andrew held up his hand. Safely ensconced, being driven to their hotel, they thought themselves, blissfully, pioneers in discovering the privacy afforded by a London taxi.

AFTER London the breeze of Aberlraw was crisp and cool. Walking down from Vale View on Thursday morning to commence his duties, Andrew felt it strike invigoratingly on his cheek. A tingling exhilaration filled him. He saw his work stretching out before him here, work well and cleanly done, work always guided by his principle, the scientific method.

The West Surgery, which lay not more than four hundred yards from his house, was a high-vaulted building, white-tiled and with a vague air of sanitation. Its main and central portion was the waiting-room. At the bottom end, cut off from the waiting-room by a sliding hatch, was the dispensary. At the top were two consulting-rooms, one bearing the name of Doctor Urquhart and the other, freshly painted, the mysteriously arresting name, Doctor Manson.

It gave Andrew a thrill of pleasure to see himself identified, already, with his room, which though not large had a good desk and a sound leather couch for examinations. He was flattered, too, by the number of people waiting on him—such a crowd, in fact, that he thought it better to begin work immediately without first making himself known, as he had intended, to Doctor Urquhart and the dispenser, Gadgie.

Continued Next Week

## LUNG TROUBLE

A young woman had suffered for years from Lung Trouble in a very bad form. She went from bad to worse, despite all treatment and advice. She feared that all was in vain and she was going to die... until someone suggested she should take MEMBROSUS DRY INHALATION TREATMENT.

To quote her very words five weeks after commencing Membrosus... "I have never felt so well for years... it is really a miracle... I can hardly believe it after the way I have suffered for years." She goes on to say, "My cough is almost gone as is the asthma. My appetite is wonderful, sometimes I feel ashamed at eating so much... I have not lost a night's sleep from the first week of treatment... My breathing is almost normal... I never get those terrible fits of depression... I never felt so happy for months... I feel now I am going to enjoy my life for many more years."

MEMBROSUS IS JUST AN EFFECTIVE IN CASES OF

CATARRH  
HAY FEVER  
BRONCHITIS  
ANTRUM trouble  
without operation  
ASTHMA

MEMBROSUS (regd.)  
DRY INHALATION

Now you have read this, you should realise that you and other sufferers can obtain similar benefits. If you are unable to make a personal call and see this letter, and hundreds of other equally astounding letters, send a 2d. stamped addressed envelope, giving particulars of your complaint to "Membrosus," C/o Irvine Pharmacy, No. 1 St. James Buildings, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

## EYE CULTURE

Restores NORMAL EYESIGHT without glasses

For twenty-five years Miss L. B. of Stamford, had been wearing glasses and had always to put them on before rising from bed and take them off just before going to sleep. She was told that her eyes would never improve. She found she could see clearly, almost every day or two. Reading for any period as usual was absolutely out of the question. She feared blindness... until she tried EYE CULTURE.

In a few short weeks she found a wonderful improvement in her eyes... discarded two pairs of glasses... and is now able to walk round the house and travel to the city WITHOUT ANY GLASSES. "I feel sure," she writes, "that what EYE CULTURE is doing for me, it can do for thousands of others who matter how bad their case... I am certain if people knew what wonderful relief they can obtain from EYE CULTURE they would not hesitate to give it a trial."

Could learn what Eye Culture has done, and can do for YOU, or if you are unable to call, write for full information and booklet, mentioning your eye trouble and enclosing a 2d. stamped addressed envelope for reply to

You Can DISCARD THOSE GLASSES

"EYE CULTURE"  
No. 1 St. James Buildings, Elizabeth Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

Don't be DEAF  
The World's Smallest Effective Hearing Aid—No Cords, No Batteries.  
30 Day Trial  
Home Trial  
Vibraphone  
Write for Booklet  
B. NATHAN 26 Austral Bldg.  
115 Collins Street, Melbourne



JUDGE: I shall now read the list of your previous convictions. Accused: May I sit down?  
SON: What were you in the army, Dad?  
Dad: Battery sergeant-major, Son.  
Son: High or low tension, Dad?

## The Greatest Song & Dance Album Ever Published

20/- worth for 2/-

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Full Words and Music

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## DRINKING DAYS ENDED

For ten years one man was a heavy drinker, but work, happiness, and home—his wife successfully treated him with "DRINKO." This safe, inexpensive treatment will also save your money. It can be given secretly. Booklet in sealed wrapper. Write or call for it. Established 34 Years. HOME WELFARE PTY. DEPT. R., 38 George Street, Sydney.

BABIES are Australia's Best Immigrants. In many homes Baby does not appear, to the disappointment of husband and wife. A book on this matter contains valuable information and advice. Copies Free if 3d. sent for postage to Dept. "A," Mrs. Clifford, 48 Elizabeth Street, Melbourne.

THE CHARGE WAS UNPROVOKED ASSAULT  
"HE HIT ME WITH A RAFTER!"

"WHAT MADE YOU DO IT?" ASKED THE JUDGE  
"WHAT LASHED YOU INTO FURY?"

BUT WHEN THE "HULKING BRUTE" APPEARED  
THE COURT WAS FILLED WITH LAUGHTER

"MY WIFE RAN OUT OF SOLVOL, SIR"  
"NOT GUILTY," SAID THE JURY

ARE YOU GUILTY OF RUNNING OUT OF SOLVOL?  
DON'T BE CAUGHT WITHOUT—GET A NEW CAKE BEFORE THE OLD ONE IS FINISHED! ORDINARY SOAP CANNOT DO SOLVOL'S JOB. SOLVOL PENETRATES THE PORES... DISSOLVES GREASE AND GRIME... REMOVES EVEN WORN-IN DIRT IN 30 SECONDS! YET SOLVOL IS AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES—ACCEPT ONLY SOLVOL

J. KITCHER & SONS PTY. LTD.

THE discovery was crowned by the two research-workers finding a way of making an active extract of this substance from the pancreas of animals—an extract which, if injected, could supply the insulin lacking in a diabetic human being.

With the advent of insulin the whole outlook upon treatment changed. It was now possible to give patients normal (or even excess) amounts of sugar, so long as sufficient insulin was given with it to ensure it being utilised.

Also it was possible to ward off diabetic coma indefinitely, because with insulin enough sugar could be given to completely break up fats. And the lives of all diabetics could be prolonged.

But after the first flush of triumph passed, insulin was discovered to have certain limitations and drawbacks. It is so powerful a sugar-utiliser and so delicately adjusted to deal with exactly a certain amount that an overdose can set up unconsciousness.

In the early days after its discovery it frequently caused trouble this way.

The reason for this contingency is again the fact that sugar is a vital necessity of life. A certain fixed minimum amount of sugar must be in the circulating blood; if the percentage drops below this, unconsciousness supervenes.

An overdose of insulin, after dealing with excess sugar, turns to and burns up this necessary minimum in

the blood. Happily the smallest amount of sugar, swallowed or injected, rapidly restores consciousness.

Other drawbacks are that insulin needs to be hypodermically injected; that the injections must be made by a physician; and that tests of the sugar-content of the patient's blood must be made from time to time.

For the patient all this involves expense, both of time and money; so that the comment is frequently made that diabetes these days is "a rich man's disease."

But it is a mistaken idea (though a common one) that once a patient is given insulin he will never be able to give it up. When diabetes is uncontrolled all the tissues of the body suffer, and are unable to perform their proper functions.

### New Compounds

BY controlling the diabetes with insulin and diet, the tissues are enabled, after a period, to resume normal working. This applies to the cells of the pancreas also, so that in a great number of diabetics it is found that, after a preliminary course of insulin and diet, the insulin can be dispensed with, and the patient is able to carry on normally with certain minor restrictions of diet.

So far, no way of taking insulin by the mouth has been discovered, and, in any case, it is doubtful whether such a powerful substance could be trusted to ordinary patients, were a

### Continued from Page 39

form of it, active by the mouth, available.

Lately a big advance has been made by the discovery of two new compounds, protamine-insulin, and protamine-zinc-insulin.

These are almost insoluble. If injected into the patient these forms of insulin stay in one spot, dissolving only very gradually. Consequently one injection lasts a long time, and the insulin is released slowly and in small doses, much in the same way as it is in the normal healthy being.

### Watch Your Diet

THE treatment of diabetes to-day is a combination of insulin and diet. Starvation treatment is dropped. The type of work carried out by the patient is ascertained, and the exact amount of calories (food units) is given which is sufficient to keep him in active work.

This will include a certain amount of carbohydrates (sugar-formers) plus insulin injections. The exact amount of these needed is calculated after careful testing of the patient's capacity to deal with sugar.

This will need checking from time to time to guard against an under or over dose of insulin.

Whether insulin treatment be adopted or not, diet is still of paramount importance. In this connection a warning should be given to diabetic patients.

It was mentioned above that of the total proteins (or meaty part of the food) eaten, 50 per cent. is converted by the body into sugar. Many patients are unaware of this.

They cut down sugar-formers (carbohydrates) in their diet and add proteins in their place. They are simply adding 50 per cent. of sugar to their diet by this means, and doing themselves no good.

Again, there are on the market to-day a large number of "diabetic breads." In these the carbohydrate has been reduced and gluten substituted. But gluten is a protein; this means that gluten bread, instead of being sugar-free, adds 50 per cent. of sugar to the diet.

Patients taking "diabetic bread" think they can take large quantities of it without harm; but it can be seen that they are doing as much harm as if they were taking excess amounts of ordinary bread.

It has been objected lately that insulin is rather a "hide-over" than a cure. As a matter of fact, as many people die from diabetes to-day as before insulin was discovered.

They die later, that's all. Now that life is prolonged by insulin, the later results of diabetes are more in evidence — arteriosclerosis, gangrene, retinitis and coronary heart disease.

Many guesses have been made at the cause of diabetes. One obvious theory is that over-indulgence in sweets and sugar-forming foods has "worn out" the islet cells, forcing them to over-work to produce insulin to deal with all this sugar.

But there is no evidence for this. Diabetes often appears in people who do not indulge excessively in sweets or starchy foods.

### Drugs and Herbs

ANOTHER theory which has experimental backing from animal experiments is that the anterior pituitary gland (a complex structure situated in the skull) plays some part in producing diabetes.

If anterior pituitary extract is injected into diabetic animals, it makes them worse; if the anterior pituitary

gland of a diabetic animal is removed, it gets better, and is able to utilise a certain amount of sugar.

This strange discovery has little practical bearing on human treatment at present, as removal of the pituitary gland is a dangerous and complicated operation, and may be followed by unpleasant sequelae.

From time to time various drugs and herbs are vaunted as cures of diabetes, but so far, on critical testing, with a check on sugar in the blood and in the water eliminated, there has been little evidence for the truth of these claims.

Prickly pear and Vinca Rosea (Cape periwinkle), a Queensland weed, have had a certain vogue in Australia, but cannot be classed as "cures."

### Cheering Fact

ONE cheering fact which has emerged from research lately is that a great number of persons, who in the old days would be pronounced suffering from diabetes, do not have the disease at all.

These are persons who possess what is called a "lowered threshold" to sugar.

Such tests, showing rejected sugar in large quantity, would once have doomed the patient to a strict dietary as a diabetic.

In the normal individual sugar will not appear in the water until the sugar in the blood reaches a certain high level (approximately 180 milligrammes per cent.). But there are a number of individuals in whom sugar appears in the water when the sugar in the blood reaches a much lower level (120 milligrammes per cent.).

These people are perfectly able to utilise their sugar; they feel perfectly well, and as a rule the sugar in the water is only discovered by chance during a general medical examination, as for life-insurance.

In such cases temporary excess sugar in the water is now recognised as of no importance. A generation ago, however, its discovery would have doomed the patient to a strict dietary for life as a diabetic.

## THE PROOF IS IN THE WEARING!

\*FRANKLY, I DON'T SEE WHY ANY WOMAN WOULD RISK A SUBSTITUTE FOR KOTEX\*\*



### Woman's greatest hygienic handicap solved!

The woman who wears Kotex is SAFE. She is safe from physical or mental discomfort—because of the three exclusive advantages of Kotex, safe from embarrassment—because Kotex is disposed of as easily as tissue, safe from the danger of risking her health by using old-fashioned makeshifts.

Some medical authorities state that 60% of many of the common ailments of women are due to unsanitary, makeshift ways of meeting woman's most vital hygienic problem. For that reason, the use of Kotex is widely urged—especially in the important days of adolescence.

In America, 8 out of 10 women choose Wondersoft Kotex—the only sanitary pad made with Cellucotton, which absorbs 16 times its own weight in moisture. It is 5 times as absorbent as cotton.

Buy Wondersoft Kotex from chemists and stores—at the lowest standard price ever asked for Kotex.

### \*ONLY KOTEX HAS THESE 3 EXCLUSIVE FEATURES

"Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

Mary Christine Callender  
Author of "Diabetic Men's Ties" (1936)

The new type Wonderform Kotex Belt—adjustable to any size—has dainty, secure clasps instead of pins. Self-balancing, it ends uncomfortable restraint. 2/6.



CAN'T CHAFE.

To prevent all chafing and irritation, the sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton. But, mind you, sides ONLY are cushioned. — the centre surface is left free to absorb.



CAN'T FAIL.

There is a special centre layer in the heart of the pad. It has channels that guide moisture the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents.



CAN'T SHOW.

Invisible under the thinnest frocks, the most clinging gowns. The ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered. This UNSEEN protection gives perfect peace of mind.

How He Lost His



Mr. Mullinder (From photo)

## Rheumatism

Only those of our readers who have suffered from the gnawing pains of Rheumatism, or have endured the pain of working with their joints and muscles aching dully, day after day, can realise with what joy Mr. Mullinder discovered that he had lost his Rheumatism. His grateful letter (which we print below) will be read with advantage by every sufferer. If you follow his example and use the remedy specially prepared to remedy faulty kidney action—De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills—your Rheumatism, too, will go.

You must understand that Rheumatism (pains in the muscles and joints) is caused by some defect in the kidneys. When the kidneys are strong and healthy they remove uric acid and other poisons which are constantly forming in the blood. A chill, shock, after-effect of illness (such as influenza), or general weakness will cause the kidneys to slow down in their work. Then the impurities get left behind in the body in ever-increasing amounts. They are deposited in the muscles and joints and cause the intense pain of Rheumatism.

Writing from Malvern Street, Bradford, Mr. Mullinder says:—"De Witt's Pills relieved me after three years of suffering with Rheumatism in my shoulder. At times I could not get my coat on. I was giving up hope after trying all sorts of remedies, when I decided to give De Witt's Pills a trial. After taking them for two days my pains began to disappear, and two bottles restored me to health and strength again."

You, too, can benefit as Mr. Mullinder did—no weary dieting or complicated treatment—just five pills a day will do it. But be sure they are

DeWitt's  
KIDNEY AND  
BLADDER  
Pills

Reduced Prices:  
3/- & 5/9  
NEW TRIAL SIZE  
1/9

Quality always the same—the best ingredients that money can buy.



#### **Her "Swing" Suit**

A glorifying three-colour contrast in Jantzen's diagonal whipcord knit. Double construction in the skirtless trunk. Wide worsted belt is another exciting style touch. 32/6. Other Jantzens from ... 21/-.

#### **He girds his loins with Jantzen Trunks**

Roll-proof waistband. Speed type leg. Trunks that are super-swank on every man who measures 42in. or less amidships.

Jantzen gives men its famous always-springy knit and tailoring in trunks from 11/9. Full swim suits from 16/6.

# Perfectly suited

## - BY JANTZEN

Suited for stunning appearance, for perfect fit, for glorious comfort! Briefly, skilfully cut, the new Jantzens give you a world of sun exposure and free-as-a-breeze action for swimming, diving and beach fun. Jantzen's new fabrics of luxurious, quick-drying wool have that famous, "springy" Jantzen stitch that means figure-control for women and trim, athletic smartness for men. Stimulating "evening gown" colors glow with a softness seen in swim suits for the first time. Try on these glamorous 1937 Jantzens in your favourite store. . . . Be perfectly suited . . . by Jantzen.

# Jantzen

MEN! When you buy your first Trunks, remember—Jantzen has tailored the world's finest for years.

# The Fashion Parade by Petrov

October 23, 1937.

The AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Fashion Portfolio . . . Page One

## HOUSE PYJAMAS

DESPITE the introduction of house coats and their undoubted popularity, house pyjamas still have a definite appeal for home wear.

On this page, our artist, Petrov, has sketched four attractive examples of pyjamas designed for wear on varying occasions.



•ABOVE LEFT: Catch the early morning sun in bayardere cotton pyjamas—sleeveless and very nearly backless.

•RIGHT: Resembling slacks, these uncrushable linen pyjamas have a "sun top," and are worn with a collarless jacket of tailored line.

•EXTREME LEFT: The pyjama ensemble in affinity prints. The red coat may be worn tightly belted if desired.

•LEFT: Dignity in pyjamas. These are designed on the lines of a clerical cassock, and are fastened with a zipper.

# FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAVURE

## EVENING...



● ABOVE: Artistically-draped evening dress of midnight-blue uncrushable velvet. The bodice is shirred across, and the slightly-trained skirt has drapings which take an upward movement to show the ankles. A Victor Stiebel model.

● TOP LEFT: Evening dress in brocade, worn with a black velvet sash and a bunch of flowers.

● LOWER LEFT: Dinner frock in printed silk worn with a short bolero. Maison Lucien Lelong, Paris.

● LEFT: Evening dress in printed silk with shoulder straps that are crossed in the back. Maison Chanel, Paris.

# MARCH OF THE MODE by RENE

## TUB FROCKS for HOT DAYS

LISON SETTLE, famous London fashion expert, says:—  
"Don't think because you are dressed in cotton or linen that you have to 'dress down.' In Paris when they wear cotton for formal late afternoon occasions or as an evening dress they wear diamond clips with an air of assurance that this is the correct thing to do. Which it is.

"Fabrics are not class-conscious as they once upon a time used to be—cotton for the poor and silk for the rich. Jewels, flower bouquets, ribbons—any of these make equally good accessories to your hot-weather cottons."



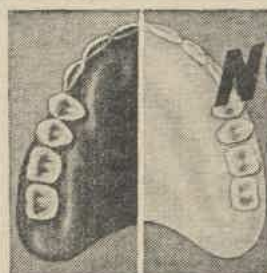
\* DONE IN REVERSE cotton print this frock shows how the reverse side of the material may be used to advantage. The black straw hat has practically no crown.

\* PRINTED SHEER LINEN for a lovely summer day frock with draped bodice, the neck and sleeves outlined with contrasting grosgrain to match the grosgrain belt. It has the new tucked parasol skirt.



\* FROCK of spotlight-yellow shark-skin with chocolate-brown accessories, and pleated skirt with comfortable top.

\* GAUGUIN - PINK coarse mesh linen frock with fluttering scallop and button treatment. Dull green cravat.



BEFORE

AFTER

## NOW! FALSE TEETH CLEANSER

that —

- ➔ Removes the worst stains.
- ➔ Makes dingy yellow teeth clean and white.
- ➔ Removes food, slimy film and tartar.
- ➔ Sterilizes and sweetens your plates.
- ➔ Does away with brushing.
- ➔ Is guaranteed harmless.

For 12 years, Dr. Sherwin, D.D.S., eminent authority on oral hygiene, sought a cleanser for false teeth that would be scientifically correct, completely effective and absolutely harmless. 'Steradent' resulted from his research.

"For many years," writes a leading Birmingham dentist, "I have been unable to recommend a paste or powder to keep dentures clean. Your sample of 'Steradent' came in time to test a very black upper denture. I put the denture in the sample last night and found to my astonishment that the case was quite clean this morning."

To-day, this new discovery is widely used and recommended by the dental profession. You simply put your plates in water and add a little 'Steradent.' In a few minutes they are immaculately clean and purified by one of the most powerful sterilizing agents known. Every stain disappears as if by magic; even the blackest tobacco stains of years standing vanish completely after a few treatments. Left in 'Steradent' overnight, the fleshy pink colour is restored by the morning. No brushing. No acids. No nasty taste. Dentists say 'Steradent' is by far the best denture cleaner ever produced. Sold by all chemists.

WARNING! Refuse imitations and inferior substitutes. They may damage your dentures beyond repair. Use 'Steradent' and you take no chances.

# Steradent

REGD. TRADE MARK

# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

October 23, 1937.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers

Page One

## SUMMERTIME BEAUTY HAZARDS

*Some suggestions that will help you to look as fresh as a daisy in the hottest weather*

It won't be long now before some really hot weather arrives, but don't let the sultry days get you down! Take a few minutes off now and then and apply cooling measures. You will not only look fresh, but will feel as cool as the proverbial cucumber.

**H**OT weather makes the complexion and expression go limp. It makes the hair stringy and unmanageable and plays havoc with a nice disposition.

But you can overcome these little annoyances quite easily.

One of the most luxurious cooling measures is the use of scented water. Place a little piece of ice and two tablespoonsful of cold water in a glass bowl—a finger bowl, or sauce dish is ideal for the purpose; then add about one tablespoonful of your favorite eau-de-cologne or a few drops of your pet bath oil.

Or, if you prefer, you may use one teaspoonful of bath salts instead of the cologne or oil. The cooler will prove equally refreshing, regardless of which form of scent you use.

Then dip a piece of cotton, a fingertip napkin or a square of cloth into the chilled perfume-water and dab it over your wrists.

Sponge the cooler over your temples and across your forehead. Pat a little of it over your eyelids, too, and let the fragrant liquid change your hot-day doldrums into pleasant day dreams.

Here's a just-before-retiring cool-



**PREPARE** the chilled perfumed water by placing a piece of ice in a bowl and two tablespoons of water. Then add a little eau-de-cologne or bath salts.

ing measure that will send you off to bed to enjoy a night's good sleep.

Pin the short, straggly hairs up, off the nape of your neck. Then pat a little of the scented water over your hairline, down the back of your neck and across your shoulders.

Brushing the hair frequently is another cooling measure. It ails the hair and cools and refreshes the scalp.

### Sweeping Strokes

**BEGIN** by brushing the hair up over the back of the head. Then brush the hair back, away from the face-framing hairline. It is the hair and not the scalp that is to receive the brushing, so remember to touch your scalp lightly with the brush, as you move it in long, sweeping strokes.

Next, place your comb on your face-framing hairline, with the teeth of the comb pointing towards your scalp and slightly upward. As you run the comb through your hair, raise it away from your scalp so that



the air can reach and so cool your scalp and freshen your hair.

The woman who wants to appear at her best at all times will adopt a coiffure that can take frequent brushing, combing and rearranging and still keep its well-coiffed lines.

Well-placed end-curls to produce flattering results, with straight hair over the crown of the head, is a practical hot-weather coiffure. End curls can be easily and quickly made, then flatteringly placed, without benefit of professional fingers.

A good permanent in the ends of the hair will save you hours on end and go far towards keeping your hair nicely coiffed and you looking fresh and cool.

One old stand-by for keeping cool in the summer is the use of salt water. Inland dwellers, take note—this is the nearest thing to an ocean plunge and almost as refreshing, too. Here are some salty suggestions:

Pour one-half cupful of salt and four cupfuls of water into a large basin and let the salt dissolve. Then wring out a washcloth in the salty solution and rub it lightly over your body.

Don't rub the cloth vigorously over your body, or the pressure of the cloth, together with its friction and the stimulating effect of the salt, will arouse circulation and make you warmer than before.

### Refreshing

**LET** the moisture and light deposit of salt dry on your skin. It will keep you freshened for hours.

A small amount of the salt will cling to your skin and make it tingle for a minute or two. Then the skin will feel cool and fresh.

When nice hands turn red, swell and lose their lovely lines, rest your elbows on a table or in your lap and point your fingers heavenward.

This position of the hands will send the blood scurrying from your fingertips; your hands will return to their usual shape, and their complexion will become normal.

Feet, too, often demand special attention during hot weather. Ankles puff up, toes swell, itch and become red, and shoes seem to have suddenly become too snug.

You can relieve the itching by stroking rubbing alcohol or eau-de-cologne lightly from toe-tips to above the ankles. You can reduce the swelling by raising your feet so that they are on a level with your chair.

If you can't do both of these, at least do the latter. Once the swelling has been reduced, the toes and ankles will soon return to their normal size and the itching will stop immediately.



By  
Evelyn



**RIGHT:** Pat perfumed water over the temples and across the nape of the neck. It's a great freshener. **Above:** Brushing the hair cools and refreshes the scalp. **Left:** Pat a little perfumed water over your wrists and notice the cooling effect immediately.



You call it  
**NAUGHTINESS -**



but the  Doctor calls it  
**FAULTY ELIMINATION**

**F**AULTY elimination means much more than mere constipation. It means that those cleansing organs, the **KIDNEYS** and **LIVER**, as well as the bowels, have fallen behind in their task of cleansing the blood stream. Imagine your child—slightly poisoned—trying to play games and do school work and live a normal life! The poisons left in the blood stream by kidneys and liver and bowels make the child sub-normal. "Naughtiness" is one of the least harmful results. As soon as you observe any danger signals such as sluggishness, irritability or downright crankiness, remember that the cleanser which acts on **KIDNEYS** and **LIVER** as well as bowels is needed. The only complete and sure treatment is a course of genuine Laxettes. Nothing else is the equal of Laxettes. (Remember, too, that children really "love" the taste of Laxettes.) All chemists and storekeepers stock them. 1/6 the large tin, or sample tin 6d. **WARNING**—unless they're in a tin they are not genuine Laxettes.



**LAXETTES**  
Rectify Faulty Elimination

# Do You Walk WELL?

By Evelyn

If you don't your deportment will be wrong and your figure and health will suffer

**D**ID you know that incorrect walking will make even the most beautiful figure look unattractive? . . . That it will also gradually impair your health in the same way as driving a car badly will cause all sorts of things to go wrong with its mechanical construction?

Cases of "nerves," indigestion, fatigue and other minor

complaints can have their origin in slovenly walking.

**D**O you walk well? I have been watching people this week, especially women, and am amazed how really badly most of them walk. Some women slouch along in such an untidy sort of way that at first it looked like a case of a bad figure making it difficult for a woman to look attractive when she walks.

Then I looked again, and in nine cases out of ten I discovered that the bad walker really had an excellent figure, but its appearance was being ruined by her carriage. These women seemed to be walking from their knees and their figures were sagging.

Watch the graceful figure of the movie star as she walks across the screen; study the elegant mannequin as she displays the newest gowns. She always walks from the hips. Sometimes with a too-exaggerated sway perhaps, but the movement is right, for directly you walk from the hips you straighten the spine and the whole body looks more shipshape.

## Learn to Walk!

**T**HE best way to learn to walk well is to walk backward. Take ten steps backward. What happens? You have automatically straightened your knees, and held your tummy in. That means you are walking correctly from your hips and tightening your abdominal muscles.

You do all this quite naturally without any effort when you walk backward, even if you are ordinarily a really dreadful walker.

## IF YOU ARE THIN . . .

Start a weight-gaining campaign and look well in the new summer clothes

**T**HE thin woman seems to be the forgotten woman of the world to-day! I mean thin, not slim.

Slim women can find ready-made clothes and look better in them than their stouter sisters. They have no need for diets. With a good figure it is easy for them to make the most of themselves.

Then the large woman. Every day she is being advised how to slim—what to eat or what not to eat, what exercises to take.

But no one seems to worry that the really thin woman cannot find attractive dresses to camouflage the too-thin parts, or that skirts sag because there are no hips on which to hang them.

A very thin woman told me last week that every day she heard of ways to get thin, but no one seemed to realise there were painfully thin people who wanted to get fatter. She was right. There are people who are fit but too thin.



GAMES LIKE MEDICINE-BALL, which Maureen O'Sullivan, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer star, is playing here, help to improve the carriage.

Now walk forward holding your body exactly as you did when you walked backward. Can't you feel the difference? There is rhythm in your movements. Your knees hardly occur, do they?

Yet for years you have been walking from your knees so that the upper part of your body and your legs don't seem to work together at all.

## The Healthy Way

**I** DON'T think half of us realise what an important part walking plays in the health of the body. We all know that a long walk in the country is good for us, but what most of us do not realise is that a long walk from the hips in the country will mean more than that we are breathing fresh air into our lungs.

It will bring the abdominal muscles into play, and help to keep the system all toned up and working perfectly. It's just like running a car—drive it badly and all sorts of things go wrong although actually they seem to have no bearing on the driving.

**I**T is impossible to over-emphasise how much more attractive a woman's figure looks if she carries herself well, and, of course, it is equally true that a really excellent figure can pass unnoticed if its owner walks badly. Wear neat shoes and stockings, and walk from your hips, and you will be said to possess a "good" figure.

Before you set off for a long country ramble, spare a little time to rub some eau-de-cologne into your feet. You will be surprised how much better they will stand up to the walk ahead of them.



COMBINING correct walking with golf is a favorite method for keeping fit practised by Rosalind Russell, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer player.

Very deep breathing right down into the lungs, by an open window, expands too thin chests, and olive oil massaged into "waist collars" at night will work wonders, but you must persevere. Don't expect the hollows to disappear at once.

Swing your arms a little more when you walk—it all helps. Always remember, you must be fit inside before you can expect to be fit outside.

Olive oil taken internally will help, for it is a great flesh builder. If you find you dislike the taste very much or find that it has a slightly nauseating effect, try taking it with a little milk in an egg-cup every morning after breakfast. The milk makes the oil slide down quickly before you have time to notice any unpleasant taste.

A few people find olive oil difficult to digest. In such a case you must start with a very small amount and increase it gradually.

Now THEN!



Did you protect your children by washing them with PROTEX this morning? The antiseptic in Protex is 11 TIMES STRONGER THAN CARBOLIC yet absolutely non-irritant! Protex is a Colgate Quality Soap, recommended by the medical profession



# FURNISHING a BACHELOR FLAT

*An interior decoration expert designs color schemes and furnishings for the lounge and bedroom of a small flat*

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

UNUSUALLY delightful is the bachelor flat described below. It possesses infinite charm, and it is colorful. Yet its furnishings achieve that quiet dignity and good taste essential for a man's domain.

THE flat consists of a bedroom, bathroom, kitchen and combined lounge and dining room. The latter is a very large room with wide windows at one end that extend almost to the floor and overlook sparkling blue waters and distant headlands beyond.

Two other full length windows on a side wall provide additional light and air.

Instead of deciding on color schemes and then searching for fabrics and furniture to carry out the ideas, the interior decoration expert who decorated this flat evolved the entire color schemes for bedroom and lounge room from two pieces of material.

A printed linen in an old-world design featuring roses in beige, cream, primrose and apricot rioting on a rust-red ground was chosen as the basis for the color scheme for the lounge room.

## Tropical Flowers

ANOTHER linen, this time in a modern handblocked design, showing big tropical flowers in navy-blue on a natural ground, was selected for the bedroom.

The results are most attractive and unusual. In the lounge room, a three-piece suite in old-world shape is covered with the rust and beige linen which, being the only patterned fabric used in

pelmet across the top of the windows. Filmy cream voile curtains that also extend to the floor are used against the glass. These are arranged on cords so that they may be drawn across the window or back to either side as desired.

Color contrast is provided by a charming wing-back easy chair upholstered in plain quilted fabric in a light green tone. A similar plain quilted fabric, but this time in beige, upstuffers the small dining chairs and a long fireside stool.



AN ATTRACTIVE LOUNGE-ROOM. The printed linen covering the lounge chairs is in rust and beige, the two colors on which the color scheme for the room is based. Carpet and curtains are beige, the latter being trimmed with rust.

The only other furnishings in the room are the bed, bedside table, and small chair, also in dull polished maple.

The window drapes are made of the navy-blue and natural printed linen already mentioned. The same linen is used to cover the small chair in the room. Here again the curtains are filmy cream voile.

The floor is covered with

beige wool rugs and the bedspread, made on severe tailored lines, is navy-blue. Forres linen, edged with beige fringe.

The finishing touch to the room is the table lamp by the bed, which has a natural parchment shade finished on the edges with deep blue ruching and a dark blue glass base.—J.K.



ABOVE: Another view of the lounge-room showing the wide windows trimmed with floor-length drapes of beige celtic cloth and cream voile.

LEFT: A glimpse of the bedroom which is decorated in navy-blue and natural tones. The chair covering and curtains are in printed linen, and the bedspread in plain navy linen.



the room, is the highlight of the complete color scheme.

The carpets on the polished tallow-wood floor are plain pile in a deep beige that matches the deepest beige note in the flower pattern in the suite. The cream walls pick up the cream tones in the flowers, and the curtains repeat the lighter beige shades.

The curtains are very lovely. They are of celtic cloth which is rather like a coarse burlap and are made in straight drapes that hang to the floor. The inner edges are bound with silk rope dyed rust-red to match the red in the lounge chairs. Four rows of rope are also used to finish the narrow

The other furnishings have been specially selected to harmonise with the Old World design of the linen on the chairs. There are Period dining chairs in mahogany with round backs, a cedar writing desk, occasional tables, and other pieces all with old-style cabriole legs.

In addition to centre lights in the ceiling, night time illumination is supplemented by a standard lamp on a wrought iron stand, topped with a big round shade made of light beige shantung silk and lined with the same silk in an apricot tone. The same silk rope in rust-red as that used on the curtains finishes the edges of the shade.

There is also a table-lamp with a

circ silk shade in old gold and a yellow glazed pottery base.

In a corner a tall Japanese bamboo growing in a big Chinese bowl of green glazed pottery adds quaint charm, while on the wall old prints featuring coaching scenes from Dickens novels framed in thick mahogany are in keeping with the Old World simplicity of the room.

The bedroom in this flat is essentially modern. Being a small room the wardrobe and dressing-table in dull polished maple have been made in combination style and run the entire length of one wall.

Evalastic<sup>REG</sup>

Permanent WAISTBAND

Lingerie

created by LUCAS

GUARANTEED TO LAST THE LIFE OF THE GARMENT

# WHAT YOU Can MAKE For CHRISTMAS

HERE is a charming selection of things you can make for Christmas gifts—serviettes and rings for children, sandwich plate d'oyleys, powder puff and comb cases, d'oyley cases, and serviette and serviette case.

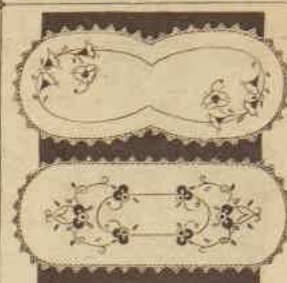
## Needlework Notions

### Powder Puff & Comb Cases

Tiny but useful articles that make charming gifts.

CASES stamped ready for working on white, cream, blue, green, pink or yellow linen or on white, green, or yellow organdie, 6d. each.

State whether you require the eyelet or the lazy-daisy design. Sizes are: Eyelet design, puff case, 4½ inches in diameter; comb case, 5 by 2 inches. Lazy-daisy design, puff case, 4½ by 4½ inches, comb case, 5 by 2 inches.



ANOTHER dainty idea for a Christmas gift. Sandwich d'oyleys, in two delicate floral designs. Price, 1/- each.

### Sandwich Plate D'oyleys

Ideal gifts for the girl who is collecting linen for a future home.

THESE d'oyleys are obtainable from our Needlework Department stamped with designs shown above on white, cream, blue, pink, green or yellow linen.

The price is 1/- each, and the size is 5 by 11 inches.

The designs are extremely simple to work, and do not take very long to complete. The edges may be finished with crochet.

ALL these articles can be obtained from our Needlework Department stamped on white or colored linen ready for working.

If you get busy now you will be able to make quite a lot of charming little gifts before Christmas arrives.

And think how delighted your friends would be with presents that you have actually made yourself. No ready-made article ever carries the same sweet thoughts as those you have made stitch by stitch.

Send in your orders now to Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Interstate postal addresses on pattern page.

## SERVIETTE and MATCHING CASE

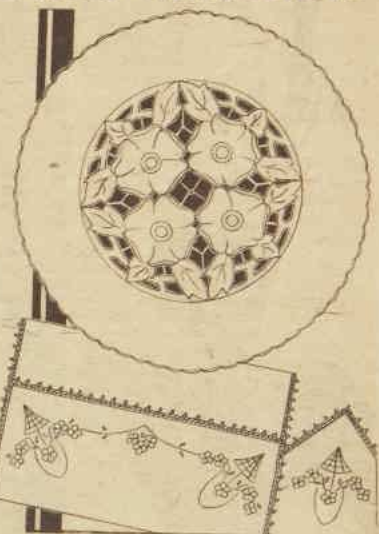
A "Wild Rose" Design D'oyley Case, Too!

HERE are two dainty ideas illustrated on the right. One is a serviette which fits into a matching case, and the other is a useful d'oyley case in a new design.

All three articles are obtainable from our Needlework Department, stamped for working on white, cream, yellow, green, blue or pink linen.

The prices are: Serviette, size 11 by 11 inches, and serviette case, 7 by 4 inches, price 1/11 set.

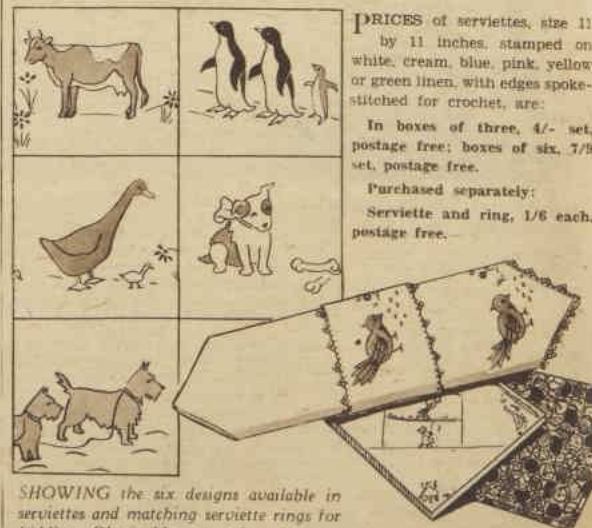
D'oyley case, wild rose design, size 9 by 9 inches when completed, price 1/11.



ILLUSTRATED above, corner of serviette and matching serviette case, traced for embroidery, price 1/11; cutwork circular d'oyley case in pure linen, price 1/11.

## SERVIETTES for CHILDREN

Stamped with fascinating animal and bird designs. Matching serviette ring available, too.



PRICES of serviettes, size 11 by 11 inches, stamped on white, cream, blue, pink, yellow or green linen, with edges spoke-stitched for crochet, are:

In boxes of three, 4/- set, postage free; boxes of six, 7/9 set, postage free.

Purchased separately: Serviette and ring, 1/6 each, postage free.

SHOWING the six designs available in serviettes and matching serviette rings for kiddies. Obtainable separately or in boxes of three or six.



ABOVE, sketches of the attractive, quickly-worked powder puff and comb case sets, obtainable in eyelet or lazy-daisy designs, traced on fine quality linen or organdie. Each separate item costs 6d. You may order them now from our pattern and needlework department. Address on pattern page.

## What a TREAT!



IT'S worth while giving a boy Heinz Baked Beans if only to watch how much he enjoys them. It's doubly worth while when you realise how strengthening and digestible they are, thanks to the Heinz process of slow baking in ovens. No-one but Heinz can equal Heinz in baking beans. Sweet as a nut, they almost crush on the tongue. Soaked through with the most appetizing tomato sauce. Two styles—with and without pork. Serve them frequently—for breakfasts, lunches, dinners, snacks.

RECIPE FOLDER FREE. Showing 24 delicious ways to use Heinz Baked Beans. Send for your free copy to H. J. Heinz Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, E.I.

You would appreciate  
Heinz Spaghetti  
Macaroni  
Ready-to-Serve Soups  
Tomato Ketchup  
Mayonnaise

# HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

for BREAKFAST!—for LUNCH!—for DINNER!



"JOY OF LIVING" for a few pence

# Our Fashion Service and Concession Pattern

## NEW Summer STYLES

Smartly Cut and Refreshingly Different

### PLEASE NOTE

To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child. (4) Use box numbers given on concession coupon. (5) When sending for concession pattern enclose 3d. stamp.



#### FOR STRIPES

**WW1891.**—Smart mode for smart patterned material, buttoning down the front, and with snappy full - top sleeves. Cut in sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### BLOUSE AND SKIRT.

**WW1892.**—A trim, business-like style for little girls aged 4 to 10 years—shirtmaker blouse and action skirt. Material required, 36 inches wide: 1 1/2 yards for skirt, and 1 yard for blouse. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### BEACH SUIT

**WW1893.**—This lovely model beach suit has bands of contrast and flared shorts—a delightful holiday ensemble. Cut in sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### AFTERNOON MODE

**WW1894.**—Graceful afternoon style with unique full bodice, and fitting waistline. Skirt is charmingly flared. Cut in sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide, and 3-8ths yard contrast. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### BECOMING!

**WW1895.**—Delightful in floral, and in sheer, this well-fitting, youthful afternoon style. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



#### LINEN SUIT

**WW1896.**—Charming suit for summer linen, with pockets and action back, and well-fitting skirt. Sizes, 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 4 3/8 yards, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### BOLERO SUIT

**WW1897.**—Popular bolero suit, showing novel underblouse of striped material. Bolero has extended shoulder treatment. Bust sizes, 32 to 38 inches. Material required for 36-inch bust: 1 1/2 yards of striped material, and 3 1-8 plain. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

#### EVENING GOWN

**WW1898.**—Redingote style for evening wear, with clever bodice treatment. Cut in sizes 32 to 38-inch bust. Material required for 36-inch bust: 5 yards for underskirt, and 6 1-8 yards for frock, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**



## OUR SPECIAL CONCESSION PATTERN

### THREE CHARMING COLLARS AND CHIC BANDEAU

#### PATTERNS COST 3d.

**THIS** week our three-in-one concession pattern provides for three unusual spring collars, and a smart bandeau. Complete pattern costs 3d. To obtain, fill in coupon below, enclose 3d. in stamps, and send to our offices, as directed.

Material required, 36 inches wide, for No. 1 (bandeau): 5-8 yard light material, and 5-8 yard dark material.

For No. 2 (collar, with befrilled bows): 1/2 yard.

For No. 3 (collar, with smart peaked ends, lovely in pique): 1/2 yard.

For No. 4 (collar, in waistcoat effect): 3-8 yard.

#### Concession Pattern Coupon

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a concession pattern of the greatest interest, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Department," in any of the following addresses. Be careful to specify which size you want. A 3d. STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. An extra charge of threepence will be made for patterns over one month old.

ADELAIDE.—Box 388A, G.P.O.

BRISBANE.—Box 4097, G.P.O.

MELBOURNE.—Box 165, G.P.O.

NEWCASTLE.—Box 41, G.P.O.

PERTH.—Box 610, G.P.O.

SYDNEY.—Box 42907, G.P.O.

If calling, 108 Castlereagh Street.

TASMANIA.—Write to Melbourne Office, address above.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see address of our office, which will be found on another page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

STATE .....

Box ..... Pattern Coupon, 23/10/37.



## SEVEN KNITTED NOVELTIES

to add charm  
to yourself and your home

Does your choice fall on this delightful knitted jacket? Or on the smart, knitted luncheon set? You'll find working directions for both and for five other designs in the leaflet "Knitted Novelties" which is obtainable, price 3d., from your Needlework shop. To obtain the best results you must be sure to use Coats' Mercer-Crochet, the soft and lovely thread chosen by discerning needlewomen for generations. Get the leaflet from your Needlework shop to-day. In case of difficulty, use coupon below.



so easy to work in

## COATS' MERCER CROCHET

COUPON.

23/10/37

To Box No. 1894P, G.P.O., Melbourne, Vic. No. 2573E, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.  
No. 1148P, G.P.O., Brisbane, Qld. No. 144C, G.P.O., Adelaide, S.A.  
No. N1999, G.P.O., Perth, W.A. No. 123 To Arts, Wellington, N.Z.

I enclose 3d. in stamps for one copy of "Knitted Novelties" leaflet, No. 502, Post Free.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

WCK

## Beauty Ruined

Perfect features, yet not beautiful because ugly pimples mar her skin, her complexion is muddy, her eyes dull and yellow, due to constipation and liver troubles. Poisons from food wastes are seeping into the blood-stream. She has been regular but not thorough in her bowel habits. An occasional dose of Chamberlain's Tablets will correct this—then see beauty reflected in her sparkling eyes, clear complexion and smooth, velvety skin.



QUICK BUILD-UP  
after 'FLU, ANÆMIA

● The recovery from any illness is assured and hastened by taking Wincarnis. This medically recommended tonic is composed of strength giving ingredients. It will work wonders on your weary body—sending new blood through your veins and giving you new energy and new found health and strength. Your chemist sells Wincarnis in small bottles at 4/3 and large bottles at 7/3.

WINCARNIS

30,000 recommendations from medical men

## FOR YOUNG WIVES and MOTHERS

### The Importance of Natural Feeding

By MARY TRUBY KING

In these days of slim figures, young wives should realise the importance to themselves of nursing their own babies. Not only is human milk the best foundation for baby's health, but the act of nursing is the best way in which to regain one's normal figure after confinement.

THERE are very few mothers who cannot nurse their babies successfully. Unless your doctor explicitly directs you not to (which will only be in the case of active T.B. or some abnormality) do not take the well-intentioned advice of friends and relatives who "think you are too frail to nurse baby."

Sir Truby King, in his textbook, "Feeding and Care of Baby," writes: "The suckling of the baby is almost as important for the future health and well-being of the mother as it is for the infant."

### Do Not Worry

HAVE no fear about the supply of milk for baby. Nature, who sees that women successfully nurture and carry their babies to the full term, does not leave them without the necessary food for the continuance of their babies' welfare.

The milk may not "come in" for a few days, BUT IT WILL COME. Within 12 hours of baby's birth he should be put to both breasts to stimulate the flow. Sometimes the milk is delayed, owing to the nurse in charge of the case not realising the necessity for putting baby to the breasts early (between the 6th and 12th hour after birth), and at regular 6-hourly and then 4-hourly intervals afterwards.

After the first 36 hours have passed, babies do best on regular 4-hourly feeds, with no night feeds (i.e., no feeds between 10 p.m. and 6 a.m.); but in some cases the doctor may order 3-hourly feeds for the first month or two.

Baby gets practically nothing from the breasts at first, but it is regular suction which brings in the milk. Meantime, he should be offered a little warm boiled water, by bottle, after each suckling.

Baby should be awakened for his feeds when they are due, as it is most important, both for mother and baby, to establish regular feeding hours right from the start.

You will be disappointed if the milk does not begin to flow by the third day, but do not be discouraged. Sometimes it does not come in for a week or longer. At the end of 24

days, if you have no milk, baby will be given some temporary nourishment.

It is best to give the milk of a foster-mother, diluted. Failing this, diluted humanised cow's milk may be given, baby being put regularly to the breasts as usual to encourage your own milk supply.

When your milk appears, the quantity of humanised milk given can be gradually lessened as your supply increases.

The main thing is to go on believing that your milk supply will come, and not to give up hope. Do not imagine that breast milk plus humanised milk at the same meal will not agree with baby.

The breast milk will help baby digest the humanised milk; but it is very important that the humanised milk be of the right strength and modified with the correct ingredients.

It is also most important that the artificial food be given AFTER, not before, the breast feed, and never instead of the breast feed. If the milk is slow in coming in, perseverance is essential.

One to two minutes at each breast is sufficient when carried out regularly. One must guard against baby getting annoyed because there is no milk there for him. Also, strong sucking at an empty breast for a longer time than this may cause the skin of the nipples to crack.

As the milk comes in, baby may remain longer; but no baby should be allowed to suck for more than 10 minutes at each breast—a total of 20 minutes at one feeding.

### Precious Protein

THE first milk is called "colostrum."

Every drop of this which baby gets is precious, because colostrum contains a large percentage of protein of the same nature as that found in the mother's blood, and this is absorbed into the blood stream with practically no effort on the part of baby's stomach and other digestive organs.

During the first 8 days, this "colostrum" is gradually changed into "true" milk, by which time baby's digestion has been trained to deal with its new food.

Before and after each feeding, the nursing mother should cleanse her nipples with boiled water, using sterile cotton wool swabs. Dry carefully. If this is done, there will be no risk of germ infection, soreness, or breast abscesses.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By A DOCTOR

PATIENT: What is the cause of blood poisoning?

BLOOD POISONING is a common experience. In most instances it can be traced to neglect of what appeared to be a trivial disorder. So slight a thing as a prick of the finger with a pin or nail may lead to infection, which in turn may result in blood poisoning.

When we use the term "blood poisoning," we refer to any condition in which germs are present in the blood stream. Normally the blood is sterile, containing no micro-organisms of any kind.

If a mild infection occurs, the blood is equipped with certain antitoxins which neutralise the evil effects of germs. But if the germs are present in large numbers, or if they are of a particularly virulent strain, danger exists. They overwhelm the resistance of the body, and blood poisoning may result. When this occurs, every cell and tissue of the body is liable to attack.

The condition is made known by high fever, chills, nausea and marked physical distress. As the infection progresses, the symptoms are more marked and varied. In severe cases, delirium, coma, unconsciousness and

even death may occur within a very short time.

Though great advances have been made in the treatment of blood poisoning, it is still one of the most serious and menacing problems of medical science. Many lives have been saved by transfusions and the administration of certain antitoxins directly into the blood stream. But the danger continues to be very great.

We can best guard against this dreaded complication by paying attention to all minor injuries of the skin, infections of the body and internal disorders. Never look upon any scratch or injury as a trivial disorder. It is always best immediately to apply an antiseptic.

If swelling, throbbing and pain occur, consult your physician. Many persons avoid the doctor because they fear the "knife." Yet such delay may mean that more extensive surgery may ultimately become necessary.

Undernourished, anaemic and diabetic children and older persons, too, should be most careful. They may have little resistance to infection. They must never forget that they are less able to shake off even the most simple infection.



## MEN THOUGHT HER LOVELY—BUT . . . .

That was only until they learned she was careless about such an important thing as personal daintiness! Nothing will disillusion a man quicker than the odour of stale perspiration.

Make sure you are free from the taint of perspiration! Don't expect friends to tell you...don't count on detecting it yourself. Use ODO-RONO regularly to check perspiration...prevent odour...save your dresses.

Prices:  
1/-, 2/-  
and 3/6



ODO-RONO



## Checked quickly with REXONA

Thousands of people suffer from "Surfer's Foot"—you may be the next to get it. At the first signs of scaly skin or rawness between the toes, apply Rexona Ointment. Its healing properties destroy the germs that cause "Surfer's Foot," prevent the infection from spreading, and restore the skin to healthy condition.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . . .  
Cuts, sores, burns, insect bites, cold sores, skin blemishes, eczema, rashes and all skin complaints.



KEEP A TIN HANDY

Rexona

THE RAPID HEALER

Ointment—1/6 per tin, New also extra large, use three times the quantity. Soap—6d. per tin, (City and Suburban)

© 1937 REXONA

BOILS AND PIMPLES

People who take a regular dose of TWIN SODA are surprisingly free from blood troubles, such as boils, pimples, skin blotches, prickly heat. Should you suffer from any of these complaints, buy a 1/4 packet of pure TWIN SODA from your chemist and purify your blood simply and easily. These complaints are needless when the remedy is so simple and economical.

## Blondes! "Fairs," and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter Natural Spun-Gold Look...

STA-BLOND'S "Sun-Action" Lightens Brown-Blond-Fair Hair 2-4 shades in 15 Minutes Without Striking—no harsh bleaches or dyes

Here at last is a simple way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of brown, fair or light blond hair. A shampoo-rinse combination that acts like the hot summer sun and actually washes darkened hair 2-4 shades lighter, but without any trace of streaking or dryness. Like the sun too, STA-BLOND, this wonderful shampoo-rinse combination, brings out the natural inherent golden sheen—the shining high-lights that can make your brown, fair or blond hair so beautifully attractive—make you so alluring. All this without the bleached look because STA-BLOND'S secret formula does not contain any injurious dyes or bleaches. It prevents natural light blond hair from darkening and brings back the fascinating golden beauty of childhood to the most faded brownish or fair hair. Makes the hair last longer. Use it yourself today or insist that your hairdresser shampoo your hair with it. Money back if not delighted.

Available in Australia at ALL DRUGS. Sole distributors: Messrs J. Johnson, Ltd., P.O. Box 3679, S.S. Sydney.

STA-BLOND THE MIRACLED HAIR COLOR

## Simple Way To Lift Corns Right Out

No excuse for cutting corns

Tender corns, tough corns, or soft corns can now be safely lifted out with the finger-tips, thanks to Frodo-ice, says grateful users. Only a few drops of Frodo-ice, the new-type antiseptic treatment, which you can get at any chemist's, is ample to free one's feet from every corn or callus without hurting. This wonderful and safe remover stops pain instantly, and does not spread out to surrounding healthy tissue. Frodo-ice is a boon to corn-burdened men and women.

## "Freckle-face"

When Weather Brings Out Ugly Spots, How to Remove Easily.

Here's a chance, Miss Freckleface, to try a remedy for freckles with the guarantee of a reliable concern, that it will not cost you a penny unless it removes your freckles; while if it does give you a clear complexion the expense is trifling. Simply get an ounce of Kintho—double strength—from any chemist and a few applications should show you how easy it is to rid yourself of the ugly freckles and get a beautiful complexion. Rarely is more than one ounce needed for the worst case. Be sure to ask for the double-strength Kintho as this strength is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove your freckles.

## Powerful Skin Remedy Discovered

Drives up Eczema, Barber's Itch, and All Skin Eruptions in a Few Days. Must Give Results in 7 Days or Money Back.

This wonderful surgeon's prescription now known all over the world as Moore's Emerald Oil, is so efficient in the treatment of skin diseases that the itching of eczema stops with one application. A few applications and the most persistent case of Eczema is healed never to return. Moore's Emerald Oil in the original bottle is dispensed by chemists. It is not a patent medicine, but a wonderful prescription of a practicing surgeon, and is safe and pleasant to use.

## Pile Sufferers

Can You Answer These Questions?

Do you know why ointments do not give you quick and lasting relief? Why cutting does not remove the cause? Do you know the cause of piles is internal? That there is a stagnation of blood in the lower bowel? Do you know that there is a harmless internal remedy discovered by Dr. Leonard and known as Vauloid, now sold by chemists everywhere, that is guaranteed? Vauloid banishes piles by removing the cause, by traveling blood circulation in the lower bowel. This simple home treatment has an almost unbelievable record for sure, safe and lasting relief to thousands of pile sick sufferers, and saves the needless pain and expense of an operation. Don't delay. Try Vauloid to-day.

# EXQUISITE New DAHLIAS...

Some of the new varieties of this magnificent flower are really glorious, and well worthy of a place in every garden.

—Says The Old Gardener

MANY gardeners leave the planting of their dahlias as late as November, but they can be planted any time from September to December.

Growing the dahlias from seed is a most interesting study, and it is from the seed that new dahlias of perfect form and magnificent beauty are produced from time to time.

Seed sown now will give a profusion of blooms the same season. Seeds now obtainable include: Charm (decorative type), Charm Hybrid Cactus, decorative Pompon, Cactus, Collarette, and Peony.

There are quite a lot of new varieties and types to choose from this season. The New Zealand-raised dahlia, Clara Carder, is one of the most beautiful. It is dwarf in habit, but produces a mass of flowers. The color is most striking, being a shade of cyclamen-pink.

Clara Carder has been sent to all the dahlia-growing countries in the world, and has been hailed as a champion everywhere.

Phantom is a splendid decorative type. The color is unique and attractive, the petals being purple tipped with white. It flowers freely and carries the blooms on good strong stems.

R. A. Bloomfield is a dahlia of medium size. The color is saffron-orange and suffused rose. The blooms appear on long, leafless stems standing well above the vigorous plant. Golden Prince is a splendid variety of gold-shaded garnet. The flowers are very large, on good stems, and the plant is of the dwarf type.

## Golden Bronze

EASTER PRIDE is one of the best, the color being a beautiful shade of bright golden bronze with base of petals sunset-red. The stems are very long and the flowers are held well above the foliage. Easter Pride will certainly be the pride of the garden when grown.

Woodlands Wonder is another variety that will be very popular once it becomes more known. The color is most unusual, being salmon-pink shading to crushed-rose with a rose-mauve reverse. It was a popular dahlia with the Show Judges last season. Rita Betty is another dahlia that was admired last season.

The blooms are very large, with a beautiful shade of terracotta-bronze on the face of the petals, and a burnish-copper reverse. It has splendid stems, and deserves a place in any garden.

Hunt's Velvet Wonder is one of the largest dahlias grown. The plants are of a dwarf-growing habit, but are strong and sturdy. The color is a rich, dark violet, and the stems are extra strong.

Gouverneur Bales is another large and decorative type, the color being golden at the base of the petals and suffused with salmon-scarlet towards the tips. It is a good grower, and the blooms are held on long stiff stems. A splendid variety for either garden displays, for the Show bench, or for cut flowers.

## New Cactus Types

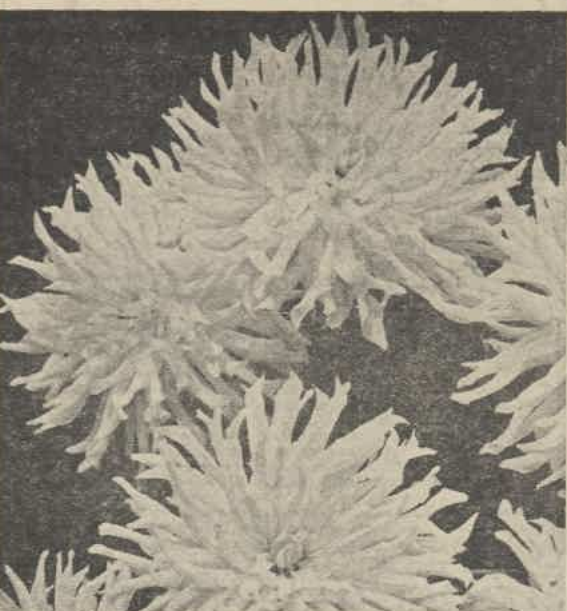
AMONG the hybrid cactus types new to the public is Maxima, which is a rosy carmine over salmon, with centre of primrose suffused rose. It is a free flowerer and makes a splendid show throughout the season.

Ballego's Surprise is one of the finest whites, and last season won the championship prize in many of the Shows.

Miss Wahroonga is a strong grower, very prolific bloomer, and was also successful in winning many prizes last year. Baerne is another new variety worthy of attention. The color is a salmon-pink, with red and yellow in the centre. It is excellent for cutting. Daniel Bliss has won many championships, is a good grower, very hardy, and a pure lilac-rose in color.

When preparing the ground for dahlias, see that the drainage is perfect. Dig deep and manure well. Use plenty of well-decayed animal manure and work this well into the soil.

A little blood and bone mixed with sulphate of potash is the ideal fertilizer. Use a good double handful to each plant and thoroughly mix with the soil before planting. Select a



THE LOVELY CACTUS DAHLIA, one of the most popular varieties of this magnificent garden flower.

north-easterly aspect and the plants will then receive plenty of morning sun.

After transplanting watch out for any disease and insects that may attack them. Snails and slugs are their worst enemies. A good mixture to use for these pests is Morte. It is harmless to all plant life and can be mixed with the soil when sowing seeds or transplanting young plants. After watering it still remains in the soil and does not lose its value. It will also combat aphids on various plants.

Dusted over roses in the early morning while the dew is on the foliage this mixture is most successful.

While the dahlia plants are in their young stages be careful and do not over-water them. As they become more advanced they will require more liberal watering, then at flowering time as much as you can give them.

During their growing period give special attention to staking and tying, keep the weeds down and pile on plenty of mulch.

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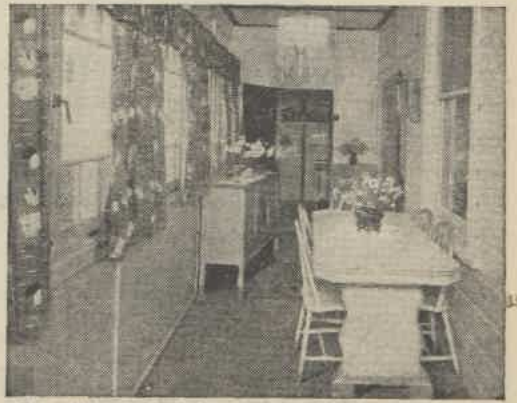
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The breakfast alcove in the home of Mrs. E. M. Griffith, of Kangaroo Point, Brisbane. Table, chairs, china cabinet and ice chest are all painted green. The curtains are gay, modern chieft that lets in plenty of light.

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# THESE Recipes AWARDED Cash PRIZES

## Selected as the Week's Best In Our Popular Best Recipe Competition

A savory way of cooking steak, appetising ways with potatoes, and a delicious fruit pickle are some of the prizewinning recipes worth trying this week.

EVERY week a first prize of £1 is awarded for the best recipe and consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every other recipe published.

Everyone is eligible to enter this fascinating competition. All you have to do is to write out your favorite recipe clearly and fully, attach name and address and send to our office.

### SAVORY SPRING STEAK

One and a half pounds steak (in one flat piece, not very thick), 1 sheep's kidney, 1 medium-sized onion, 4 even-sized tomatoes, 1½ cups fresh breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon mixed sweet herbs, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely-chopped suet, 1 grated lemon rind, juice 1 lemon, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon sugar, salt and pepper to taste, 1 tablespoon dripping, mashed potatoes and green peas to garnish.

Mix breadcrumbs, herbs, parsley, and 1 kidney (finely minced), suet, and pepper together, add egg and work into the consistency of stuffing. Place in steak, roll round stuffing,

being careful to secure ends with tiny skewers. Slice onion and place to pan with a little dripping and brown, being careful not to burn. Place the steak (dusted with flour) in a casserole with rest of the dripping, and 3 tablespoons water, the browned onion, 1 chopped kidney, and a sprinkle of salt and pepper. Place in a hot oven ten minutes. Then reduce the heat to a minimum and cook till tender (about 2 hours). Place on hot flat dish; thicken gravy with little flour mixed with a little water, and pour over steak, being careful not to make the dish sloppy. Place tomatoes which have been baked (see recipe below) round steak, then mashed potatoes. Decorate edge with green peas.

**Baked Savory Tomatoes (for above):** Select even-sized tomatoes, remove a round piece of skin and some of the flesh from the centre of each. Mix 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs with teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon each of salt and pepper, and dessertspoon melted butter, some minced ham or meat, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce. Mix well, put a little of mixture into each tomato, replace the top, bake in a moderate oven with a little dripping 15 to 20 minutes.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. S. Smith, Scarness, via Maryborough, Qld.

### POTATO PATTIES

Boil 4 medium-sized potatoes, mash with 1 tablespoon of butter, add enough flour to make a nice dough. Roll out and cut in rounds, about the size of top of teacup. Take a cup of any left-over meat, minced and seasoned with a little onion, or any seasoning desired. Place a little of this mixture on every other round and place the others over and pinch around edges. Fry in lard until golden, turn and fry on other side.

2/6 to Mrs. G. W. Woolmer, Glossop, S.A.

### SALADE DELICIEUX

Large lettuce, two apples, small cucumber, tomatoes or beetroot, four eggs, two tablespoonsful of tomato sauce, a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a small piece of butter, four pieces of cheese (about two ounces), seasoning.

Hard boil eggs, halve and remove yolks. Beat these to a soft cream with butter, seasoning and sauce. Make nest of lettuce on individual plates and arrange the sliced tomato and cucumber on it. Stand the two halves of the stuffed egg in the middle. Dot about the chopped apple and cheese. Add apple last, just before serving to prevent from discoloring.

For the dressing: One and half teaspoons vinegar, three tablespoons oil, two tablespoons cream, one teaspoon made mustard, egg-yolk and seasoning. When well blended, stir in the oil, and lastly cream.

2/6 to M. Clarke, 56 Oakover St., East Fremantle, W.A.

### PINEAPPLE PICKLE

Two large tins pineapple, 3 cups sugar, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, 1 tablespoon whole cloves, 1 teaspoon of whole mixed pickled spice, 2 tablespoons stick cinnamon.

Drain syrup from tins into preserving pan, add sugar, vinegar and spices. Bring slowly to boil. Then add pineapple gently, without breaking. Boil gently about two hours, and do not stir. The slow boiling gives to the fruit a lovely golden brown color, and also time to absorb the spices and become clear. When done, lift out fruit gently, put into wide-necked jars, pour pickle over and seal tightly. This will keep well for months, and is very nice with cold meats.

2/6 to Mrs. J. D. Wood, 32 Mulgrave St., Launceston, Tas.

### FISH AND POTATO TIMBALE

Half-pound cooked potato, 1 egg-yolk, 1 dessertspoon butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, salt, cayenne pepper, lemon juice, 3 tablespoons white breadcrumbs, 1½ cooked fish, 3 tablespoons thick white sauce, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Put potatoes through a sieve and add to them the yolk of egg, cheese, and salt and pepper. Mix well together and, if very stiff, add a little milk. Butter a small mould or basin very well and sprinkle with breadcrumbs. Line bottom and sides with the potato mixture, keeping back a little for the top. Remove any skin and bone from the fish, mix with the white sauce, add parsley, salt, pepper, and lemon juice.

Cut hot boiled eggs into small pieces and add to sauce. Oysters, mushrooms, and anchovies may also be added to sauce. Do not have mixture too soft. Put mixture into prepared basin and cover with the rest of the potato. Be sure that the basin is well fitted, make the top quite smooth with a round-bladed knife.

Bake in moderate oven until well browned and quite firm. Place a hot dish on the top, invert the mould, and allow to stand a few minutes. Carefully withdraw mould. Serve with a thin white sauce flavored with a little anchovy essence.

2/6 to Miss L. Barlow, 143 Church Street, Middle Brighton S.S. Vic.

### MERINGUE MUSHROOMS

Three egg-whites, grated chocolate, whipped cream, 6oz. sieved



icing sugar, almond paste for stalks.

Melt a little butter and grease baking-sheet well. Put piece of grease-proof paper on it, and grease paper well. Whisk up the eggs stiffly, then fold in icing sugar slowly. Put in forcing bag and squeeze into flatish rounds about 1½ inches across. Bake in very slow oven until outside is set, then take out. Using a skewer, make a round hole in bottom of each cake large enough to hold the stalk. Remove the soft part inside, then put back in the oven until the inside mushroom is set also. Put a little whipped cream into the hole in the mushrooms, and spread some cream smoothly over the flat surface. Sprinkle grated chocolate over the cream, and put in the stalks.

Make the almond paste for the stalks by mixing together 3oz. ground almonds, 1½oz. castor sugar, 1½oz. icing sugar, a few drops of almond essence, and enough egg to make the mixture bind. Model into short fat stalks. This quantity should make fifteen mushrooms.

2/6 to Mrs. H. Williams, 37 Queen St., Grafton, N.S.W.

### SAVORY CAULIFLOWER

Well wash a medium-sized cauliflower. Boil until tender but not broken. Drain thoroughly and serve on a hot dish with the following sauce poured over. Make 1 pint of thick white sauce. Slice 1½lb. tomatoes and cook in 1oz. butter until soft. The rub through a sieve. Add this puree to the white sauce; stir into this 2oz. grated cheese and a good seasoning of salt, pepper, and, if liked, cayenne. Make very hot, but do not let it boil.

2/6 to Mrs. Homan, 82 Scarborough St., Kogarah, N.S.W.

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Issued in the interests of the health of the community by the Australian Apple and Pear Council.

### THIS WEEK

## Pineapple Recipes

Not only is the pineapple, fresh or tinned, delicious to eat, but it can be used in numerous ways for making delightful sweets and cakes.

HERE are recipes for some most delectable pineapple sweet dishes and cakes which have been sent in by our readers. Do try them!

Every week in this section our cookery expert selects a cookery subject which has proved popular with our readers, and for every recipe published a prize of 2/6 is awarded.

You, too, may have some recipes worth sending in to this section. Let us have them—they may win a prize!

### PINEAPPLE AND CHOCOLATE CUSTARD

Peel and cut a ripe pineapple into cubes, put into a glass dish, sprinkle thickly with sugar and set in a cold place for several hours. Put 1 pint milk into a double-boiler and when scalding hot, stir in 2 tablespoons grated chocolate mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Cook and stir until it begins to thicken; add 2 egg-yolks, beaten with 4 tablespoons sugar. Cook a few minutes longer. Remove from stove and stir in 1 teaspoon vanilla essence. Set the custard aside to cool, then pour over the pineapple and stand all on ice until thoroughly chilled. Beat egg-whites to a stiff froth, adding 2 tablespoons powdered sugar, pile it high on the frozen sweet and serve.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Stevens, 107 Henning Rd., Paddington, Brisbane.

### PINEAPPLE CAKE

One cup crushed drained pineapple, ½ cup butter, 2½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt, lemon cheese, 1½ cups caster sugar, 2 eggs, whites and yolks, ½ cup cold water, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, icing and glace pineapple.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream, stir in vanilla, beat in egg-yolks, add pineapple, sift ½ cup of the flour with the baking powder and salt, stir remainder of flour into pineapple mixture, then add flour sifted with baking powder, salt and water. Beat egg-whites until stiff, then fold into mixture. Divide between two buttered sandwich tins, 8 inches diameter, or into two oblong tins. When done, turn out on rack covered with a cloth dredged with caster sugar, and cool. Put together with lemon cheese. Spread top with white icing made from 1½lb. icing sugar, moistened to taste with pineapple juice. Decorate with glace pineapple.

2/6 to Mrs. D. J. Banister, Brandon, Seaboard, via West Maitland, N.S.W.

### PINEAPPLE IN JELLY

One not-too-large pineapple, 2-3oz. cup sugar, water, 1oz. gelatine. Peel and slice pineapple and remove core. Place core and skin (washed well) in saucepan, cover with water, and boil briskly for half an hour. Strain over pineapple slices and sugar and cook till tender. Strain again, and arrange slices round a mould. Make juice up to 2 cups with hot water, if necessary, dissolve gelatine in it, and pour over slices. When set, unmould and serve with whipped cream.

2/6 to Mrs. A. Pedwell, Box 21, P.O. Gympie, Qld.

### PINEAPPLE CHEESE FRITTERS

One cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 tablespoon sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, ½ cup drained crushed pineapple, ½ cup grated cheese. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually, stir in well-beaten egg, grated cheese and pineapple. Drop by spoonful into hot fat. Cook until well browned and drain on absorbent paper. Serve with white sauce, flavored with pineapple juice. These are delicious.

2/6 to Mrs. M. Bennett, Edmund Street, Balwyn, Vic.

### PINEAPPLE BOMBE

Two cups crushed pineapple, juice 1½ lemons, ½ cup crystallized cherries, ½ cup sugar, 2 cups water, ½ pint cream, essential salt. Put water and sugar in saucepan, stir till sugar dissolved and boil 5 minutes, add lemon juice and crushed pineapple with ice cubes. Freeze and use to line a bombe. Fill centre with stiffly-beaten cream mixed with crystallized cherries, 4 tablespoons sugar, a few grains of salt, and sufficient essential to color a delicate pink. Cover with buttered paper and freeze.

2/6 to Miss M. H. McIntosh, 345 King William St., Adelaide.

### PINEAPPLE CREAM CAKES

Use 2 eggs, and their weight in butter, sugar and flour, 1oz. grated pineapple, ½ teaspoon of baking powder, 2oz. shortcrust and a little cream. Line well-buttered patty tin with pastry. Beat sugar and butter to a cream, add beaten eggs, and flour (sifted with baking powder) alternately. Place 1 teaspoonful of this mixture in each lined tin and bake for 10 minutes. When cold, cut a small round out of the centre of each cake, and fill with whipped, sweetened cream into which the pineapple has been stirred.

2/6 to Miss C. Coney, 84 Queen Street, Ararat, Vic.

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All Recipes Tested in Our Kitchen

# DELICIOUS SWEETS for SUMMER

## New Recipes and Some Suggestions for Quickly Made Impromptu Dishes.

Summer sweets are perhaps the most delightful of all. Usually light confections containing fruit and often iced, they make a delightful finish to a meal.

Here are some new sweet recipes for you to try. They will help you to avoid monotony in the daily menu for the family.

**M**OST summer sweets can be quickly and easily made, for with fruit, fresh or tinned, eggs, cream, sugar and other such simple ingredients you have the basis of an endless number of sweet dishes, that do not require much preparation.

Even impromptu sweets can be manufactured at a moment's notice. The most simple dish—sliced bananas and cream—never fails to please. Add other fruits on hand, finely-chopped, and such flavorings as strawberry jam, chopped nuts, or crystallised fruits, and you have a tempting fruit salad.

Fresh or tinned peaches, apricots, or pineapple may be sliced and placed on mounds of junket, custard, or ice-cream in individual dishes, and garnished with a cherry or strawberry. A pretty sweet can be made by placing a split meringue shell and half a peach filled with strawberry jam on ice-cream, custard, or junket, and garnishing suitably.

Trifle made with a basis of stale sponge cake and custard and finished off with sliced bananas and cream is always popular.

### GINGERED PEACHES

Fill the centre of large tinned peaches with finely-chopped ginger and chopped walnuts. Pour over little peach syrup and top each half with whipped cream.

### IMPERIAL CREAM OF RICE

Wash 4oz. rice well. Boil 1½ pints milk, add rice. Boil 20 minutes, then add 1oz. sugar and cook 15 minutes longer. Add 1oz. dissolved gelatine, plus 2 eggs, and 3 tablespoons cream. Pour into dish. Serve icy cold with whipped cream.

### ALMOND PEARS

Drain syrup from tinned pears. Add little cornflour, lemon juice, and ground almonds to the syrup and cook till clear. Cool, then chill. Put pears in serving dish or individual dishes. Pour over a little sauce and sprinkle with chopped almonds.

### BANANA PUDDING

At the bottom of fireproof pie dish place some thin slices of stale sponge cake, then layer of sliced banana, then thin boiled custard made with 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, good teaspoon cornflour and sugar, then cake, bananas and finally top with custard. Bake in oven for 1 hour. Serve cold.

### JAMAICA APPLES

Fill the centres of some large peeled cooking apples with apricot jam. Top with chopped nuts. Place in fireproof dish. Sprinkle over some brown sugar, a little butter. Pour round 1 cup water, to which add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Bake about 50 minutes in slow oven. Serve hot or cold.

### CARAMEL MOUSSE

One cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 2 tablespoons cold water, 1 cup milk, 1 cup sugar, salt, 1 pint whipped cream, pistachio nuts.

Beat cup sugar in shallow saucepan pale straw color, add 1 cup water. Beat till sugar is dissolved. Soak gelatine in 2 tablespoons water, add to the caramel syrup, with the milk, sugar and salt. Place in refrigerator to set slightly, then fold in slightly whipped cream. Pour into large

By . . .  
**RUTH FURST**

Cookery Expert to  
The Australian  
Women's  
Weekly.



ABOVE: A simple but delicious summer sweet—made with split meringue shells, halved peaches, glacé cherries, and custard.

LEFT: Trifle is always popular and can be made with scraps of stale cake. Add custard, cream, fruit—such as sliced bananas—nuts, etc., and you have a delightful dish.

freezing tray. Freeze 1 hour. Cut into slices. Serve on small plate garnished with rose of whipped cream and finely chopped pistachio nuts.

### CHOCOLATE APPLE WHIP

Stew pound of apples in small quantity of water till clear; chill. Beat 6 tablespoons cream, crumble in a few ratafias, then add to the apples. Pour into individual glasses. Put rose of cream in centre. Sprinkle with chocolate chips and place glacé cherry in centre.

### STUFFED PRUNES IN ORANGE JELLY

Sixteen prunes, 8 marshmallows, 1 packet orange jelly crystals, 1½ cups water, 1 cup sherry, cream.

Soak the prunes well. Simmer till tender, then while warm remove the stones carefully, stuff each with half a marshmallow and place in serving dish. Boil the water, pour on to crystals and when well dissolved add sherry, mixing in well. Cool, then pour over the prunes. Set in refrigerator and serve with whipped cream.

### PEACH BAVARIAN CREAM

Nine fresh peaches, 1oz. gelatine, 1 pint cold water, 1 pint cream.

Cover gelatine with water and let soak for 1 hour; press the peaches through a colander (if fresh, first stew and sweeten them), stir gelatine over boiling water until dissolved, whip cream, add gelatine to the peaches, mix and turn into a basin, stand in cracked ice and stir until

### Two Ways of Making Mock Cream

One tablespoon butter, 4 tablespoons icing sugar, 1 egg white, essence.

Cream the butter, add the icing sugar, then the stiffly-beaten white of egg and essence. Beat well and use as a filling for cakes.

Half cup milk, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon butter, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Make a blanc mange with the milk and cornflour. Stir well till cool, then add the creamed butter and sugar very gradually. Beat well for 10 minutes. Use as filling for sponge sandwiches.

it begins to thicken, then add whipped cream, stir carefully until thoroughly mixed, turn into a mould, and stand aside to set. Serve with whipped cream heaped around the base.

### APRICOT MALLOW

One tin of apricots, 1½ cups marshmallows, 1 cup thin cream, sugar to taste.

Drain all juice from the apricots. Put the juice aside. Slice the fruit, also marshmallows, put in alternate layers into dish, adding sugar if liked. Pour over the cream and allow to stand in refrigerator for six hours. Serve with the chilled sweetened apricot juice.

### COFFEE JUNKET

One pint milk, 1 junket tablet, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence.

Dissolve junket tablet in 1 dessertspoon water. Warm the milk to blood heat. Add the sugar and essence. Stir in the dissolved tablet. Pour into a glass dish and stand in a warm place to set, being careful not to move till set.

When quite cold serve with whipped cream.

### PEACH WHIP

One cup peach pulp, 1 cup peach syrup, 1 tablespoon gelatine, whites 2 eggs, sugar to taste, whipped cream, slices of peach.

Soak gelatine in 1 cup cold water, then dissolve over hot water. Add pulp, syrup, and sugar. Mix well. When almost cold add the beaten whites, beating in well till stiff and frothy. Fill small glass cup with the mixture. Place a spoonful of whipped cream on top and garnish with 1 slice of peach. Serve very cold.

### NINSEY PUDDING

Two heaped tablespoons cornflour, 1½ tablespoons cocoa, blanched almonds, sugar to taste, 1 pint milk, cinnamon essence.

Blend the cornflour and cocoa with a little milk, put remainder on to boil with sugar, and when almost boiling pour on to the cornflour. Return to the saucepan and stir till it boils. Cook for one minute. Add essence, and almonds which have been sliced. Pour into wetted mould. Leave till set. Turn out and serve with boiled custard or whipped cream.

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

October 23, 1937.

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## Calling Australia!

### Moviedom News As It Happens

By BARBARA BOURCHIER and JUDY BAILEY

from Hollywood and London

#### Miriam Hopkins Weds

MIRIAM HOPKINS and Anton Litvak flew from Hollywood to Yuma, Arizona, to be married by Judge Kelly. Hollywood is stunned by the news. They were accompanied only by Mady Christians and Fritz Lang.

The newlyweds are staying at the home recently purchased by Miriam, which once belonged to John Gilbert.

Litvak, who is directing "Tovarich," or "To-night's Our Night," as it is now called, with Claudette Colbert and Charles Boyer, had to return to work the morning after his marriage.

The romance between the brilliant blonde actress and the director began when they met on the s.s. Normandie on their way to Hollywood from Europe. Some time later he directed her in "The Woman I Love."

This is Miriam's second marriage. Her first husband was Austen Parker.

#### Joy Howarth in Demand

THE heaps of fan mail sent to Constance Worth (Joy Howarth) during her recent marital tribulations made the studio sit up and take notice. Several talent scouts were sent to the courtroom to observe the pretty

#### "Room Service" the Next Marx Lunacy

• R.K.O. is signing the Marx Brothers for the star roles in "Room Service," the highly successful Broadway comedy, for which the studio paid £50,000—possibly the highest price ever given for screen rights to a play. And it is said that the salaries of the brothers will total another £50,000. So that R.K.O. will be spending half a million dollars on the show before it even goes before the cameras. Which indicates Hollywood's opinion of the box office drawing power of the Marx trio.

blonde as she testified, with tears in her eyes, in soft clear tones.

R.K.O. had permitted her contract to lapse after her marriage to George Brent, but it is understood that they will be glad of the chance to sign her up again, if another studio hasn't already captured her.

#### Mary Boland, Playwright

COMEDIENNE MARY BOLAND is not as feather-brained in real life as she appears to be on the screen. At the moment Mary is off in her favorite hide-out writing a play which she hopes to present on Broadway next year. The play is based on her own life in the theatre.



#### Jessie Among Thieves

• In "Sparkles" (Gaumont-British), Jessie Matthews is innocently involved with a gangster, Nat Pendleton (top left), and a jewel thief, Liane Ordeyne (lower left). Lower right: Patrick Ludlow and Olive Blakeney.

#### Fox Books Annabella

WHEN the charming French star, Annabella, made such a hit with "Wings of the Morning," astute Darryl Zanuck lost no time in getting her name on a contract for 20th Century-Fox, and now announces that she will arrive in Hollywood in time to start her first American picture in November. This will be a screen version of the French play "Jean," and William Powell will be leading man. Zanuck originally intended to use Simone Simon for "Jean," but evidently decided Annabella would mean bigger business. Anyway, he has the publicity department all ready to give the clever French actress a true Zanuckian build-up, and hopes she'll become one of his biggest stars.

#### Adele Astaire Comes Back

WHEN Adele Astaire's marriage to Lord Cavendish ended her world-famed dancing partnership with brother Fred, the wiseacres smiled knowingly. "Adele," they said, "won't be deserting the stage or the films forever. She'll be back some day. It's in the Astaire blood."

For once, the wiseacres are right. Lady Cavendish, of Lismore Castle, County Waterford, Ireland—Adele Astaire to the millions—has capitulated to the family impulse.

She is back in London to make one picture—with Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier. "Just one," she says. "Brother Fred," she added laughingly, "is the most surprised person in the world."

But there are many people who are far from surprised.

## YOU CAN BE LOVELIER THIS WAY TOO!



(Above)—Eleanor Powell using Max Factor Powder. She likes its fine texture and the way it clings so smoothly to her face.

Eleanor Powell, M.G.M. star, accents her beauty with Max Factor's Color Harmony Make-Up, which is used by 96% of all Hollywood film stars. You can look your loveliest this way too! Max Factor has created a special shade of powder, rouge and harmonizing lipstick to glorify your complexion and your personality.

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(At Right)—Eleanor Powell uses Max Factor rouge to give her cheeks a glowing color.



(At Left)—To complete a triumphant make-up, Eleanor Powell applies Max Factor lipstick in her correct Color Harmony Shade.

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NAME	COMPLEXION	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
	Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BEIGE <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Grey <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Oily <input type="checkbox"/>
	Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Normal <input type="checkbox"/>
ADDRESS	Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	LIPS <input type="checkbox"/>
	Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist <input type="checkbox"/>
CITY	Tallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Dry <input type="checkbox"/>
	Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE <input type="checkbox"/>
STATE	Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	
		Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	

\* If hair is grey, check grey shade and send.

# HOW THEY Sell THEMSELVES

## Clever Showmanship of the Stars

BY  
MARY  
OLIVIER

Hollywood, home of ballyhoo, capital of make-believe—how much of its fame is the result of clever showmanship!

From the big movie producers down to the most unimportant extra, its inmates have brought the art of self-advertisement to such a degree of perfection that half of the world has come to accept all it hears about them as actual fact.

**A**MONG the finest showmen are the stars themselves. Sometimes assisted by the nimble imaginations of their publicity men (or women), they have surrounded themselves with an aura of unreality that makes continuous and excellent copy for the Press.

It is not a new phase by any means. The sirens of the old silent days—Theda Bara, Betty Blythe, Pola Negri, Mae Murray and lots of others—used to drape themselves in satins and "phoney" jewels and have themselves photographed on tiger rugs with incense burners all over the place.

Clara Bow's "it" was as clever a piece of showmanship as has ever been promulgated in the name of entertainment.

Little Lois Moran, because of her young and unsophisticated appearance, sold herself to the public as a modest Alice-sit-by-the-fire. Actually she was one of the wildest young people Hollywood has ever known.

### Super-Showmen

**I**t is impossible to talk of showmanship without mentioning the names of Tom Mix, Cecil de Mille, and Greta Garbo.

Mix, with his initials carved into everything from his flash automobile to his elaborate bath, with his white horse and trappings studded with genuine diamonds, rubies and emeralds, his ten gallon hat worn with full evening dress and his extensive wardrobe of cowboy suits, was always one of the sights of Hollywood.

De Mille obtained his reputation as a showman not so much for his expensive and pretentious productions as for his famous bath tubs, without which no de Mille picture has ever been complete.

Garbo's mystery is, of course, only another example of excellent showmanship, thought up jointly by the lady and her publicity manager, Harry Edington. It has been the mainstay of her career from the day she refused to be photographed with visiting celebrities to the present moment when one word uttered by her is more important than a bookful from any other screen star.

Corinne Griffith was another clever showman of the silent era. It was this pretty little actress herself who coined her nickname, "the orchid lady," and arranged to be photographed always in negligees and other wispy, flowing garments, reclining in boudoir surroundings amid as many flowers as could be mustered for the occasion—preferably orchids. In that way she built up a lot of sympathy for her apparent fragility, though actually she was every bit as robust as the next



• CLARA BOW'S "it" was one of the most inspired publicity lines ever taken by the industry.

person. Her gag was a good one, and how it worked!

Fifi D'Orray's successful impersonation of a French hotcha baby, full of pep and temperament, was another piece of typical Hollywood presentation. Fifi, in truth, was as American as Joan Crawford, but everybody fell for her act.

And talking of temperament brings to mind two other ladies who, by creating for themselves reputations for fierceness, have earned themselves a generous share of limelight. I refer to Lupe Velez, the Mexican passion-flower, and Simone Simon, the Parisian pepper-pot.

### Lupe and Simone

**L**UPE'S fierce outbursts, her public quarrels with Johnny Weissmuller and many of her friends, have made her a figure of interest and color—which, after all, is the goal of every Hollywood star.

Simone hadn't pushed her first pout onto the screen before the globe had twice been encircled by stories of her temperament, her tigers (to match her personality), and her 38 trunks of clothes (which have never been seen either on the screen or off).



• FRED MacMURRAY is publicised as a romantic playboy—a typical Man about Hollywood

temperament—dear old temperament—was always good for a revival, and Hollywood hadn't had a dash of it in all of three weeks.

So "temperamental" Simone made her bow, and it is a wonder the presses didn't stop with sheer shame as they turned out the reams of showmanlike publicity about "La Tendre Sauvage" and her fire-eating escapades.

Jean Harlow, as the platinum blonde, was another ace of show-

manship. Her white locks and her ultra-sophistication were the most sensational diversions the screen has known in a long time. Now Joan Fontaine has let showmanship go to her head, too. Joan, born a pretty mid-blonde, has lately emerged as a "crystal blonde" (whatever that is), and as a result of her self-presenta-



• JEAN HARLOW. The "platinum blonde" slogan helped immensely to whirl her towards international fame.

tion in this new light is lifting quite a healthy slice of current publicity.

Sonja Henie, despite her innocent blue eyes, golden curls and baby face, has a lot of shrewdness for her 23 years. When Sonja came to Hollywood, nobody but a few skating enthusiasts were interested in watching her perform. Sonja's hiring of the Palace Skating Rink, her invitation to all the big producers to watch her do her stuff, and her subsequent landing of one of the most lucrative contracts Hollywood has ever handed out are now history.

Sonja has been clever enough to continue attracting attention by dubbing herself "Hollywood's Snow White." The first thing she did was to lease a luxurious residence which immediately was painted and furnished in white. Then she bought an expensive automobile—also white. Nor is she ever seen (except when on the set) in any clothes but white.

### Gentlemen Also

**B**UT in case you conceive the idea that movie showmanship is limited to women, let me remind you how successfully Fred MacMurray, Cary Grant, and a few other of the screen's handsome heroes have sold themselves as romantic playboys—the typical Men About Hollywood. And notice how Gable has gone out of his way to persuade you that, even if all other actors are effeminate, he at least is not—even to the extent of being photographed fishing, riding, and shooting in his oldest and most disreputable clothes. Or how Ronald Colman has, for years, set himself up as the film colony's recluse. Eddie Cantor as the model family man, and Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone as the perfect film couple.

Haven't the Marx Brothers and, lately, the Rita Brothers, convinced you that they are just as mad in real life as in reel? And hasn't Adolphe Menjou persuaded you that he is the best-dressed man in America?

All showmanship, my dears, cleverly thought out. Just the stars selling themselves to you and millions of others.

# ROBBERY UNDER ARCS

## Tricks of the Scene-Stealers

By JOAN SEBASTIAN

"STOP, THIEF!" This cry has been raised against a score of Hollywood actors and actresses — even little children. Yet none of them can be arrested.

Dozens of times you've read reviews which state that "So-and-so stole the picture from the star." For the star concerned, this may be as serious as grand larceny; but it is a form of theft which the law does not cover.

IT is not by chance that a scene is stolen. Carefully worked out tricks are employed, tricks that troupers learn during their hard fight for screen survival. And you've seen grand larceny performed right before your nose as dramas and comedies flash upon the silver sheet.

For the most part you do not recognise the culprit at work. All you know is that your eye follows one person in a group and not the others. If the person whose movements you watch is not the one who should be carrying the dramatic situation at that particular moment—then the scene has been stolen. You don't stop to analyse it. All you know is that you liked that person and want to see him again.

### Barrymore Bandits

AND that is the very attitude he has worked to accomplish.

The ordinary safe-cracker has an amazing array of tools (if you don't know what they are, you've forgotten your gangster pictures), but the studio thief has only his face, his hands and a few extraneous props. Once you catch on, you can watch for his tricks in the next picture you see—and catch the thief.

It is true that studios don't like actor's tricks, because they take up valuable time. But as long as there is a drop of real actor's blood in Hollywood, and as long as the name of Barrymore commands a bowed head, there'll be scene stealing, and plenty of it.

The Barrymore boys learned scene-stealing at their mother's knee. Lionel, in particular, is a pastmaster in the art of deflecting the attention of the audience away from the player to whom it legitimately should be given, to himself.

For example, there are his nervous gestures. He is constantly washing his hands in invisible water, or grasping his coat lapels. He seldom lets his fingers remain motionless. This naturally attracts the attention of the audience because they are never certain just what he is about to do.

Brother Jack knows a few tricks himself. You've probably seen him pull the starting gag. While a scene is in progress, he gazes fixedly at the actor with whom he is working. And the fellow becomes so confused that he doesn't know whether he is Louis B. Mayer or the prop boy.

Gestures, of course, play a large part in this amazing business of thievery. You may remember George Bancroft invariably reaching for a handkerchief during another's speech. Watch for Jack Oakie with a slightly moving hand to his face most of the time. Wallace Beery once stole a scene when he was forced to play his back to the camera. He was wearing a dark suit and carrying light gloves. He folded his hands behind him, holding the gloves. The splash of white against the dark suit was an eye-catcher.

Wally has another famous and favorite trick.

He will not read a line twice in the same way. Players never know just what he is going to say next and they are, therefore, so intent upon catching Wally's lines that they are unable to resort to any tricks themselves. He never does the same piece of business twice. He moves one way during a rehearsal and exactly the opposite way during the shot, thereby neatly keeping the other actors' attention upon him.

Even Garbo has her tricks, but, like everything else about Garbo, they are far from obvious. For instance, it is her habit to ignore the mistakes of others. She will not take time out for corrections. She goes through a scene only twice and then leaves for her dressing-room. Hence, the rest of the cast are so busy trying to keep from making errors that they have little time for scene stealing. And that may account for the fact that Garbo's leading men, excellent actors when playing with other stars, are often not so good when they play with her.

The famous Montgomery smile has taken many a scene from a fair lady. Bob invariably smiles during the scenes of other actors—and attracts the attention. The person playing a scene with Edward Arnold is momentarily lost when Arnold lets loose his rich and rumbling laughter. They say that Katharine Hepburn pretends that she does not hear the director's orders and goes on playing in her own way while the rest of the cast follow.



### GALLERY OF STARS

## Humphrey Bogart

(Warner Brothers)

His next film will be "A Slight Case of Murder."

when he pitted his skill in "Murder at the Vanities" against that of Vic McLaglen. It was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

At the end of one important scene they both had to go out the same door. The last actor out of the scene usually gets the scene, because after he is left alone in front of the camera he can do almost anything he likes on his exit.

In the rehearsals Oakie always arranged it that McLaglen had to go out of the door first, and for a while didn't think Vic was noticing that Jack was pushing him a little. But then came the "take," and the hefty McLaglen gave Jack such a push that he went right through the sound proofing and landed on the street.

In a recent picture, a well-known stage actress, playing opposite Edward Arnold, "up-staged" the actor to such an extent that he finally found himself with his back square to the camera. Arnold let her finish, then still facing away from the lens, he audaciously began to scratch himself. Needless to say, the lady's scene was lost; all eyes were on Mr. Arnold and his itch.

A strange part of the whole business is that an actor may steal a scene from under the nose of his best friend. And yet it is usually forgotten when quitting time comes. It's all a recognised part of the game.

And it often makes for better performances when every man, woman, and child in a cast is out for plunder.

But the greatest of all screen battles was waged between Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe, while they were making their famous Sergeant Quirt and Captain Piagg series. Here were two fine troupers, with equal parts, fighting for screen supremacy.

Lowe and McLaglen became synonyms for "backing up." In the legitimate theatre it is called "up-staging."

### "Getting Up-stage"

IT'S a simple trick. The actor who wants to be most in the spotlight takes a step upward away from the camera or the audience. This means that the other person, in speaking to him, must turn his head away from the camera.

Eddie Lowe and Vic McLaglen would start a scene before the camera and back up on each other until they ended it quite a long distance off. And every step of the way they tried to out-face and out-grin each other.

Jack Oakie is an inveterate scene-stealer, but



● THE FAMILY ALBUM furnished four pictures (left) of Wayne Morris at 4, 8, 14, and 18 years. At 18 he was a trainee in the U.S. Army. (Right) The 22-year-old star of to-day.

## WAYNE MORRIS GOES AHEAD

Success of "Kid Galahad"

By BARBARA BOURCHIER

His performance as the boxing hero of "Kid Galahad" has brought Wayne Morris into the ranks of those who matter to the women film-goers of the world,

and Warner Brothers are busily setting about the job of developing the possibilities of this fair-haired young giant.

His next film, to be released here in a few weeks, is "Submarine D.1," a masculine story of life in the United States Navy, in which he co-stars with Pat O'Brien and George Brent.

ONLY 22 years of age at present, he was discovered by Maxwell Arnow, Warner Bros.' casting director, when he was still at College.

In his spare time he attended the Pasadena Community Playhouse School of the Theatre, and found it so interesting that he gave up his ambition to become a statesman and decided to be an actor if he could.

One evening in 1935 Maxwell Arnow attended a performance of "Yellow Jack" at the Pasadena School. At the end of the first act, he sent a note back-stage requesting Wayne to report at the Warner studios the following day for an interview.

He was given a long-term contract that day, and was assigned to a small part in "China Clipper."

The last week at school was a hectic one for Wayne. He worked during the day at the studios on "China Clipper," and burned the midnight oil so as to pass his examinations. He succeeded in both jobs.

### Promising Boxer

THE big, blonde, likeable youth, who soon had all Hollywood asking "Who is he?" is six-foot two in his bare feet and weighs nearly 13st. In college he excelled at football, basketball, fencing and boxing.

Wayne must have been a tough opponent for the lads at college, too, for anyone who saw him in "Kid Galahad" will tell you that the fight scenes were the most realistic ever seen on the screen. It is common gossip around Hollywood that Mushy Callahan, ex-welterweight champion and now professional referee and trainer, slated the movie-makers right and left for not letting him make a professional fighter of Wayne Morris.

The Morris family—Wayne, parents and elder brother—live in a fine old house on Orange Grove Avenue, Pasadena. The elder Morris is vice-president of one of California's leading stationery companies.

Hollywood would not be Hollywood if it did not mention the name of such a charming, up-and-coming young fellow as Wayne Morris in the pages of romantic gossip. He has been "seen around" with Alice Paye at such spots as previews, the Hollywood Bowl and the Brown Derby.

But this association is generally suspected to be a publicity stunt arranged by press-agents.

Nevertheless, what does seem to be authentic is that, during the weeks Wayne was away making location shots for "Submarine D.1," he put through a call every day to Lana Turner, a young lady who makes her first screen appearance in Mervyn Le Roy's "They Won't Forget."

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AT ALL THE SMARTER STORES

## SONJA HENIE

THE WONDER AND  
THE LOVELINESS  
OF HER

Have we got good news for you? The wonder girl, the lovely girl, the girl in a million is back again. She has brought her flashing, slashing, speeding skates with her and a brand new boy-friend—none other than Tyrone Power, her real life hand-holder.

"THIN ICE" is Twentieth Century-Fox's title for her second picture. It was, for a while, called "Lovely To Look At." We sympathize with whoever was asked to select a definite title. To us they're perfectly appropriate. That is, they both describe something we must expect from Sonja.

It's wonderfully exhilarating just to watch Sonja Henie in "Thin Ice." Like the marvellous entertainer she is "The Girl in a Million" did not present the half of her wonder. Spectacular ice ballets composed of the beauty of America's skaters rhythmically move with her as her sliding, scintillating skates carry her in the focus of a high-speed camera. Tunesful melodies that make it as delightful to listen to as it is lovely to look at—the perfect accompaniment to the poetry of motion expressed in fascinating feminine dimensions—Sonja Henie in "Thin Ice."

"Thin Ice" will be released in Sydney at the Regent Theatre on October 22 and in other States at an early date. Here's the cast: SONJA HENIE, TYRONE POWER, Arthur Treacher, Raymond Walburn, Alan Hale, Leah Ray, Joan Davis, Sig Ruman, lots of others, and one hundred and more beautiful skaters.



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\* RAMON

# HERE'S Hot NEWS

From John B. Davies, New York; Barbara Bouchier,  
Hollywood; and Judy Bailey, London

**HOLLYWOOD** is delighted because Jean Hersholt has announced that Dr. Allan Roy Dafeo, the little country doctor who became world famous when he brought the Dionne quintuplets into the world three years ago, will be his house guest in the movie town next year.

Hersholt became very friendly with the doctor when

THE film rivalry of Jeanette MacDonald and Grace Moore has not affected their personal friendship, in spite of unkind rumors to the contrary. At a recent party the two songsters spent most of the evening chatting with each other, in the gayest of spirits.

A KIND gesture was made the other day by the members of the cast of the Eddie Cantor picture, "All Baba." Eddie was to give them a huge party to celebrate the completion of the film. But as two workers were killed when the fifteen hundred pound magic carpet, being used in trick shots, collapsed, the men, petitioned Cantor to call off the party and give the money he would have spent on it to the families of the two men.

Cantor agreed willingly, and also persuaded the studio to cancel the two days' work that was to be done with the trick carpet, in case the mechanism might again break down and cause further accidents.

ALTHOUGH Elaine Barimore does not have a mid-day meal herself, she never fails to show up at luncheon at the Paramount Studio to join her husband. She smokes while John devours enough for two. The chat with Elaine seems to keep John in fine humor. His good behaviour, lack of temperament, and hard work continue to amaze the studio executives.

THERE seems to have been a dearth of available leading men for the Hollywood beauties in the last month or so. Kay Francis waited for weeks while the studio searched frantically for a leading man for her "Return from Limbo," but they've finally settled on Pat O'Brien.

The case of Katharine Hepburn's "Bringing Up Baby" is getting amusing. Every second day for the past several weeks the studio has announced a new leading man who would definitely play opposite her—and every time something has happened to prevent it. Bob Montgomery was the latest, but he stepped out at the last minute and now Hepburn is still minus a hero.

Another part for which every eligible male in town has been considered is that of Lily Pons' leading man in "It Never Happened Before." We can't remember them all, but Cary Grant, Ray Milland, and Gene Raymond were among those announced—and now it appears none of them is available.

FROM Warners comes the news that the title of "Tovarich" has been changed back to "Tovarich," instead of "To-night's Our Night." It's all very complicated, but you see, when Warners decided to make a movie of the successful stage play, "Tovarich," they thought many people wouldn't know how to pronounce "Tovarich," and it wouldn't mean anything to them, so they retitled it "To-night's Our Night."

Then everyone who had ever seen or heard of the stage play told them they were crazy and would miss a lot of good publicity by the change. They remained obstinate till Claudette Colbert, who stars in the screen play, remembered she had once made a picture called "To-night Is Ours," and if she made another one called "To-night's Our Night," the public might stay away, thinking they had seen it. So now it's "Tovarich" again, and everybody's happy.

## DOTS and DASHES

Luise Rainer, enthusiastic after making a big success of decorating her own apartment in New York, begging friends to let her re-do their homes. Allan Jones battling M.-G.-M. because he doesn't like his role in "Ugly Duckling." Mae West announcing she'll wear a black wig and speak French for a sequence in her next flicker. Tyrone Power continuing to beau Janet Gaynor steadily. Claudette Colbert back at work on "Tovarich" after a bout of sinus trouble. The Anne Shirley-John Payne honeymoon again interrupted when bridegroom Payne was called back to town to test for the leading role opposite Ginger Rogers in "Having Wonderful Time," screen version of the hit stage play. Clark Gable hanging around the local airports getting acquainted with the pilots to absorb atmosphere for his next effort, "Test Pilot." Mary Astor busy teaching the fine points of acting to her husband, Manuel del Campo, who is going on the legitimate stage.

he visited Callander, the "quins" home town, during the making of the two quintuplet pictures, in which he played the role of the doctor.

IT looks as though Jane Withers' wish to attend a regular public school "like other kids" will not be granted after all. For months little Jane has been begging her mother and the studio to enrol her in a public school. The other day they finally consented, but unfortunately the school authorities had other ideas. They told Mrs. Withers, much as they'd like to have Jane as a pupil, they were afraid the fact she is a screen celebrity would seriously hinder her school work and would probably upset the routine of the other students, and therefore advised she should continue her education in the studio school as long as she remains on the screen. So now Jane has decided it's no fun being famous.

FOR her new picture, "Every Day's a Holiday," Mae West may do the dance of the seven veils.

CHARLES FARRELL is off to Hollywood, having spent more than a year in England. When not working in the studios, Charles has lived a quiet life in the English countryside.

He is tremendously sorry to be leaving England, but says he'll probably be back soon. He will do a little stage work in the United States, to keep himself in trim for further films.

THE nursery in the home of the Gary Coopers is now being painted pink. It had remained unpainted pending the arrival of the heir.

Mrs. Gary Cooper, the former Sandra Shaw of the stage, is the mother of a bouncing baby girl weighing 7 pounds and 4 ounces.

The mother and the child are doing nicely, but the tall, lean actor is haggard and exhausted by the ordeal.



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## For Men

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# PRIVATE VIEWS

## ★★ IT'S ALL YOURS

Madeleine Carroll, Francis Lederer. (Columbia.)

IN a lean week for Sydney releases this featherweight comedy takes an easy first place.

The picture is stolen deftly by Mischa Auer, in the part of a fortune-hunting French nobleman. His wooing of wealthy Madeleine Carroll is frankly mercenary, and is carried out with rich absurdity.

Highlight of the film is his imitation of a bullfighter in action, which is interrupted by a real bull. It happens during a picnic full of delightful disasters.

When Auer is not rolling his eyes and making ridiculous love, there is not very much left in the picture except Madeleine Carroll.

But she is a good deal. She is an amazingly beautiful person, as always, and a much more amusing screen personality than she was a few years back.

As a secretary who has inherited a fortune from her boss, she sets out to bring her boss' disinherited nephew to a sense of responsibility. She does it by playing the fool so irresponsibly herself, in the company of Mischa Auer, that even the playboy nephew is shocked.

Francis Lederer, the ex-playboy, handles a thin part with some charm. The temperature of the comedy is lukewarm until Auer comes on the scene. He galvanises the show.—State; showing.

## ★ SLAVE SHIP

Warner Baxter, Elizabeth Allan. (Fox.)

IF there is any actor whose noble features radiate justice, chivalry, and other virtues, that man is Warner Baxter.

Yet he is cast here as the captain of a ship engaged in the monstrous traffic in slaves between Africa and America. Which is absurd—even though he does reform early in the

film under the angelic if cloying influence of Elizabeth Allan.

During one of the half-hearted and conventional love-scenes a camera shot shows her dog pricking up its ears. This ancient trick is typical of the uninspired direction.

After skipper Baxter has decided to go straight and has taken his little bride to bear him company his crew mutinies and compels him to go to Africa for a cargo of slaves. On the way back he gets the upper hand, and with the help of a single cabin-boy not only keeps the whole crew at bay for several days but navigates the ship to a British naval station. Nice work—if it were credible.

But it is not nearly as exciting as it ought to be, because the film drifts on in a desultory way and its atmosphere is unreal. It quite fails to recreate the horror of the whole slave business.

Wallace Beery, as mate of the hell-ship, is much the same as he is in any other role. Still, he acts like a genuine ruffian. Mickey Rooney turns in a good characterisation as the game

## Week's Best Release

"IT'S ALL YOURS."

Prothy comedy, with Mischa Auer raising the laughs.

cabin boy. He and Beery help to bring the picture barely inside the average class. But it is vastly disappointing.—Plaza, showing.

## ★ BORN RECKLESS

Brian Donlevy, Rochelle Hudson. (Fox.)

STRONG men adopt an unusual method of knocking each other about in this film. Their weapons are taxi-cabs, in which the drivers of rival companies charge around like rogue elephants.

The upright company, with Brian Donlevy as star wrecker, puts up a

## OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—excellent.

★★ Two stars—good films.

★ One star—average films.

No stars . . . no good.

winning fight against some racketeers, led by Barton MacLane. The latter takes a very unporting advantage, though, when they add an armoured juggernaut to their battered fleet of cabs.

In between crashes Brian gets on good terms with Rochelle Hudson, who is lovely and inanimate as usual.

Brian Donlevy, an efficient hero, is less interesting than he used to be as a sinister thug.

With no comedy to season it, the picture comes fairly low down in the action class.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

## ★ BEHIND THE HEADLINES

Lee Tracy, Diana Gibson. (R.E.O.)

THIS is straight thrill stuff, with the "goodies" battling against the "badies" in the way dear to the hearts of the children on Saturday afternoon—though for some reason the censorship has marked the film "adult."

Lee Tracy plays a rambling radio reporter who broadcasts fires, burglaries, and so on from the spot by means of a pocket short-wave transmitter. Lee is still the screen's fastest elocutionist, but this time unfortunately he is not given anything clever to say.

Villain of the piece is wizened little Donald Meek, whose gang steal a load of gold bricks from the Government, and take Diana Gibson, girl reporter, along at the same time because she knows too much.

Will the "goodies"—that is, the police and Lee Tracy—reach distressed Diana in the nick of time? Of course they do, for she is lucky enough to have a portable radio transmitter handy, to send out her S.O.S.

A commonplace film.—Capitol and King's Cross, showing.

## ★ EMPTY HOLSTERS

Dick Foran. (Cameo.)

IF you like songs by cowboy Dick Foran about his boots, saddle, and other equipment, you will find this Western well up to the standard of his eleven previous films.

He has two good new numbers this time—"Old Corral" and "I Gotta Get Back to My Gal."

His heroine is Patricia Walthall,



MADELEINE CARROLL is teamed with Francis Lederer and Mischa Auer in "It's All Yours," new Columbia comedy.

daughter of the late Henry B. Walthall, who makes her debut here, but has a long way to go yet.

A hunt for gold-stealers is the basis for a display of hard riding and hitting in a moderate production. Western fans will enjoy it; others need not apply.—Cameo and Haymarket-Civic, showing.

## DANGEROUS ADVENTURE

Don Perry, Rosalind Keith. (Columbia.)

WITH the interesting background of a steelworks, this might have been a passable film. Instead it is a ludicrously poor one, chiefly because Don Perry, the tough hero, is one of the worst actors imaginable.

As Shoulders, foreman of the plant, he punches and shouts and grinds his teeth in a way that is too much even for filmgoers who have endured years of screen brutality.

Rosalind Keith, who inherits the steelworks, is apparently meant to be taken as a brave girl who struggles to do a man's job. Actually she appears to be an idiot; she falls wallop into the most obvious trap laid for her by

a wicked superintendent. Moreover, she is a very ill-mannered idiot, whose rudeness can compete with that of Shoulders himself.

You will go a long way to see a more grotesque hero and heroine.—Lyric, showing.

## Flashes from Hollywood

CLAUDE RAINS—husband for the fourth time—expects to become a father for the first time in January.

Jean Ackers, former wife of the late Rudolph Valentino, announces that she will be married in January to a prominent sportsman and horse-breeder, but won't divulge his name.

Most American children want to grow up to be President of the United States, but Bobby Breen has a different ambition. He wants to be an actor like Paul Muni and win the Academy Award.

Glamorous Marlene Dietrich's favorite dish is hash.

Bing Crosby is on another reducing diet. He is finding it increasingly difficult to keep the waistline down to regulation alimness. He is due to start in a new picture soon, and studio officials are a little worried.

Since Miriam Hopkins' marriage to Director Anatole Litvak, she hasn't displayed a single outburst of temperament.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By Captain Fawcett

A REPLICA OF AN OCTOPUS MADE OF RUBBER AND CONTROLLED BY A REMOTE BOARD WAS BUILT FOR "SH. THE OCTOPUS."

PEGGY RYAN, 11 YEAR-OLD DANCING MARVEL IS THE WORLD'S FASTEST TAP DANCER.

EDW. G. ROBINSON, WHO STARTED THE CYCLE OF GANGSTER FILMS WITH "LITTLE CAESAR", IS NOW CAST IN A PICTURE CALLED "THE LAST GANGSTER."

## Famous for their Endurance

Sheets and Pillow Cases made from cloth manufactured at Finlay's Mills in Scotland bear a tab with the name Finlay's.

Finlay's goods are obtainable from all first class drapers throughout Australia.

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Amazingly quick action of the Original Aspirin.

Bayer Aspirin tablets will dispel any pain. No doubt about that. One tablet will prove it. Swallow it. The pain is gone. Relief is as simple as that.

No harmful after-effects from genuine Bayer Aspirin. It never depresses the heart, nor upsets the stomach, and you need never hesitate to make use of these tablets.

So it is needless to suffer from headache, toothache or neuralgia. The pains of sciatica, lumbago, rheumatism or neuritis can be banished completely in a few moments, the discomfort of colds can be avoided. To women Bayer Aspirin is a blessing indeed.

If you have been using an imitation of this original Aspirin (discovered by Bayer and introduced to the medical profession in 1900), note the difference after the very first dose. Bayer Aspirin costs no more than ordinary aspirin. So insist on Bayer when you buy.

All chemists sell boxes containing 13 Bayer tablets, also bottles of 24 and 100 tablets—the Bayer Cross trade mark appears on every tablet. Bayer means Better.

## THEATRE ROYAL

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GEORGE GEE

"OVER SHE GOES"

Big Supporting Cast.



# The WIDOW from TOKIO

FREE SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN  
WOMEN'S WEEKLY.  
MUST NOT BE SOLD  
SEPARATELY.



By ...

*Viola C.  
West*

COMPLETE BOOK-  
LENGTH NOVEL

# The Widow from Tokio

By VIOLA C. WEST



HE Clerk at the desk of the Hotel Centralia greeted Tessie Riordan with a friendly grin.

"What's biting the little girl this morning?" he asked.

Tessie's chubby face was lugubrious. Her short, plump figure seemed to exude an aura of boredom.

"Listen, Bill Boner," she said, her voice more than usually husky. "I've had a tough one put over me."

These two knew each other well. The one, a much-married man with a large family, was perfectly content to live out his life as a desk-clerk in the most celebrated hotel in Sydney. The other, a dumpy little suburban girl with a brilliant university career behind her had taken to journalism because her family could not afford to let her realise her life's dream—to become a research chemist. She had succeeded, however, in making herself a very useful member of the social reporting staff of the "Daily Wire," a newspaper that, after many vicissitudes, had become, under canny management, a vast success.

"Well, what's happened?" queried Bill Boner. "Has the editor sacked you—as he should have done long ago—for plain incompetence and plain looks?"

Tessie wrinkled her nose, a nose that her friends called pet, and her enemies, who were few, snub.

"Bill Boner, be serious. The new head of the social staff has detailed me off to pick up what she calls real life stories from the visitors at the big hotel. Yours being the biggest—if not the best—I've come to you for a lead. Tell me who among your women guests of the moment is worth interviewing."

The corners of Mr. Boner's big mouth were turned down.

"You know the routine about personal pars, Tess. I can't break any rules, even for you."

"Ah, have a heart, Bill. If you don't—well, I'll tell Mrs. Boner I saw you, after hours, in the cocktail lounge."

"Police!" said Mr. Boner unemotionally. "I'm home every night exactly thirty-five minutes after my shift. But, honestly, Tessie, there's just the usual run of visitors."

Mr. Boner turned over the pages of a large book. "Here's the list as it stands up to eleven o'clock to-day."

"Mr. Aloysius Smith," he mumbled. "Skin-buyer—often here. Mrs. Ellice Darnton. Down from the ancestral sheep station. You've done her in social pars a dozen times. Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. All the way

from the U.S.A., and about as interesting as a pair of pork pies. Just globe-trotters. Mr. Clarence Tawes—one of the regulars. You know, in town to have a look at the chorus girls. Mr. Alfred Kernow—stock-broker from Melbourne—Mr. —"

"I want a woman, not a man," interrupted Tessie impatiently.

"Oh, do you," said Mr. Boner in a non-committal voice. "Madame Brenda Damour —"

"Here," demanded Tessie. "She sounds interesting. Her name's almost too good to be true. Say it again."

"Madame Brenda Damour. Nothing much there. Comes via Japan. Quiet woman. Rather pretty. Widow's weeds. . . Now I come to think of it, she might be worth while. She was too quiet."

"And that name," ventured Tessie hopefully.

"Bit on the romantic side, I must admit. But I think she's just another globe-trotter. And her bank references are right. We checked 'em immediately. Ha, ha!"

"Bill Boner, I want a word with her."

"Oh, all right. Number 18, third floor. Once again, though, I'm almost risking my job for you."

"Thanks," said Tessie Riordan. "Me for the lift. And tell Mrs. Boner I'll be out one night very soon. I've got some recipes for her."

Mr. Boner's eyes glistened and the tip of his tongue ran over his lips.

"More of those Greek dishes?" "No," drawled Tessie. "Merely a few ways of preparing infants' food."

But Bill Boner knew. A teetotaler and a non-smoker, he loved good food. During two years of his acquaintance with the Press woman, he had learned to appreciate the results of Tessie's visits to his Burwood villa. Almost always Tessie brought with her some hitherto unknown recipes that Mrs. Boner, superb cook and astute wife, knew how to serve up to her lord.

Tessie knocked at the door of Room 18, third floor.

"Come in."

What a delightful voice, thought the Press woman. Low-pitched, but very clear, and with a cooling cadence that bestowed on the two commonplace words a nameless charm. Even as Tessie Riordan opened the door she received the impression that the woman she was to meet would have abundant vitality and great charm.

The door was open. The woman and Press woman looked at each other.

"Good-morning," said the Press woman. "Good-morning," said the woman, doubtfully. "I thought it was a house-servant. I beg your pardon."

"H'm, didn't say servant or chamber-

maid," was the swift thought of Tessie. "Used to Eastern countries."

Madame Brenda Damour saw before her five feet of snub-nosed female journalist with alert hazel eyes in a face not remarkable for anything but a bad complexion unconcealed beneath badly-applied make-up. Tessie's figure would have been described as consisting of curves by any man likely to fall in love with her; and as dumpy by everybody else.

Tessie saw before her a woman about five feet seven inches in height. Her hair was honey-colored, parted and smoothed back into a small knot on the nape of what Tessie instantly decided was the most beautiful neck she had ever seen in her twenty-five years of existence. Madame Damour's suit of dark serge perfectly fitted a perfect figure. Allure peeped from every line of it. The woman's lips were rather full, bespeaking a nature in which passion and petulance held too great a sway. Her brown eyes were too large for classic standards of beauty. They fascinated the newspaper woman by their contradictory expression of awareness and dreaminess. Her skin was pale, and no trace of powder or rouge was discernible to Tessie's keen eyes. Her hands were slim but capable. Madame Damour, with her uncommon beauty, the visitor guessed, could not be more than twenty-six years of age.

"You are—" began Madame Damour, slightly raising her lovely eyebrows.

"Miss Riordan of the Daily Wire," replied Tessie. "Forgive me, Madame, for the intrusion. My job at present is to interview interesting women visitors to Sydney. Your name happened to be mentioned to me, and I decided to call."

The hum of traffic below could scarcely be heard. To Tessie, who never quite overcame her nervousness when approaching strangers in the course of her duties, the noise seemed to grow and grow as she waited for her victim to reply. In reality scarcely two seconds passed before the lady from Japan spoke.

"YOU will not find me interesting. There is very little for me to tell you, and, I am afraid, I must forbid publication of anything, unless it be a very small paragraph. Sit down, will you?"

Madame Damour motioned her to a comfortable settee and herself sank into an arm-chair placed in a window-recess from which she could look out into the busy thoroughfare three stories below.

Each pair of women in the world who happen to meet is born to the possibilities of enmity and to the possibilities of friendship. Indifference between women is almost impossible. Men may meet and men may part without impinging at all on each other's personalities. Women are not like that. Potential bearers of the race, they have an

extraordinary power of sliding up each other. Brenda Damour and Tessie Riordan, each in her own fashion, decided that the other woman could be a friend. The possibilities of friendship, nevertheless, were constricted on the one side by fear and on the other by suspicion.

"You came here from Tokio, did you not?" asked Tessie.

Madame smiled.

"You have already made friends with the hotel people."

Tessie was frank.

"Part of my job," she said. "May I ask for your full name?"

"Madame Brenda Damour. Yes, I came here from Tokio, I am doing a world tour."

"For amusement?"

Madame paused before replying. "Not exactly, Miss Riordan. It is—to forget and, perhaps, also, to seek a career."

Tessie waited.

"You see, I am a widow. My husband Monsieur Pierre Damour—doubtless you have heard of him?"

"No," admitted Tessie. "I have not."

"He was special correspondent of 'Les Gens,' the Parisian magazine. You know 'Les Gens'?"

"Oh, yes! A very smart magazine."

"You speak—you read French?"

"I can't speak very well. But I can read it fairly fluently."

"You have seen my late husband's articles?"

"N-no. What was his subject?"

"The world. His editor commissioned him to travel everywhere and to write what he pleased. Always Pierre was—interesting."

"How long since he died, Madame?"

"Six months ago. In Shanghai. Pneumonia."

"That is very sad."

"You are right. It will take me a long, long time to recover."

"Did he intend coming to Australia?"

Madame Damour hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Yes. We were to go through China, then Japan, then Australia."

"You are French, too?"

"Oh, no. I am English. I was born in London. I first met Pierre in Fleet Street."

"Fleet Street? You, then, were a journalist?"

Madame smiled.

"Not much of a one, I am afraid. Still, I had started. I was a humble junior on the social staff of the 'Daily Mail.'"

"You were glad to get out of it?"

"Yes. I knew my limitations. As the wife of a distinguished magazine writer I was content."

"You have travelled very much?"

"A year in Paris. Then through Europe. Then three months in Russia—"

"Ah! What did you think of the Soviets?"

Madame laughed.

"NOW, Miss Riordan, please remember that I am not speaking for publication."

Tessie's face expressed her disappointment.

"Nothing at all, Madame?"

"Only a very small paragraph, as I told you. And I must dictate it."

"But why—if you will forgive my saying so—why the secrecy?"

Madame's voice sharpened as she replied: "It is not a matter of secrecy. It is a matter of reticence. I want no publicity. I am a nobody. I wish to remain a nobody."

"You must give me your word that you will publish nothing without my permission."

"Certainly, Madame. But, before you leave

Australia, will you free me from my promise?"

Madame twinkled.

"Certainly, Miss Riordan. Before I leave Australia, you shall have my permission to write what you please about me—if you think it worth while. I warn you that many months may pass before I have—finished—in this country."

"This is your first visit here?"

"Oh, quite. But I have, of course, my husband's letters of introduction."

"You will not feel yourself then a stranger for long. You have a letter for the French consul, of course?"

"Monsieur Armand? Yes. I shall see him, perhaps, this afternoon or to-morrow morning. At present I am rather tired."

Tessie took the gentle hint and rose.

"Good-bye, for the present, Madame Damour," she said. "May I hope to meet you again, before you leave Australia?"

"I shall be delighted," replied Madame. "The 'Daily Wire' office—is it?"

"That's right," replied Tessie.

"Perhaps I shall call on you there, or perhaps I shall leave a telephone message. You may like to have tiffin with me before I leave Australia."

They were at the door.

"Good-bye—for the present—Madame."

"Good-bye—for the present—Miss Riordan—and thank you for giving me your promise."

The door closed gently.



TESSIE stepped briskly from the lift and strode across to the desk.

"How'd you get on?" asked the stout clerk.

"Seems to be complete wash-out," said Tessie, stressing the first word. "She's just a globe-trotter, according to herself. All the same, if she shifts from here, let me know, will you?"

"Oo-wee, certainly, madamwarrell," replied Mr. Boner facetiously.

"And if any other female or male news-hound comes nosing around, steer 'em clear, will you?"

Mr. Boner looked genuinely startled.

"There's a story in her, then?" he queried.

"I'm not sure," said Tessie, putting a cigarette-stained finger to her lips reflectively. "I'm going to keep tabs on her and make certain inquiries. If I hear that any other ink-slinger gets near her—well, you know what'll happen."

Mr. Boner grinned at her appreciatively and folded his plump hands over a spreading wasteline of which he was unashamed.

"No new recipes?"

"You've said it."

Back in her cubicle, shared with another member of the "Daily Wire" social staff, Tessie unburdened her mind to her friend and fellow-worker, Mabel Quilter.

"Mabel," she said, "stop grinding out tripe on that infernal machine for a few moments and listen to me carefully. First of all, you're sworn to secrecy. Second, you're not only sworn to secrecy, but you've also got to give me your word of honor, for what it's worth, not to mention to anybody

in this town, not even your latest soul-mate, what I shall now proceed to unfold to you. Give me a cigarette. Dumb as you are, I must tell somebody what's going round and round in my head. Have I your word, Mabel, or have I your word?"

The tow-haired, blue-eyed cub stopped banging her portable, handed Tessie a cigarette, lit it, and one for herself. She loved Tessie because that young woman time and again had gone out of her way to smooth the path for her along the rocky road of newspaperdom. The two had also a second bond of interest. Mabel was an ardent amateur actress and she had more or less infected Tessie with the same mental aberration.

"I PROMISE," said Mabel. "Shoot." She knew perfectly well that Tessie was using her as a sort of human talking-post, but there was no resentment in her placid spirit. Mabel Quilter was born to be a passivist.

"I met to-day," said Tessie, clasping her hands behind her head and blowing a cloud of smoke at the electric globe hanging from the ceiling, "a woman who says she is English. Her voice is not an English-woman's voice. It hasn't the celebrated Australian twang nor the American nasality, either. She can't be an ordinary adventuress for the simple reason that the hotel authorities have checked up her bank references and they are O.K. She says also that she is a widow and that her husband, a French journalist, died in Shanghai six months ago. And that reminds me—"

Abruptly Tessie sprang to her feet and hurried from the room. Her talking-post began typing again. In a few moments Tessie returned with a magazine in her hands. Seating herself, she said:

"Stop that clatter, Mabel Quilter-Bernhardt, and pretend to listen to me once more. I have in my hands an odd copy of 'Les Gens,' a Parisian, semi-highbrow magazine that I have abstracted from our brilliant book-reviewer's room. In it I perceive an article on the natives of Bali by Monsieur Pierre Damour."

"That was the name of the woman's husband?" asked Mabel.

"Excellent, Miss Watson," snapped Tessie. "But keep quiet. I want helpful silence from you and no golden deductions."

"Right-oh," said the placid cub.

"This woman says she is the widow of Pierre Damour. She says also that she has letters of introduction, one to the French consul. Let me see"—Tessie's voice was excited—"what is the name of the French consul?"

"I'm sure I don't know," murmured Mabel.

"Of course you wouldn't. So keep quiet."

"There's a perfectly good telephone in front of you."

Tessie gave a glance that should have withered the younger girl.

"You anticipated me by the flash of an eyelid," was the acidulous retort. Speaking into the telephone, Tessie said:

"Get me the French consul, please."

A few moments later, Tessie Riordan, in huskily dulcet tones, was making polite inquiries from a still more polite underling in the consulate. Soon she hung the receiver on its hook.

"Another one up to Madame Damour," she announced, frowning. "The consul's name is Monsieur Armand—and Madame

## THE WIDOW FROM TOKIO

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

did not have to pause to think of it, now I come to think of it. It came pat off her tongue the moment the consul was mentioned."

"All of which," said Mabel drily, "seems to poor dumb me to prove one thing and one thing only."

Tessie glared at her.

"What is it, Miss Quilter-Bernhardt-Watson?"

"That, Tessie, you are suffering from imaginitis. Madame Damour is Madame Damour. Her husband was what she says he was. In short, you have been told the truth by a woman who genuinely does not want publicity. What I say is—respect the poor dear. If she loved her husband, six months is too short a time for her heart to heal."

"Heart to heal!" snorted Miss Riordan. "Where do you get these sob-story phrases from? Been reading novelettes?"

"No. I get them from you, dear, in your tenderer moments," replied Miss Quilter, dodging a copy of a semi-highbrow French magazine as it flew through the air towards her.

**B**OOTH Miss Tessie Riordan and her sister-in-law would have been interested in the movements of Madame Brenda Damon had either of them had the leisure to act as sleuth during the four days following the widow's arrival at the Hotel Centralia.

She had arrived on a Monday morning in the month of September, 1937. Spring was literally in the air; for the exquisite whiff of wattle-blossom could be caught not only from the flower-stalls in Martin Place, but also in street after street frequented by itinerant vendors.

Brenda—let us drop the "Madame," as she is our heroine almost to the end of this veridical history—sniffed appreciatively as she sauntered past the Martin Place stalls. All of them, she mused, must surely be manned by poets—poets who dealt in colors rather than in words. Her poetic musings was slightly shaken by the raucous voice that suddenly sounded in her ears.

"Ullo, 'Arriet. When did you leave the old town?"

The exquisitely-dressed widow of Monsieur Pierre Damour stared at the speaker in amazement. He was a square-shouldered fellow, wearing a returned soldier's badge. He stood at the side of his stall. In one hand he held a posy of violets; in the other, a bunch of wattle-blossom.

"I beg your pardon," said Brenda.

The flower-man stared at her.

"Excuse me, ma'am," he stammered.

"Ain't you 'Arriet Blinnas?"

Two beautiful eyebrows wrinkled together. Then Brenda laughed.

"I am not 'Arriet Blinnas," said she. "Do I resemble her?"

"Well—yes and no," said the man. "I could 'ave sworn—"

"Who was she?"

"Lady, I beg y' pardon. I can see now I've made a mistake. She was a girl—just a kid—I used to know in Queensland years ago. No offence meant, ma'am."

Again Brenda laughed.

"I have never been in Queensland. How much are the violets?" she asked.

A few moments later she was on her way towards George Street, a bunch of violets in her hands. The flower-seller stared after her until she was out of sight.

"No, it isn't 'er," he told himself. "Too much swank for 'Arriet. Too much—what y'call it—culchaw. But them eyes . . . I

could 'a' sworn there weren't another pair like 'em in the world."

His speculations were cut short by the arrival of another customer.

In the meantime Brenda had entered the head office of the Bank of New South Wales. Soon she was in earnest conversation with the sub-manager. Evidently the colloquy was mutually satisfactory, for when she stepped briskly into the hurly-burly of George Street again, she was smiling, and her handbag was slightly distended with the notes that she had crammed into it.

"Now for some real shopping!" she thought.

And with the zest of a woman who had ample funds and ample leisure to indulge all her whims, Brenda Damour flitted from shop to shop, buying dresses, stockings, shoes, fal-lals of all the kinds mysteriously dear to the fastidious female. Cash was paid for everything and everything was addressed to "Madame Damour," Hotel Centralia.

As Brenda came out from the last great emporium in Pitt Street, she sighed contentedly. Youth, perfect health and a sense of complete freedom induced in her a feeling, mounting almost to ecstasy.

"How long will this last?" she thought.

As if in answer to her unspoken question, a hand descended lightly on her left arm and a pleasant male voice murmured:

"When did you arrive?"

Naturally pale, Brenda's face became instantly pallid as she turned swiftly to the slim young man who raised his grey felt hat. As quickly she recovered her poise. Moving to the kerbside of the pavement, she faced this grey-eyed male person who had accosted her.

He was dressed in a grey suit that advantaged the athletic lines of his body. His black hair was of the crinkly sort that somehow one can never visualise as going grey. Grey eyes looked out squarely from beneath straight brows. The mouth, unexpectedly gentle, surmounted a lean chin that was almost prognathous. A personable young fellow, of the kind who could but would not deign to make a multitude of feminine hearts beat fast. Not for him the part of Don Juan. Benedict would be his choice—unless circumstances forced him into the opposite role. And then—Heaven would have to help the ladies!

"So you traced me." Her voice was completely expressionless.

The young fellow, tanned, and balanced on his feet as only men who keep themselves in good physical trim do balance themselves, smiled exasperatingly.

"I didn't," he said smoothly. "Pure chance—almost. I had a hunch you would make towards Sydney. I obeyed the hunch. That's all."

The brown eyes flamed.

**Y**OU beast! I don't believe you. It's not in you to leave me alone. If you follow me—if you attempt to interfere in my life again—I'll . . . I'll kill you."

The grey eyes looking into hers lost their pleasantness.

"Sounds rather dramatic. All the same, I shall follow you. You'll never be rid of me."

Their glances were like rapiers.

"I warn you," Brenda said, in a tone of deadly quiet. "If you do not keep out of my life—I shall kill you."

"What must I do? Seek police protection?"

"Anything that's cowardly. It would suit you. And now, as we are beginning to attract attention, please go before there's a scene."

The young man shrugged.

"Where are you staying?"

Brenda's face flushed with anger.

"That is my business, not yours."

Gracefully the young man saluted her.

"Au revoir."

Brenda watched to see that he did not turn back. Satisfied that he really had disappeared in the crowded street, she hurriedly walked through an arcade. She hailed a passing taxi.

"Avalon," she said to the driver.

Whirling over the Bridge, Brenda recovered something of her good spirits. Her lovely lips, drawn tight when she was with the offending male, again pouted crimsonly in the pale face. They were the lips of a woman who could not long wait for the kisses that were her natural right.

By the time the taxi-driver had passed Manly and had guided his vehicle on to the long stretch of road leading to the hills above Avalon, Brenda was fully recovered. Her eyes danced as she looked out over the purple and forget-me-not-blue of the Pacific. White-topped waves plashed into the golden coves and bays. The scene, as ever, was one of enchantment.

"Fifteen years," Brenda murmured.

"Beg pardon, madam," said the taxi-man, slowing down, and turning to her.

"Nothing, driver," said Brenda gaily. "Talking to myself for a moment."

**T**HE driver said nothing aloud as he accelerated. To himself he announced, "What a stunner she is!"

Down the hill, past the emerald golf links, the taxi glided. At the corner where the road turns towards Palm Beach, Brenda stopped the taxi.

"Wait here, please," she said. She stepped from the cab, and entered the romantic little refreshment porch. A grey-haired man, still stalwart and erect, came to serve her. He paused uncertainly, as he stared at the visitor.

"My hat!" he said.

"I agree," said Brenda demurely. How do you think I'm looking, Dan?"

For reply, the grey-haired stalwart stalked from the porch into the adjoining grocery shop. In an excited whisper, he summoned a grey-haired, graceful woman who had just finished serving two little girls with sweets. There was dignity as well as the remnants of great beauty in this woman. Together she and her husband entered the porch.

"My dear!" she exclaimed at sight of Brenda, who had risen and advanced to meet her. They kissed.

"What in the world are you doing here?"

"Come to ask a favor," said Brenda.

"But where have you been?" demanded the grey-haired man.

"In Tokio."

There was dead silence for a moment.

"Honest Injun?" demanded the grey-haired woman.

"Honest Injun, as to Tokio. But I've lost my husband. He died of pneumonia in Shanghai six months ago. Now I'm staying at the Centralia. My name is Madame Brenda Damour—the widow from Tokio."

The three exchanged glances. Then, as if tickled simultaneously by invisible impa, all three burst into laughter. The man roared and roared. The two women shrieked.

Outside, a puzzled taxi-driver scratched

his head and grinned, exactly what at, he could not for the life of him have told anybody.

The roars died down to chuckles; the shrieks to giggles . . . and then began a whispered conference that was as unexpected in its earnestness as the laughter had been in its sudden hilarity.

When Brenda's dainty figure appeared at the steps of the porch, she was smiling with the frank gaiety of a child.

The taxi-man briskly opened the door. Brenda entered the car. The door slammed.

"Where to, madam?" asked the driver.

"Hotel Centralia," replied his fare briskly.

"Then back here."

For a split second, the taxi-man stared at the lovely face. Then he said:

"Certainly, madam."

On the stroke of eleven o'clock next morning a slim young man strode purposefully to the desk of the Hotel Centralia.

"I want to know if a young woman answering to the following description is staying here," he began.

Mr. William Boner regarded him impatiently.

**T**HE young man immediately proceeded to describe Madame Brenda Damour's appearance with meticulous accuracy. Mr. Boner interrupted him.

"Excuse me, sir," said Mr. Boner, "I can assure you that there is no such person staying in the hotel. Even if there was, it is not my place to tell you unless you have the right to demand the information. You are not a detective by any chance?"

The young man gestured impatiently.

"No, no—nothing of that sort," he said. "There's nothing wrong. Simply I have lost track of her and I want to find her."

"What was her name?"

The young man hesitated.

"I'm not too sure what name she was going under. It might have been any one of—er—three."

Mr. Boner looked but did not say the words, "That's queer."

"Sorry," he said. "I can't help you."

The young man paused a moment as if he contemplated renewing his questioning; then abruptly he turned and walked to the Centralia portal. He was stalking glumly down the broad steps when suddenly he paused at the side of one of the dapper commissionaires who decorate the facade of the big hotel.

"Tell me," he said swiftly, "is a fiver of any use to you?"

The commissionaire coldly looked at him as if he were a strangely elongated insect.

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I said—is a fiver of any use to you?"

"Depends," replied the commissionaire, closing his lips virtuously.

"All I want is a harmless bit of information."

"If you will explain, sir—"

The young man plunged into the same description as that he had given to Mr. William Boner a few minutes previously.

"Did any one like her leave this hotel yesterday?"

The commissionaire hesitated, and was lost. The young man pounced.

"There was! Now tell me. Here's the fiver."

A slip of paper changed hands.

"All I can tell you, sir, is that a lady answering that description left here by taxi last night just after dusk."

"Where did she go?"

"I didn't hear, sir. But I know the taxi-driver."

"Who is he? Where is he?"

"There, sir."

The commissionaire pointed to a taxi-cab drawn up to the kerb a few yards away from the hotel entrance.

"He's always parked there, sir, except when he does a bit of cruising."

Down the steps dashed the young man. The commissionaire fingered the "fiver" in his pocket and licked his lips.

"Wish they all came as easy," he murmured.

A perturbed taxi-driver was listening to a vivid description of his lovely fare of the day before. Finishing the description, the young man demanded:

"Where did you drive her? What name did she give?"

"Wot has it got to do with you? Any-ow, she didn't give no name. Fares don't give their names—or their address—unless they want to tick up a ride."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, be sensible. I've got to trace her, man. It's a matter of life and death."

"Ow do I know?"

"Look here—tell me where you drove her and I'll give you a tenner."

The driver hesitated, and was lost.

"Are you on the level, mister?"

"Absolutely. I mean no harm to the girl. It's—it's a private matter. Come on! Be a sport!"

Two five-pound notes dangled before the taxi-driver's eyes. The man sighed as he pocketed the money.

"Oh, all right. I drove her to Avalon."

"Whereabouts?"

"Dan Tickham's store."

"Who's Dan Tickham?"

"Once was an international footballer. Now he's retired to Avalon."

"Drive me there at once."

"What! And get hauled over the coals by the lady?"

"No, you won't. Come on, man! You have a tenner in your pocket, and you'll get double your fare if you drive me."

Wearily the driver opened the door of his taxi.

"Step in, mister," he said, dejectedly.

John Clairmont stepped in. The taxi started. Who shall say what were his thoughts as he whirled towards Avalon, that wonder spot of beauty on the Australian coast? Let us be privileged. Long years afterwards, John Clairmont confessed that he thought chiefly of humiliating a proud beauty. Although he knew Madame Brenda Damour by another name, he thought of her glamorous personality, even as you and I may think of a woman who, though not classically beautiful, would fulfil our dreams of what beauty may be. He leant back in the smoothly gliding taxi and his thoughts were somewhat like this, were they expressed in cold printed words:

"You witch! You have captured me. But I have still to conquer you, and conquer you I shall. If I find you at Avalon, there shall be no mercy. I shall make you mine, as absolutely as any woman can be made any man's. You witch! Whence did you gain that glamor that has made me risk my career, risk everything that a man should hold dearer than any woman's love. Oh, you fool, you fool!"

The taxi sped on, even as it had sped on with Brenda Damour—over the hills beyond Narrabeen, down into the valleys that border the magic beaches beyond the lagoon. But this young man was blind to the beauties of a coast that has enamored even the globe-trotters who have grown

blasé with the glories of the Mediterranean. His thoughts, his desires, were centred on a woman.

And when he reached Avalon and plunged from the taxi into the Tickham establishment, he was met with replies from Mrs. Alice Tickham and her husband that sent him (as they thought) scuttling back to Sydney.

As John's taxi moved out into the street a short dumpy woman with a pert nose and alertly twinkling eyes had passed by, and glanced idly at the excited features of the young man inside.

"Looks as if he were going somewhere," was her silent comment. Had Miss Teasle Riordan but known where that somewhere was, and why he was going there, she would have been saved from one of the most bewildering experiences that ever befell a Presswoman since the days when women first invaded the newspaper world.

Teasle walked sedately into the Hotel Centralia. Mr. William Boner greeted her enthusiastically.

"Say, sister!" he said, "that last couple of recipes were corkers. Mrs. Boner served 'em up last night." He smacked his lips.

"Great!"

Teasle almost scowled.

"Bill Boner, I'm not here to talk about your tummy orgies. Is Madam Damour in at the moment? I want another word with her!"

The stout clerk stared at her.

"Teasle," he announced solemnly, "you're the second person in the last ten minutes who wanted a word with that dame."

"Who was the other one?"

"Young fellow—good-looking. Seemed all on edge."

"Well—has he seen her?"

"No."

"Why?"

"She's gone!"

Teasle Riordan stiffened.

"Where?"

"Don't know!"

"Don't know! What sort of a friend are you, Bill Boner? I've got to see that woman pronto. Now, come across with the information."

"I tell you again, Teasle, I don't know. The young bloke walked out of here as if he had been stung by a hornet. But, honest, I couldn't tell him any more than I can tell you. Madame settled her bill last night and left by taxi for parts unknown. This morning all her luggage was removed by van. A pretty considerable load it was. Parcels from pretty nearly every big shop in Sydney. And I don't even know where the luggage was taken."

**T**ESSIE glanced at him as if she were about to smack him.

"Almost!" she said, slowly, "you make me want to forget I'm a lady. You big boob! Haven't you any curiosity? Don't you ever take notice?"

Bill Boner blinked sheepishly at the little woman.

"Sister," he said, "if I were to come all over curious about the guests who come and go—come and go—in this saucy caravan I'd lose my job in less than no time."

Teasle softened.

"Sorry, Bill. I s'pose I'll just have to forget it. But, goodness, there was a story in that woman. How she put it over me!"

Mr. Boner leaned over the mahogany counter.

"What was wrong with her?"

"Nothing. Nothing at all. Except that she wasn't Madame Brenda Damour. If it'll help to develop your bump of curiosity, chew this further fact over—there never was any such person as Madame Brenda Damour."

Bill Boner was still staring at the back of the small woman as she walked to the entrance.

On her way down the steps Tessie passed a dapper commissionaire who was rapidly gazing into space. The commissionaire was visualising what he would do with his winnings if a certain horse on which he had placed a whole five pounds were to win at Randwick the next Saturday.

IN an hotel lounge in the town of Rabaul, a large American gentleman sprawled in a cane chair and alternately chewed a cigar and sipped from a glass containing a gin-sling. Through his horn-soggles, he gazed severely at the swiftest figure of a woman who reclined dejectedly in another cane chair facing his.

"You mean to tell me," said the large American gentleman, "that a hard-boiled citizeness of the world like you, Marie, has allowed an Australian guy to put it all over you? I'm ashamed. I'm positively ashamed of you."

The woman shrugged her shapely shoulders.

"I did my best," she said. She spoke with a strong foreign accent.

"Seem to be losin' your charm," said the American. The tone of his voice was an insult.

"Vralment," replied the woman negligently. "And for you, too?" As she spoke she eyed her companion narrowly. He sat up, took the much-chewed cigar from his mouth, and gazed at her with a stony expression.

"Look you here, Marie," he almost belatedly. "I've stood you for grub. I've stood you for clothes—for board—for cigarettes—for everything. I've dragged you, as you may say, out of the gutter. But what I won't stand for, sister, is you double-crossing me just because you've fallen for the good looks of Mr. Cissy Clairemont."

"Tais-toi, canaille!" snarled the woman. "You 'ave not drag me from the gutter. I descended to the gutter when I put up with a peeg like you. I 'ave done my best to put over ze deal. That I 'ave failed—it is not my fault."

"Don't you use any of your French swear-words at me, Ma'm'selle Marie," barked the American. "Don't forget I know all about you. I know why you came to Noumea—I know how you came to leave it."

"Ah, so! The perfect American gentleman! He would 'it a defenceless woman when she is—what you say?—down and out."

Marie's fine eyes were filled with tears. The American gentleman softened.

"Now, now. I don't want to be harsh. But darn it, Marie, I've spent a lot of money on this scheme. I've spent a lot of money on you. And what's come of it all? Nothin'! Just plain nothin'!"

"Ow was I to know that John Clairemont would not listen to me?" complained the woman shrilly.

"Strikes me," said the American, suspiciously, "that you tell for him. You were too busy tryin' to make your marble good to stick to my business—to our business."

"That is not true! I tried, 'ow

I tried to make 'im sell. 'E would not listen. Listen, mon ami, I t'ink 'e really believed 'e was doing a good turn for me when 'e refused to sell ze land for ze cattle."

"Boloney," sneered the American gentleman. "If you'd vamped him good and prahper, the land would be ours—and you, Marie, you would be sitting on t'ahp of the universe. Come across, little gull, and admit you've just plum failed to deliver the goods."

Marie threw out her hands hopelessly.

"'Ave it your own way. What is ze next move?"

The American's hard face grew harder. "Finish," he said harshly.

"What do you mean—finish?"

The American withdrew the mangled cigar from his leathery lips.

"Finish—for you and me. You go your way—I'll go mine."

Shrilly the woman cried:

"You mean—you will 'ave nothing more to do with me? You will—how you say?—cut loose from me?"

"Just that, sister."

The cigar was back in its place and from behind the horn-soggles a pair of shrewd eyes watched closely to see how the woman was "taking it."

With a truly marvellous change of front, the Frenchwoman smiled bewitchingly at the American.

"You do not mean that! You would not turn your Marie out into ze cold, cold world—with nozzing, hein?"

Again the American sat up straight in his chair.

"Slater, you are sure very beautiful, very charming—all that. But I hired you—yes, hired you—on the distinct understanding that you were to vamp Mister John Clairemont. You were to get his name on the dotted line. Waal, you didn't do either. What's there left, except for you an' me to part—good friends, if you like, bad friends if you insist on it."

He sank back in his chair and carefully avoided the Frenchwoman's gaze. For a few moments there was silence. Then:

"Listen, mon ami! You and I, we 'ave played for big stakes. We 'ave failed. It is not your fault. It is not mine. I agree—we must part. But I cannot go away with nozzing. You must give me enough money to go away from this island."

"Slater," replied the American, "I'm not partin' with another cent."

"So!" the syllable came from the Frenchwoman like the hiss of a snake.

"THEN I will tell you what I shall do," she continued. "I shall go to the authorities 'ere in Rabaul, and I will tell them what I know."

"Whadder you know?" queried the American uneasily.

"Oh, nozzing—absolument. Nozzing—except a little mattaire of bribing a fellow-countryman of yours to do a very crooked thing. I shall also show them some papers that—what you say?—rather give ze show away!"

This time the American gentleman did not rise in his chair; he rose right out of it and stood glowering before the smiling Frenchwoman.

"You female pole-cat!" he muttered. "You've been poking around in my room." "Naturellement," suavely replied the lady. "Whenever I 'ave been in your room—when you not there—I 'ave not exactly been idle."

"What have you got on me?" hoarsely asked the American.

His companion sensed that she had the whip-hand.

"Sit down, sit down," she said airily. "Be calm, mon ami. Let us talk togeezzer like ver' good friends."

Still glaring at her, the American sat down.

"Come across, you double-crosser," he growled.

The Frenchwoman held up a slender hand as she spoke. She bent down one slim finger after another, as she enumerated her points.

"I come across first," she said, "a receipt for two thousand pounds. Next I see it is signed by a fellow-countryman of yours who 'as been on this island until a few weeks ago. Zat little slip of paper I 'ave 'ere." She placed her hand on her breast. "There it will be quite safe, until I 'and it to the authorities—or—her voice took on a cooling note—to you, its rightful owner. I 'ave also a letter, signed by the same American expert who signed the receipt, explaining that the report 'e first prepared on what is known as ze Blinn property 'as been destroyed. 'E also mentions zat 'e prepared another report, which was 'anded to Mr. Jean Clairemont." Suddenly her voice grew briskly businesslike. "'Ave I not all ze cards—if not in my 'ands—at least—'ere?" She placed both hands on her breast.

THE American's teeth were firmly gripped on the maltreated cigar. They were still clenched as he said:

"How much?"

The Frenchwoman gestured gracefully.

"Not ver' much. You 'ave been good to me . . . as good as a peeg of an American can be. I do not t'ink you 'ave much money left. Give me enough to go away from Rabaul—enough to pay my way back to France—and I shall never trouble you again."

For a long moment the American stared at her. At last he said:

"Give me the receipt and the letter, and I'll give you five hundred dahlars—in Australian money. And that's just half what I've got left, Marie."

His last words were uttered in a pathetic tone which, however, was lost on his companion.

She smiled scornfully.

"First, mon ami, give me the money. And then, you shall have the papers."

The American snarled.

"How do I know you won't double-cross me?"

"It would not pay me to do so. Believe me, I am as anxious to get away from you—as you are to get away from me."

Again there was silence. Then, hesitatingly, the American drew out a roll of notes from his hip pocket and counted out ten ten-pound notes. As he handed them over to his lady friend, he said sharply:

"Now, gimme the receipt and the letter." Calmly the French lady pushed the notes into her corsage.

"They are in your room, where they 'ave always been," she said sweetly.

The cane chair creaked as the large American leaped to his feet.

"You haven't got them?"

"Non. I—what you say?—I committed them to my memory. Zat is all. If you do not believe me, go up to your room now. Did you t'ink I would be so foolish as to give you ze excuse to 'ave me arrested for

theft? I do not wish to go back to Noumea!"

For a moment, the American looked as if he were about to strike her; then slowly a beaming smile spread over his mottled features.

"Waal, Marie, you suttinly put one over me that time. Shake! You're a bozo after my own heart!"

**R**ED brick walls on which hung dozens of small water-colors and oil paintings, charcoal portraits, pen and ink drawings, all of them in the most post-post-impressionist not to mention surrealist of styles; around the walls many settees and lounges; small tables on which stood the remains of meals and many coffee cups; the centre of the big room clear of everything except a few dozen dancers who swayed and shuffled to the rhythm of a jazz record blared out from a loud speaker coupled to an electric gramophone; a score or so of men and women, of all ages, sprawling in unconventional attitudes on the settees and lounges; at the far end of the room a tiny stage; lights softened by parchment shades; from behind a partition, the clatter of crockery, cutlery and glassware being "washed up" after the first batch of diners.

These were some of the impressions that Brenda Damour received after she had climbed the rather dingy stairs leading to the second-floor Bohemian Club, known as "The Bohemia," in Elizabeth Street. With Brenda was Mrs. Alice Tickham, of Avalon. Both women were in evening attire, and both gazed on the scene before them, with the frankly excited eyes of children taken to a long-promised treat.

"So this is Sydney's Bohemian centre!" murmured Brenda into her companion's ear. The two were standing at the narrow entrance. Immediately to their right, an open door gave a full view of the kitchen. The place was really one huge room divided into two. The first and larger was the club proper; the second was the kitchen and servery.

From the kitchen emerged a woman with sad eyes and a smiling mouth. She was drying her hands on a linen towel.

"You are strangers to 'The Bohemia'?" she asked. Something in that subdued voice instantly warmed Brenda's heart.

"You are the hostess!" said Brenda, more as a statement than as a question.

"Yes. You and your friend have come to spend an evening with us?" Alice Tickham answered.

"Yes. This lady is Madame Brenda Damour, lately arrived from Tokio. My name is Alice Tickham. I have often heard of your place. My friend wishes to see something of Sydney, so—so—"

"You brought her here!" supplemented the hostess quietly. "Come with me and I'll find you a table. Expect nothing hectic."

"The Bohemia" is really a stodgy place. Most of us are would-be artists, writers, actors, poets—what you will. We debate, we put on little plays. We debate. We give lectures. But we have no drink on the premises, nor do we allow any to be brought here. Have we any right to be called Bohemian?"

Brenda smiled. "That depends on what one means by Bohemian," she said. Then she added quickly: "Do any movie-directors come here?"

The hostess looked slightly puzzled. "Movie-directors? There are so few in

Sydney. James de Winter has drifted in here on a few occasions."

"Who is James de Winter?" Brenda asked.

Both Alice Tickham and the hostess looked slightly shocked.

"Surely to goodness, Brenda," said Alice sharply, "you have heard of James de Winter?"

Madame Damour shook her pretty head. "Never."

"He is the greatest talkie producer in the Commonwealth. Quite young and crammed full with American ideals."

The hostess supplied the information.

By this time she had guided her two new guests to a table not far from the left side of the tiny stage.

At the side of Brenda and her companion's table was a lounge, at the moment fully occupied by a huge man who sprawled at his ease. Brenda glanced at him and noted that despite his hugeness, he was not fat. He was dressed with amazing unconventionality. He wore khaki shorts and a silk shirt open at the neck. Shirt and shorts were immaculate. The big fellow wore neither socks nor shoes, but sandals.

The young widow from Tokio found her gaze momentarily hypnotised by the faultless symmetry of the toes revealed by the unusual footwear. Her gaze swiftly travelled to the man's face and head. The head was crowned with a mop of silvery hair. The face was lean. The grey eyes were magnified by rimless pince-nez astride a long, bony nose. Beneath the nose, a tremendous mouth quirked into a disarming smile.

"Interesting, ain't it?" said the big man. Without the faintest suggestion of impudence, he was regarding Brenda with unconcealed admiration. Madame's lovely features momentarily set as if in a mask, but Alice's urgent voice hissed:

"Anybody speaks to anybody in this place."

Flashing a smile at the sprawling six feet three inches of middle-aged manhood, Brenda said:

"Not nearly as much as you think you are."

Up sat Mr. Peter Lollin and stared at her. "That mouth! Those eyes!" he muttered.

"Don't I know you somewhere?"



**"Y**OU do not," retorted Brenda, determined to play the part of the insolent Bohemian. "Can't you think of an original opening?"

The big man's large mouth gaped slightly. "I meant it," he said feebly. "I do believe I've met you somewhere, sometime."

"Don't be down again," said Brenda. "Sit up straight and lie."

"Right—oh. My name's Peter Lollin. What's yours—and what's your friend's?" Brenda hesitated.

"Don't stop to think," growled Peter, brushing his wild silver locks back with both enormous hands. "Say the first that comes into your mind."

"My name is Madame Damour," replied Brenda. "And this is Mrs. Alice Tickham."

"Holy saints, where'd you get the Madame Damour from?" This was said as he curtly nodded to Alice.

"From the same place that you got yours from. From my godfathers and godmothers in their baptism."

"You mean in your baptism. Doesn't matter! Carry on! One fib is as good as another. Heigh! Fetch some coffee to the table of these two mysterious wenches!"

"Sounds like a French lesson," Brenda was almost giggling. Somehow she could not take the big man seriously.

"With a name like Damour you should need no lessons!" was the rapid retort of Mr. Lollin. "You a stranger to Sydney?"

"Banal," murmured Brenda. "If I were not a stranger how could I have failed to meet you?"

Lollin glared at her.

"Damn it!" he said. "I do know you. But where? When?"

**"P**ERHAPS on another plane," softly replied Brenda, her eyes betraying her solemn tones.

Alice Tickham was gazing at her charge in amazement. This was a new Brenda, flirting outrageously with a man old enough to be her father! Knowing what she knew, she began to feel uneasy. After all, an excursion into Bohemia might go too far. Had she been a thought-reader, she would have realised that Brenda was as amazed at herself as her chaperone. But, somehow, the young woman felt utterly safe in encouraging Peter Lollin. Not that he was past the age when he might prove dangerous. Simply, blindly, she felt that Peter Lollin was a man to be trusted to the limit, no matter what his eccentricities might be.

They had drunk their coffee.

"Come on—let's dance!" said Peter abruptly.

He rose. Brenda joined him, and in a moment they were among the throng on the floor. Alice looked at the pair as they jived. "To think," she murmured to herself, "that less than two years ago—well, well!"

The music ceased. The dancers dragged chairs from the walls and placed them well out in the room. Peter and Brenda resumed their seats. Both were strangely silent. The man looked worried, puzzled. The girl was subdued. The lights went out.

"Now for some highbrow drama!" whispered Lollin.

The mulberry-colored curtains had rustled together. The footlights glowed. The hostess came before the curtains and announced that Strindberg's quarter-hour play, "The Stronger," would be presented by two gifted amateurs, Miss Mabel Quilter and Miss Tessie Riordan.

Brenda clutched Alice by the arm.

"That's the newspaper girl I told you about," she whispered.

"Curious," said Alice.

The curtains parted and seated at a restaurant table were revealed the tow-haired Mabel made up as "Mrs. X," the character who does all the talking and, opposite her, Tessie, in the part of the silent actress, "Miss Y." Those who know their Strindberg will remember that "Miss Y" does not speak once in the clever sketch. All the talking is done by "Mrs. X." Mabel and Tessie gave a creditable performance, married only once when Mabel obviously "dried up" and the "silent" Tessie had to "feed her" in a sibilant whisper. A few sitters were heard from the audience, but when the curtains alighted together hearty applause greeted the two girls.

The lights went up. Tessie and Mabel, still in their make-up, came from behind the stage. Mabel joined a group of young people who laughingly greeted her with cries of "Hooray for our Eleanora Duse." "No, she's Bernhardt reincarnated." Other witticisms were received by Mabel with equanimity. Tessie made straight for Brenda's group.

"I did not know you were an actress as well as a journalist," said Brenda.

"Madame Damour," Tessie said, ignoring the remark, "may I have a word with you privately?"

The honey-haired beauty regarded the Presswoman calmly. Then, excusing herself to Peter Lollin and Alice, she rose and walked silently by the side of the dumpy little woman to the landing outside the main room. The room was humming with conversation. At the head of the staircase leading to the street, Tessie passed and turned to the woman at her side.

"We can talk here," she said. "You remember I promised you I would give you no publicity?"

"Yes."

"I consider myself freed from that promise. You deceived me."

"How?" asked Brenda, smiling.

"You told me you were the widow of Monsieur Pierre Damour, the Parisian journalist."

"I did."

"Pierre Damour was only a pen-name for Jacques Perrault—and Monsieur Perrault is a bachelor, and he isn't dead."

The widow from Tokio raised her eyebrows.

"How interesting! Where did you discover all this?"

"At the French consulate. One of the consul's assistants knows Jacques Perrault personally."

"Well, what then?"

"I can see some nice headlines in my paper—'Mysterious Woman Poses as Widow of Live French Author,' is one that suggests itself."

"And I can see a pretty little writ for slander being served on your paper—and you being discharged from your position."

"Not so fast, Madame Damour! There is no libel in publishing facts for the benefit of the public."

"There is no harm in my calling myself Madame Damour, if I wish to."

"But why, why?"

"Is that your concern?" queried Madame coldly.

"What is your name, really?"

"That, too, is my concern."

**T**ESSIE paused, at a loss. Despite the evidence she had gathered, she found it difficult to believe that there was anything crooked about this beautiful creature. Sensing her indecision, Brenda at once took advantage of it.

"Miss Riordan," she said earnestly, "forget all about it for the present. I beg of you. I give you my word that I am not an adventuress, that I have done nothing—so far—that would put me within reach of the law. Come back to my table with me and meet my friends." She laughed.

"Or, rather, I should say my friend. The lady with me I have known a very long time. The gentleman introduced himself this evening. Do you know anything of Mr. Peter Lollin?"

"Only that he is fairly rich and eccentric and goes in for dress reform. He is notorious for his defiance of the tailors. He says

that Australian men should dress like Australians and not like imitation Englishmen."

"Anything else?" asked Brenda, her feminine curiosity overcoming her.

"Yes. He, too, is a bachelor."

"Now that's nasty, Miss Riordan."

"Sorry, Madame—what am I to call you?"

"Call me Brenda."

"Make it even. Call me Tessie."

"All right, Tessie. Now, come and join us."

A slightly bewildered young woman followed her self-appointed hostess to the table where Peter and Mrs. Tickham awaited them.

"Just in time," said Mr. Lollin. "Another five minutes and I'd have had your life-story out of this lady."

Alice, a slightly anxious expression in her eyes, smiled up at Brenda.

"He tried his hardest to pump me," she said. "I have referred him to you."

"I'll tell you all the lies in the world," rejoined Brenda coolly. "But let me introduce Miss Tessie Riordan—Mrs. Alice Tickham, Mr. Peter Lollin."

"Know her already," growled Peter. Nuisance of a newspaper woman."

The two young women seated themselves.

"He has a grudge against me because I wrote him up once for our women's supplement," said Tessie.

"Called me an aesthete," said Peter with disgust. "Me—one of those—just because I insist on dressing sensibly."

"Don't you ever dress—er—insensably?" asked Alice.

**"N**EVER," declared the silver-haired giant. "That's why you never see me at night at any of the swish hotels."

"Why not?" Brenda asked.

"They won't let me in unless I dress in what they call a decent fashion—confound their impudence."

"Have you any disciples, Mr. Lollin?" Brenda's tone was sweetly innocent. Peter darted a suspicious look at her.

"Some day," he said portentously, his price-nez glittering. "I'll have every Australian with an ounce of brains on my side. I'll convert even the tailors. Which reminds me"—Lollin glanced at his wristlet watch—"I'm to be joined here after the theatres are out by a young chap—a client of mine—who dresses faultlessly, according to tailors' ideals. Athlete's figure—he'd look superb in a toga, or in shorts and a silk shirt like mine. By the way, are you two staying in town to-night?"

"We live in town," said Brenda quietly. Lollin stared hard at her through his price-nez.

"Funny," he said. "Your friend, Mrs. Tickham, mentioned that she lived at Avalon."

"I do," said Alice hastily. "But Brenda and—and—her friends live in town."

"At a married friend's flat," supplemented Brenda suavely. She and Tessie exchanged glances, and Brenda saw that the newspaper woman did not believe her.

"Well, meet me at 'Coffee-Inn' in King Street to-morrow," said Lollin brusquely. "I want to talk to you. If you think you need a chaperone bring her or her"—indicating Alice and Tessie in turn with a nod—"with you."

Brenda shook her head.

"Sorry," she said. "I'm busy to-morrow. Alice returns to Avalon to-morrow night. We have important business. And I shall be moving on at the end of the week."

"Then how about the day after to-morrow?" Lollin's voice was eager, yet there was no slightest hint of gallantry in his tones.

"Yes," replied Brenda slowly. "I shall like to hear more of your views on dress reform. Perhaps Tessie will join us. Will you, Tessie?"

"All right, if I can get away from the office."

"At four o'clock sharp," interjected Lollin. "And mind you, young woman, nothing of what you hear said is to go into your infernal paper." He glanced at his watch again. "H'm. Time Mr. John Clairemont arrived. Here, what the—"

**B**RENDAS had sprung to her feet. Her very lips were suddenly bloodless.

"Oh," she cried. "I've just remembered. I've left all—all my money and—jewels on my dressing-table. Come on, Alice. We must go at once."

A startled Alice rose quickly.

"I'm ready, my dear."

Hurried good-nights were exchanged. At the stairway, the hostess tried to detain her two new customers for a moment. But they hurried past her and down the stairs. Outside, Brenda fairly rushed along the street, followed by Alice Tickham.

"Where's the nearest taxi-stand, Alice?"

"At the end of the next block," her companion, who was almost breathless, managed to say.

Within three minutes they were speeding out of the city. Alice was comforting Brenda, whose beautiful head was snuggled on the elder woman's breast. Alice could just hear her muffled voice above the purring noise of the motor.

"Will I never be rid of him?" sobbed the girl.

"There, there, darling," said Mrs. Alice Tickham. "he'll never find you again."

Back at "The Bohemia" an astonished dress-reformer was gazing at an equally astonished newspaper woman.

"What bit her?" demanded Peter.

"Don't know," answered Tessie dreamily. "She jumped to her feet when you mentioned that young man's name. Let's see, what was his name?"

"John Clairemont. But she couldn't have wanted to dodge him. Why, he's as handsome as a Greek god. If she knew him, she'd fall for him."

"You never can tell," commented the dumpy young woman. As she spoke, a young man in faultless swallow-tails walked through the entrance and made his way among the tables towards Lollin and Tessie. He was carrying a pair of powerful binoculars. Several women turned to look at him as he passed, for Peter had described John Clairemont correctly when he likened him to a Greek god. At the moment, the Greek god's classic features were marred by a scowl.

"Hallo, John," said Lollin. "Enjoy the theatre? Which one did you attend?"

"I have been to five picture theatres, one vaudeville show, and a revue since eight o'clock to-night," remarked the young man in swallow-tails, his voice surly with disappointment.

"Suffering saints," ejaculated Peter. "Have you gone mad? Here, meet Miss Riordan, female newspaper hound. Anything you say will be published in evidence against you."

Clairemont bowed to Tessie and said:

"No publicity for me, please, Miss Riordan."

"I seem to have heard that phrase before," laughed Tessie. "You're the second person this week who has begged me to forget that I scribble for a newspaper. But I promise. I'm an actress to-night—not a female newspaper hound, as your polite friend so elegantly puts it."

Clairemont flung the binoculars on to the settee where Peter had earlier been sprawling, and sat down at the table.

"I've had the rottenest luck, Peter," he said. "I've been looking for someone for nearly a week. Thought I'd traced her, but drew a blank. But I know darned well she was at some place of entertainment to-night. Hence the binoculars. I had the luck to catch a glimpse of her in evening dress in a taxi about half-past seven to-night. Lost her in the crowd, though. Swept the binoculars over every audience, but couldn't spot her."

"Didn't know you were interested in the ladies," said Lollin. "Thought you were a woman-hater."

John Clairemont spoke through his clenched teeth.

"I'm a woman-hater, make no mistake. But this is a little matter I want to settle, once and for all, with a—she-devil."

Tessie rose.

"EXCUSE me," she said. "women don't seem to be popular in this company. I'll join Mabel. Good-night, Mr. Lollin. Good-night, Mr. Clairemont."

Clairemont nodded and said sulkily, "Good-night."

"Don't forget—four o'clock at 'Coffee Inn,' the day after to-morrow," said Peter. "Good-night, little woman."

Tessie crossed the room, now hazy with cigarette smoke, to where Mabel was chattering with her friends.

"Funny thing you chasing round after a woman you couldn't find to-night, John," said Lollin musingly. "You know, I've been chasing round in my mind, trying to identify a woman who was sitting less than a quarter of an hour ago in that very chair you're occupying."

"Didn't you know her?"

"I'm certain I knew her once—somewhere, some time."

"What was her name?"

"Madame Brenda Damour."

"Never heard of her. So I can't help you."

"I don't believe that is her real name," continued Lollin, showing his thumbs into the flaps of his shorts and staring upwards.

"What is she—a gold-digger?"

"Not at all. I'd swear she was what you and I would call a lady, were it not for a few suspicious circumstances. But let's forget about her. When do you leave Sydney?"

"I'll have to leave within a week, curse it. I have to deliver a report on the new field within three months. When will the machinery be ready for delivery?"

"Come to my office to-morrow morning and I'll tell you. I'll get on the long-distance phone. All the units are here except one, and that I can get from Melbourne within three days."

"Well, make it snappy, Peter. As soon as the order is filled, I must be off. Can we get a drink in this place?"

"Yes. Lemonade or coffee?"

"Pah! I said a drink. I could do with a few."

"Come up to my flat and I'll give you a night-cap. Then you go to bed and forget all about this she-devil you can't find. I'm not fishing, but you make me curious."

"Let's forget her! I'll come with you if you'll make the night-cap a stiffener. I

can't tell you—not yet—what my trouble is, Peter."

"Blackmail?"

"Don't be stupid. No."

"She-devils can be blackmailers, you know."

"This one isn't. She's just—"

Words failed him. Having picked up his binoculars and slung them by their leather thong over his shoulder he walked with Peter Lollin to the stairway down which Brenda and Alice had hurried twenty minutes earlier.

"Perhaps you'd like to amuse yourself by meeting Madame Brenda Damour. I'm to meet her and the newspaper girl at the 'Coffee Inn' the day after to-morrow."

"So I heard you say," said Clairemont. "I'm not interested."

They were descending the stairs.

"She's worth meeting," said Lollin. "She has hair the color of honey parted over a wide forehead, a neck like a column of ivory, brown eyes flecked with gold, the figure of a Venus, and a low-pitched voice . . . Here, what the—?"

His ejaculation had been forced from him by the swift action of Clairemont, who had gripped him savagely by both arms.

"Say that all again and say it slowly," snarled John Clairemont, his eyes shining like polished steel.

"Suffering snakes," wailed Peter, "let my arms go."

For reply, John Clairemont shook him.

"Talk, Lollin, talk. Describe that woman again."

Shaking himself free, the startled giant rubbed his biceps and repeated his description of Madame Brenda Damour. He added that she was with a grey-haired companion.

"Where did they go?" demanded Clairemont.

"I don't know."

"Was Avalon mentioned?"

Lollin's amazement was manifest.

"As a matter of fact, John, it was. That's where her companion, Mrs. Alice Tickham, lives."

Clairemont chuckled mirthlessly.

"She's tricked me again," he said. "Come on, Peter, and get me that drink. Where did you say you were meeting her?"

"At 'Coffee Inn.'"

"I'll be with you."

"Is she the woman you were looking for?"

"Ask no questions and you'll be told no lies. You'll know all about it in good time. Come on, man! Stop staring at me. I'm quite sane and I'm not going to commit murder, even if she is a she-devil!"



A YELLOW road wound round a green hill and came to a dead-end at the side of a broad bay whose waters shone with a purple sheen in the afterglow of the sunset. A stuttering Chevrolet stopped at the end of the road before a bungalow built in the old Spanish style that has infected some Australian architecture in the last decade. Out of the Chevrolet stepped Mrs. Alice Tickham, who opened a rustic gate and walked up a garden-path, bordered on each side with a tangle of flowers joyously advertising the fact that spring had arrived in Avalon. Brenda opened the door.

"You dear," she said. "Come in and give me the news. Am I discovered?"

Alice stepped into the big living-room (there was no hall-way). Flung off her faded beret she said, as she flopped into a chintz-covered armchair:

"No. And you're not likely to be. The nether side of Avalon is to all intents and purposes as remote as Tokio until summer comes. Then, my dear Brenda, you'll have to move. The place will be invaded by scores of people who own or rent the bungalows that they desert in winter-time."

"He has made no more inquiries?"

Alice chuckled.

"Since the day he arrived in the taxi and I laughed at him, I've seen or heard nothing of him. Except, of course, indirectly."

"When Peter Lollin mentioned him at 'The Bohemia'?"

"Of course. I keep on keeping shop with my beloved husband, and never poke my nose outside the village, save when you whirl me off on madcap excursions to Sydney."

"I COULDN'T resist going to 'The Bohemia' with you, Alice. It's so lonely here, despite your daily visit. And I did so want to meet the movie-director."

"Humph. It was one chance in a million of your meeting James de Winter at 'The Bohemia.' Don't forget he's a big man now, and he's hardly likely to waste any time in Bohemian circles."

"But—but—later—I shall want to do something."

"Later," remarked Alice drily, "you'll probably want to do the same thing again."

Brenda flushed.

"Idiot," she said. "Never again. My career will come before everything else."

"You think so?" said the elder woman.

"Well see. You think you're hard-boiled, and really you're as soft as—"

She hesitated.

"Go on," said Brenda.

"As any other woman who can't do without love."

Brenda moved impatiently in her armchair.

"Don't be stupid," she said tartly. "I am not in love. What is more to the point, I can do without love. I want only one thing from life, and that's my proper career."

Alice was silent.

"I'm glad you've given up the idea of meeting that madman, Peter Lollin, to-morrow," she said at last.

"I'm going to meet him."

"What! Have you, too, gone mad? You know he is in touch with John Clairemont."

"Exactly. And if I don't keep the appointment I shall learn nothing of his whereabouts or intentions."

"Do you imagine Lollin will tell you anything?"

"Yes," said Brenda, smiling. "If I use my wits."

"You mean your charms, you witch. You may put yourself in John Clairemont's power."

"Give me credit for some intelligence. Don't forget that the newspaper girl is to be present."

Alice sniffed.

"Another menace," she said. "Tessie Rioridan is no fool. If you meet her and she is present at the coffee place, she may learn more than she should."

"Rubbish! I'm going, Alice. I'll phone Miss Rioridan now and tell her where to meet me."

Alice protested, but Brenda walked to the telephone attached to the circular wall in an embrasure whence one could look out over the water to Lion Island. She twisted the dial rapidly.

"Miss Tessie Riordan, please."

A pause.

"That you, Tessie? . . . Brenda speaking. Yes. You used to know her as Madame Brenda Damour, the widow from Tokio . . . Yes . . . You will meet me as arranged at 3.55 to-morrow afternoon, outside 'Coffee Inn' . . . Certainly I mean to keep the appointment . . . Nonsense! Mr. Peter Lollin is harmless . . . That's all right. Did you meet Mr. Lollin's friend the other night when I had to hurry away? . . . Oh, yes, thank you, my jewels and my purse were quite safe. Stupid of me, wasn't it? . . . What's that? Strikingly handsome, you say? . . . Aha, have you met your late? . . . Don't be annoyed. I was joking . . . He was not very polite? How very like—er—most handsome young men . . . Went off with Mr. Lollin? How amusing! He's not accompanying Mr. Lollin to 'Coffee Inn' to-morrow, is he? . . . Good! I don't like handsome young men. They're far too egotistic . . . Where am I speaking from? From an out-of-the-way spot, my dear Tessie, a very out-of-the-way spot. Forgive me if I don't tell you exactly where, just yet. Some day you will be my guest, right here, I hope . . . Good-night. Sorry to have interrupted your work. Don't forget—3.55 to-morrow at 'Coffee Inn'."

The receiver clicked into place. Brenda turned to Alice.

"There, I've done it. Now take me for a drive, Alice, and . . . and . . . don't nag."

**C**LINK of coffee and tea cups. Sandwiches and more sandwiches. Plates of cakes. Many women, young, old, and not so old. A few men. Oak panel partitions. Glass-topped tables. The hum of conversation. Trim waitresses. Indirect lighting. Chromium fittings. Vases of flowers. In short, "Coffee Inn" at four o'clock any afternoon.

Brenda and Tessie were sipping their coffee and smoking in one of the comfortable angles at the rear of the restaurant. Brenda was smiling at Tessie's account of John Clairmont's rudeness. Her smile developed into a trill of laughter when Tessie mentioned the binoculars and the young man's rapid visits to seven places of entertainment in the one evening.

"But you should see him," added Tessie earnestly. "I'm not a romantic person. All the same, I could forgive anything in a man as good-looking as Mr. Clairmont, rude as he was to me."

Brenda impulsively put out a gloved hand and pressed Tessie's cigarette-stained fingers.

"Don't be deceived by good looks, my dear. All men are beasts. Take that from one who knows, I assure you." "You don't look cynical," replied Tessie thoughtfully. "How long have I to wait before I know who and what you really are?"

"Not long now. As soon as a certain objectionable person has left this city, I shall tell you everything."

Tessie, whose back was to the main entrance, glanced up at the electric clock on the wall in front of her.

"Mr. Peter Lollin is three minutes overdue," she said. "Do you know, I like that bear, in spite of his mad ideas about . . . and his complete lack of good man-

"That's how I felt about him," declared Brenda. As she spoke, her face hardened and a terror-stricken look flashed into her eyes. Her lovely lips were drawn back over her perfect teeth in what was very like a snarl.

"You miserable little wretch," she said in a strangled voice, "you've double-crossed me."

The astonished Tessie stared at the distorted face before her and saw that Brenda was staring past her. Turning mechanically, Tessie looked down the long carpeted passage leading to the restaurant's entrance. Walking up the passage were two men, the one Mr. John Clairmont, the other Mr. Peter Lollin. Mr. Clairmont, as ever, was dressed faultlessly according to the standards set by the arbiters of male fashions in clothes. The enemy of the tailors, as usual, was dressed in neat shorts, a spotless silk shirt, and sandals. Peter's eyes gleamed through his pince-nez and he was smiling, though somewhat uneasily. On Mr. John Clairmont's classic features was no smile, but an expression of unalterable determination. Many eyes turned to look at the two men.

"Tessie," said Brenda in a furious whisper, "why did you do this?"

"Do what?" asked the astounded newspaper woman.

"Arrange for John Clairmont to find me here."

Tessie was indignant.

"I did nothing of the sort. I had not the faintest inkling that he was coming. Further, Madame Damour or whatever your name is, it's news to me that you know Mr. Clairmont when you see him."

For a long moment the two women looked into each other's eyes. Again Brenda extended her hand to press Tessie's.

"Forgive me," she said. "I misjudged you."

"And how's Madame Damour this fine afternoon?"

Lollin's voice sounded not quite normal.

"I must ask your indulgence for bringing my friend Mr. Clairmont with me," he continued. "He said he wanted to meet you."

Brenda's voice was icy with sarcasm.

"We have met before," she said.

"Ah. No need for introductions." Lollin, obviously ill at ease, seated himself to the left of Tessie, between her and Brenda. Mr. John Clairmont, who had maintained complete silence, sat himself on the right, opposite Lollin.

"Madame Damour and I met just a week ago. Quite by accident," he said coolly. "Good afternoon, Miss Riordan."

Completely bewildered, Tessie looked from one to the other.

"Am I in a nightmare?" Her question was addressed to the atmosphere. "If so, when do I wake up?"

"Let me put myself straight," said Peter, abruptly addressing Brenda. "This young man, with whom I've had business dealings for some time, heard me describe you the other night at 'The Bohemia.' He immediately demanded that I bring him along with me this afternoon. Says he has important business with you. More than that I know nothing, although heaven knows, I've done my damndest to get some sense out of him."

"Let me see," said John Clairmont smoothly, looking straight at Brenda with a sneering smile on his lips, "what did you say your name was?"

"You should know," retorted Brenda, clutching her handbag tightly.

"On the contrary," replied Clairmont flippantly, "I am beginning to doubt

whether I've heard it correctly. Is it Madame Brenda Damour?"

"It is."

"Delightful! May I ask where was your last port of call?"

"Tokio, if you must know."

"How strange! I was touring the East myself less than three months ago."

A waitress approached the table.

The strangely-assorted group fell silent. Lollin and Clairmont ordered coffee. As soon as the waitress had departed, Tessie burst into speech.

"I don't pretend to understand what all this is about. But I do want you, Mr. Clairmont, to tell Madame Damour that I had nothing to do with bringing you here."

Clairmont's grey eyes twinkled ironically.

"You knew nothing about my joining the party, Miss Riordan."

"I believed you, Tessie," said Madame Damour. To Clairmont she said acidly:

"Now that you are here, what is it you want of me?"

Eagerly Clairmont leaned towards her.

"A little common sense in your attitude towards me. I want you to tell me where you are staying."

Brenda laughed tauntingly at him.

"When you took that trip to Avalon, I thought you discovered everything you wanted to know."

Clairmont's face flushed red.

"You know darned well that Mrs. Alice Tickham had you hidden away. Avalon was a blind. You weren't there."

"How do you know?"

**B**ECAUSE I stayed there the night and watched the Tickham establishment from the hill opposite throughout the next day."

There was genuine merriment in Brenda's laugh.

"Did you have your binoculars with you?" she mocked.

"I did," Clairmont's tone was grim. "If you had been anywhere around, I should have seen you."

Brenda smiled but did not reply. A smothered ejaculation from Mr. Peter Lollin made his three companions turn quickly to him. He was staring at Brenda intently through his thick lenses.

"Now I know you," he said. "Goodness! You young mink, what's your game?"

It was Brenda's turn to look startled.

"I never saw you before in my life," she insisted, "until I noticed you sprawling on a settee in 'The Bohemia' the other night."

"Oh, yes, you've seen me, many, many times," chuckled Peter. "And talked with me—and . . . Ah, forget it! But I wish you and John would both come out into the open and tell me what it's all about and just what you have to do with each other."

"As for me," interrupted Tessie, "I seem to be odd woman out in this little show. If you people all know each other, and you don't want me to know . . . Well, I'll fade away," she lamely concluded, throwing out her hands helplessly.

"You sit right where you are," said Brenda swiftly. "I need a witness—and a friend."

"Here, I say," said Peter.

Brenda's voice was distinctly unfriendly. "You are in the company of a man—"

she paused.

"Go on. Don't mind me," said Clairmont.

"Of a man I despise and hate," concluded Brenda.

The waitress arrived with the coffee and again the group fell silent. The waitress gone, Peter Lollin remarked cheerfully:

"Let's see. Where were we?"

"Madame Damour had just remarked that she hated and despised me," said John Clairmont. He leaned back in his chair and regarded Brenda steadily. That lady stared at him defiantly. Tessie wriggled uneasily.

"I think," said the presswoman, "that if you two wish to have a private brawl, you should retire to a less public place, where Mr. Lollin and I will not be present."

"Speak for yourself," said Lollin. "I'm beginning to enjoy this. Two charming young people slanging each other for no apparent reason is a new experience for me, and I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"All I ask of Madame Damour," interposed Clairmont, "is to do what Miss Riordan suggests—give me an interview alone."

"And you will explain everything away for the third—or is it the fourth?—time," sneered Brenda.

"Yes," replied Clairmont, without rancour. "Are you game?"

Brenda shrugged.

"It is not a matter of gameness. It is a matter of principle. I don't wish to be hood-winked again."

Clairmont's jaw set.

"**Y**OU mention principle," he said, his tone dangerously quiet. "Is it a matter of principle for my—"

"Don't say it!" flashed Brenda.

"Ashamed of it?" asked Clairmont lefily. There was a momentary silence and then Madame Damour said, almost in a whisper:

"Yes."

"That settles it!" said Clairmont, leaning forward over the table. "I warn you, Madame Damour, or whatever your name is, my patience is at an end. Whatever you go, whatever you do, I shall trace you—and in the end you will either listen to reason or—"

"Or what?" Brenda's tone was still low.

"Or I'll set the law in motion."

Quietly Brenda opened her handbag. In the main compartment a very small automatic gleamed.

"Better seek police protection at once," she said. Her voice rose a little. "Because I swear that if you trouble me again I shall use this on you."

Peter Lollin blinked helplessly through his pince-nez. Tessie looked in amazement at the transfigured face of the woman whom she had thought beautiful. Brenda's face had become a white mask of hatred. She looked fully capable of using the automatic at any moment.

Clairmont, however, seemed quite unperturbed.

"This is amusing," he said. "I assure you—Brenda—pretty name—that the part of tragedy queen does not suit you."

"Neither does the part of the injured hero suit you." The words issued almost in a hiss from the beautiful mouth.

Suddenly Lollin laughed. Not very cheerfully.

"I say, you two, what about postponing the shooting-match? After all's said and done, I'm supposed to be the host this pleasant afternoon, and frankly, I didn't bargain for blood and thunder with my coffee. I wanted to talk with a charming lady; in fact, with two charming ladies." He bowed gallantly to Tessie.

"Don't mind me," said Tessie. "I'm not charming, and I know it. But I'm stunned."

What you people seem to have forgotten is that I belong to a newspaper, and if much more happens I'll forget I'm a lady and splash the whole business down on paper and submit it to my editor."

The effect of this speech was electrical. "For heaven's sake—" said Clairmont appealingly.

"Your promise, Tessie; your promise—" pleaded Brenda.

"The power of the Press," chuckled Peter. "Well, I must go back to tell," said Tessie, secretly elated at the sensation she had created.

"I'll come with you part of the way," hurriedly interjected Brenda. The two women rose and the men stood as Brenda and Tessie moved out from the table.

"You will not let me speak to you alone?" Clairmont asked.

"I will not," replied Brenda. "For the last time I warn you. I was not bluffing. If you follow me, if you come near me, if you pester me in any way, I shall shoot you. Good-bye, Mr. Lollin. Some day you and I will have the talk that we should have had this afternoon. Particularly I should like to learn what you meant by calling me a mix and by saying that you have known me in the past. You must be mistaken or I would remember you."

"Not necessarily," chuckled Lollin. He took a card from a case which he drew from one of the patch-pockets of his khaki shorts. Handing it to Brenda, he said:

"There's the address and phone number of my flat. If you ever feel like having a peaceful conversation, make an appointment with me, and it will be kept. Perhaps Miss Riordan may care to come, too."

"That depends—" began Tessie, and paused.

"Depends on whether it will be peaceful," said Brenda, smiling. "It will be, for there will only be three of us present." She glanced at Clairmont as if he were something that had crept out of the ground.

The young fellow bowed extravagantly. "I shall not be there," he said, "without your permission."

Not deigning to reply, Brenda nodded to Lollin and with Tessie walked to the entrance of the restaurant. They were no sooner out of earshot than Clairmont said urgently:

"Sit down, Peter, and let's have our coffee." They sat. "What did you mean by saying you recognised her?"

Lollin put down his coffee-cup.

"I not only recognised her. I could have added that I've had her in my arms many a time."

Clairmont split some coffee as his cup was replaced hurriedly on the table.

"What's that you say, Lollin?"

Calmly the big fellow looked his companion straight in the face.

"I said that I'd had Brenda Damour in my arms many a time," he reiterated. "But her name wasn't Brenda Damour then."

For a moment Clairmont looked as if he were a young tiger about to spring on its prey.

"What was her name—then?"

Lollin leaned forward and whispered.

Slowly a smile spread over Clairmont's face. The smile became a low laugh; the low laugh became a guffaw. Peter Lollin's deep voice joined in and the two men roared with their heads back.

## "HULLO!"

Mabel Quiffer, cub social reporter of the "Daily Wire," spoke into the telephone nearby. She had had a hard day. A Women's Parliamentary Reform meeting

in the morning; two pre-wedding parties in the afternoon; and now the awful task of getting it all ship-shape through her typewriter. No wonder that her voice was not as suave as a young reporter's voice should always sound. If she is to "keep sweet" with every leading light of society likely to ring her up in her professional capacity.

"No, she isn't in at the moment. Will you leave your number? . . . I beg your pardon? You'd rather not? . . . Well, madam, is it a newspaper matter? . . . Oh, I beg your pardon. She'll be here inside half an hour. . . . Yes, I'll tell her. . . . Not at all. It's a pleasure."

Wearily Mabel clanked the receiver into place. Wearily she ran her fingers through her hay-colored locks.

The hostess wore . . . she typed.

Tessie entered the cubicle.

"My heavens," said Mabel. "Ten seconds earlier and you'd have been here."

Tessie paused on her way to her desk and smiled at her fellow-worker.

"I think," she said, "that you are right."

"Oh, be quiet, smartie. If I've had one interruption in the last hour, I've had ten. First, old Lady De Vere rings up and wants to know what the devil—"

"She didn't say that, did she?"

"**S**HE meant it, anyhow. She wanted to know why the report of her crush the other night contained nothing about the decorations."

"I hope," said Tessie, "you told her that only extreme pressure on space precluded the possibility—"

"I didn't. I told her that other things of more importance—"

"Mabel! Do you want to keep your job?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, don't tell the crude truth to leading lights of our social world."

"All right, all right. Then Sylvia Witless rang up to know when her photograph would appear?"

"What did you say?"

"I said the matter was in Miss Tessie Riordan's hands and to ring her to-morrow."

"Coward!"

Mabel pouted sulkily.

"What was I to say?" she demanded.

"Tell her that her photo had been published so often that the public was tired of seeing it?"

"You grow coarser and coarser every week," commented Tessie.

"Must be growing into a good newspaper slave," sourly retorted Mabel.

"Was there a call for me?"

"Yep. Mysterious female with a . . . yes, by gum . . . it was a lovely voice. Sort of honey and lemon—"

"What did she say?" Tessie demanded.

"Wouldn't give a number or a name. Said she'd ring again within half an hour."

"Good!" said Tessie.

"Say," growled Mabel, "you've been acting sort of mysterious for days. On to a big story that you won't let Mabel in on?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Riordan, seriously. "I don't know. It's either very big—or nothing at all. And for goodness' sake, Mabel, don't come all over professional. You can be a good newspaper woman without talking like one."

"Sorry," said Mabel. "Effect of being lately to a couple of films about newspaper life."

"This is not the U.S.A.," announced Miss Riordan.

"You're telling me," replied Mabel. "Which reminds me. At the filming of 'Passions in Print' the other night, I saw that woman you were talking to at 'The Bohemia'—you know, the one you made the hot and bothered inquiries about—"

"Madame Damour?"

"Yep. Noticed her at the interval." "Interesting," said Tessie. "I wonder—"

The telephone bell rang.

"Hello, yes, she's here!"

Mabel put her hand over the mouth of the telephone.

"Same woman. Want to speak to her?"

"Of course."

Tessie took the instrument.

"Tessie Riordan speaking . . . Oh! So glad to hear from you . . . Delighted . . . When?"

"Let me see. Yes, I can manage it . . . Where shall I meet you? . . . Good . . . No, haven't seen or heard of either of them. You quite well? . . . Splendid. Doing any swimming? . . . No, I'm not fishing . . . But I thought . . . Oh, all right. I admit it. I thought I'd narrow it down to a seaside place, anyway . . ."

"Yes, I am patient . . . No, not a word to Peter if I do happen to run into him . . . Right. Good-bye till Saturday night. Don't ring off! What about the tickets? Want me to book them? . . . Oh. Booked already. You think of everything, Madame Damour . . . Oh, all right. Brenda, then. Good-bye."

Click went the receiver. Tessie stared at Mabel without seeing her.

"This beats the band!" she said in an annoyed voice.

"Who's being coarse?" asked Miss Quilter. "What's doing, Tessie?"

"Mind your own business," snapped Miss Riordan.

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't you like me to say? And I nearly did!"

"You must admit that I have plenty of excuse for being curious."

"You have, my dear! It's not that I don't trust your discretion. It's simply that I don't want to embroil you in my stupid affairs. I promise you one thing."

"And that is?" asked Tessie as, pushing a laden traymobile before her, she entered the sitting-room.

"That within another week I shall reveal my mystery to you, and, further, you shall be my guest at one of the loveliest spots in Australia."

"Sounds good!" said Tessie, as she sat opposite Brenda, the traymobile between them. Soon they were eating hot, buttered toast and sipping tea.

"Do you ever think of getting married, Tessie?" queried the widow from Tokio. The talk had veered to careers.

Tessie flushed.

"Naturally," she admitted. "No woman who isn't an idiot would prefer a so-called career to a happy marriage and a family."

Brenda's beautiful lips tightened into a thin red line.

"I notice you said 'happy,'" she commented cynically. "How many are happy?"

"Not as many as there would be if both partners always exercised common sense."

"So easy to say!" said Madame Damour. "Personally, I would never allow any man to interfere with the career I have mapped out for myself."

"Which is?" Tessie's voice was very quiet.

"That's part of my mystery," bantered the honey-haired beauty.

sight of a toy pistol wouldn't be enough to frighten a man like Mr. John Claretmont."

"It wasn't a toy pistol," whispered Brenda. "It was a real automatic, and he knew it. As a matter of fact, he gave it me—long ago."

"Is that so?" Tessie's curiosity again flared into life. Three people in front of them each emitted gentle "Sshes!" The two women were silent. They gave their attention to the show.

After the show, Brenda wanted Tessie to have supper with her at a celebrated cabaret. Tessie persuaded her to go to her tiny flat, which she shared with Mabel Quilter at King's Cross. What neither of them observed as they stepped into a tram at the corner of King and Castlereagh streets was a powerful car which perfume had halted at the regulation number of feet to the rear of the tram. The driver, a young man, whistled softly as he saw the two women. As the tram sped up William Street, the big car was only a few yards behind it. At King's Cross, the car paused again as many passengers alighted. Tessie and Brenda made their way down Macleay Street, and soon they were ensconced in the newspaperwomen's flat. Chattering gaily to her guest, Tessie busied herself in the tiny kitchenette, while Brenda reclined in a big chair whose ancient leatherette covering showed very distinct signs of wear and tear.

"This place may not be what you're used to, Brenda, but if you can stick it, you can stay here till morning," called out Tessie above the hum of the electric water-jug and the noise of toast being scraped. "That chair you're sitting in is a patent affair that can be turned into a bed."

The beautiful woman lazing in it laughed contentedly.

"Thanks, Tess. You are a real pal. But I want to go back to—to—"

"Yes?"

"Wouldn't you like me to say? And I nearly did!"

"You must admit that I have plenty of excuse for being curious."

"You have, my dear! It's not that I don't trust your discretion. It's simply that I don't want to embroil you in my stupid affairs. I promise you one thing."

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"I don't want to pry, Brenda, but, lovely as you are, I imagine you are the sort of woman who would jeopardise happiness for an illusion. Look at me! Rapidly getting on towards the thirties. Even if I became the head of the social staff, and a 'big shot' in the newspaper world, I'd chuck it up in an instant if a really nice man asked me to marry him!"

"What is a nice man?" The question was put scornfully.

"One who is decent in all his ways. One whom a woman could trust, and who could trust a woman."

"There isn't any such creature . . . unless . . . maybe . . . he wore pince-nez and shorts."

The challenge was met by Tessie with characteristic bluntness.

"Yes," she said quietly. "Even though he wore pince-nez and shorts, and was middle-aged, I'd marry Peter Lollin like a shot, if he asked me. Oh, goodness, what am I saying? You're a witch, Brenda! I wouldn't have admitted that to my own mother, if she were alive."

"WELL, I'll be your witch-mother," laughed Brenda. "Tell me, Tessie, if you do marry Peter Lollin—"

"Hold your horses!" cried the press-woman. "The man may look on me as a female curiosity rather than as a future wife!"

"I know different," said Brenda wisely. "I could see by the way he looked at you through those pince-nez of his that he is already struggling to fight against his bachelor prejudices. Little lady, I can already see you in white satin and orange blossoms."

Tessie shrieked with amusement.

"Brenda," she gasped, "I've just had a vision of myself going up the aisle on Peter's arm—me in bridal array—and Peter in shorts and sandals!"

The two women gazed at each other for a moment, then peal after peal of laughter came from both of them. A violent knocking on the ceiling brought their ribaldry to an end.

"That's the tenant up above," explained Tessie. "Wants to get to sleep, I suppose."

"Who is it?" asked Brenda.

"An old bachelor," replied Tessie. "We are quite friendly, but sometimes when Mabel and I start racketing he bangs on the floor to remind us that he is still in existence."

"An old bachelor," mused Brenda Damour. "I wonder what it feels like to grow older and older and more and more lonely."

"Pretty horrible, I should imagine."

"Then you should accept Peter when he proposes," said Brenda mischievously. Tessie flushed.

"I'll wait till he does," she replied soberly. "And I won't accept him unless he consents to come to the church in—"

She paused. Brenda's eyes sparkled with amusement.

"In trousers?"

Again the two women shrieked with laughter, and this time the knocking on the floor above was unmistakably that of an angry old gentleman.

"Ssh!" warned Tessie. "Let the poor old dear go to sleep."

"Yes, it's not fair," agreed Brenda. "Tell me," asked her companion, "what you are going to do with your life, Brenda? You are too beautiful not to marry."

"Marriage is not for me," replied the lovely widow coldly. "I have a career before me, and that will be more satisfying than any husband."

O

On the following Saturday night, precisely at the moment when the orchestra of the Galety Show began to blare out its overture, Madame Brenda Damour and Miss Tessie Riordan, both in evening wear, took their seats in the dress circle of the Ambassadors Theatre. Madame Damour's sleeveless flared tunic dress of black spotted net, with orchids at the corsage, drew the respectful attention of many women, but the brilliantly beautiful woman within it attracted the admiring regard of a still greater number of males. Tessie, neatly if not gaudily attired in a green gown that had seen service at scores of social events, was quite conscious that scarcely a glance was vouchsafed her by anybody. Yet not the faintest twinge of feminine jealousy disturbed her. Despite everything that had happened to arouse her suspicions since the morning when she had first met Brenda Damour in the Central, she found herself developing a warm attachment to the brown-eyed beauty at her side. As Brenda took two programmes from the attendant, Tessie thought:

"She may be a clever crook. She may be mad. She may be anything, but I like her."

As the curtain rose on a small army of undressed damsels, Tessie said:

"Aren't you afraid, Brenda, that he may be here with his binoculars?"

"No," was the reply. "I think I frightened him off the other day."

"The first stupid remark I've ever heard you make," bluntly replied Tessie.

"If I am any judge of character, the

The bitterness in her voice made Tessie suddenly feel protective and motherly. "Perhaps your experiences have soured you, my dear," she said softly.

"They have," rejoined Brenda. "But when I have realised my ambition I shall be quite satisfied to grow old gracefully."

"And what is your ambition?" Brenda looked steadfastly at her questioner for a moment before replying.

"I'll tell you," she said. "I am young. I have money. I shall not pretend that I do not know I'm rather beautiful. I'm going to become a talkie star. Already I know a good deal about acting."

"I'll say you do," murmured Miss Riordan. "Don't be catty, Tess. The name 'Brenda Damour' will one day be blazoned in electric light outside a thousand theatres—and you, young woman, will be proud to recall the days when you knew me."

"Meaning," interposed the newspaper woman very quietly, "that you won't know me then?"

Impulsively Brenda leaned forward in her seat and took the girl's hands.

"I shall never forget you," she said simply. "You may think that I'm just another feather-headed egotist. But I assure you, Tess, there's nothing left for me in life except ambition. And I can't see any more exciting career for a woman with looks and a proper amount of intelligence, than the talkies. As for forgetting my friends, that will never happen."

"I wonder!" "Don't be cynical. When I return to Australia, you will be the first person I shall send for. You, Tess, are my future secretary."

"But I thought you said you were going to Hollywood to become a talkie star?"

"Exactly that. But when I have made my name world-famous and my bank account touches the six figure mark, I shall return to Australia. Oh, I can see by your face that you think I am a raving egotist. I'm not, Tess, I'm not!"

"Why come back to Australia?" Again Brenda paused. When she spoke again her voice was the voice of a prophetess.

"By the time I return to my own country, three-dimensional talkies will have replaced two-dimensional. Every penny I have in the world I shall put into bringing the best producer, the best technicians, the best make-up men that can be lured out of England and America. But the stories used will be written by Australian journalists and writers."

"Blessings on Saint Brenda," murmured Tessie.

"DON'T interrupt. I am going to try a great experiment. With the world glamor of Brenda Damour—"

"Which isn't your real name."

"Don't interrupt! With the world glamor of Brenda Damour I shall be able to defy all the mitwits who make a profession of moaning against Australian talkies. I shall spread Australian-made talkies over the map of the world!"

"Hear, hear!" said Tessie.

"We have Australian dramatists who can write first-class dramas—produced at present only by amateurs. They will be my scenario writers. But the technical acumen and experience must come from overseas. Tessie, you little beast, I believe you are falling asleep."

"Nothing of the sort!" snapped Tessie, straightening up with a jerk. "Go on, Brenda Damour. I'm all ears."

"I don't care whether you are listening or not," continued the prophetic, "I admit

that the personality of Brenda Damour is synthetic—but what movie star's personality is his or her own? I shall exploit mine, for the sake of Australia."

"And how long," said Tess, "will this little job take you?"

"About ten years," was the prompt reply. "A year to break into Hollywood. Another year to become a star. Five years of piling up money and world reputation. Then back to my own land. Another year of organisation, another year for production of three talkies fit for world-marketing. In the tenth, Australian talkies will be the tops."

"How slangy, Brenda!"

"I read the talkie magazines," said Brenda demurely.

"There's just one little thing I'd like to know," drawled the presswoman. "Ask me!"

"If your plans don't quite pan out according to schedule, what will you do?"

"Do you mean if I am a failure?"

"Perish the thought! I mean if you find that instead of ten years, it takes twenty years to realise your ambition, what will you do?"

"By that time," replied Brenda, blushing, "I shall be too old, even for the talkies."

"Just suppose that happens. What then?"

Still blushing, Brenda replied:

"I shall marry the best man I can find—and my daughter will carry on the good work."



"H.M. Well, Brenda, with your beauty, your brains, and your cash, I believe you have a fifty-fifty chance of success. There's just one other little thing that I don't think you've reckoned upon."

"Tell me!"

"Brenda—whatever you are—you were born for love. You were born to be a mother. I am going to prophesy that when the right man comes into your life, you will forget all about your ambition. You will settle down as a tip-top matron."

"Never!" cried Brenda Damour vehemently. But somehow her tone was not very convincing.

The talk, becoming more and more intimate, drifted on for another ten minutes. Then Brenda asked Tessie to phone for a taxi. Tessie went to the wall-bracket instrument and dialled a number. She gave the address.

"It will be here in less than two minutes. The parking-ground is only a few hundred yards from here. Brenda, please answer one question before you go."

Brenda, drawing her black velvet cloak over her white shoulders, paused.

"What is it, Tessie?"

"Apparently you are well-to-do. Taxicabs at this time of night cost money for a long distance such as—"

The presswoman hesitated.

"Such as," supplemented Madame Damour cheerfully, "seems to be indicated by my mysterious retreat. Well, Tessie?"

"Is Mr. John Clairmont pestering you for money?"

Brenda put her head back and laughed in genuine carefree gaiety.

"No, my dear friend," she said. "John Clairmont has plenty of money. He is pestering me for something more valuable than all the money in the world. He won't get it, unscrupulous as he is."

"If I thought you meant your love—"

began Tessie, her brow creased in a puzzled frown. "My love? Good heavens, child, John Clairmont doesn't worry his head about love from me. It's—something else. It's—power."

The toot of a taxi-horn sounded from the street below.

"Then why do you risk coming into Sydney when you must know that he is continually on the look-out for you?"

"I must visit the theatres. I—I love them," said Madame Damour. "I have no fear of John Clairmont now. He knows that I am quite capable of shooting him."

DON'T speak like that! Anyway, you haven't your automatic with you to-night."

"Don't worry, Tessie! The last thing he would expect is to see me again in Sydney. Don't worry, dear! That handsome scoundrel, as I happen to know, will have to leave Australia within a few days, and by the time he returns I shall be in another country and in a place where he can never find me."

Together they descended the stairs (the newspaper women's flat was on the first floor of a block more than half-way down Macleay Street). The taxi was drawn up at the kerbstone.

The two women, opposites in everything except their capacity for friendship, kissed. Brenda stepped into the taxi. The door slammed to. Brenda leant out of the window.

"I love driving in the night," she said. "Good-night, my dear. Very soon I'll send that invitation to you." She paused and then added: "If—anything were to happen—if the person you spoke of did by a miracle happen to find me—remember—her voice sunk to the merest whisper—"the police must not be called in." Turning, Brenda said: "Drive to the Spit, please." To Tessie she called mischievously as the taxi moved off:

"And that isn't where I'm staying, Tessie!" As Tessie Riordan stood on the pavement and looked thoughtfully at the disappearing taxi, a powerful car, driven by a young man in evening dress and with a soft black felt hat pulled well down over his forehead, lurched swiftly past the newspaper girl.

Tessie took no notice of it. She was busy enunciating a problem to herself.

"Why shouldn't the police be called in?"

"And when you reach the Spit," said Brenda to the taxi-driver, "keep on until you come to Avalon."

"It's after midnight, madam, and Avalon is a long way," said the driver dubiously.

"Your fare will be paid," replied Madame Damour. "And drive slowly over the hills beyond Narrabeen. I adore the sea at night!"

It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when the taxi entered Avalon and turned the corner on which Dan Tickham's store and refreshment kiosk were built. The place was in complete darkness. The side road led straight into the hills and then swerved north again before finally turning almost due south along the lovely borders of the stretch of land-locked water so often likened to a famous lake in Scotland. The residences here are few and far between and the road, as already has been mentioned, comes to a dead end at the back of Newport.

On the way down, after the taxi had passed

through Manly, a few cars, late as it was, had overtaken them. Some had continued on their way to Palm Beach; but one had turned into the side road.

As Brenda's taxi stopped before her bungalow, the other car passed them rapidly and disappeared in the hollow farther on. The throb of its powerful engine could be heard dying away in the distance.

"Another night-bird," remarked the taxi-driver, as he opened the door for his fare.

"Yes," agreed Brenda lightly as she paid the man. "I did not know any of the residences about here were occupied at this time of the year."

As she spoke, a sudden misgiving disturbed her mind. Almost she felt tempted to ask the driver to take her back to Sydney. She dismissed the idea as quickly as she had formed it. "Am I turning coward?" she thought, angry at herself for her moment of panic.

With a "Good-night, madam," from the driver, cheerful at being paid, substantially more than the amount shown on the meter, the taxi backed in the narrow road. A clank of gears changing—and it sped on its return journey to the city.

Brenda walked up the path and at the front door paused a moment to look through the gum-trees to the water glimmering in the starlight. She opened the door and entered the comfortable living-room. Switching on the light, Brenda looked about her. Everything was as she had left it the day before. She was quite alone, for the woman from Avalon village who came daily to "do" for her, slept at her own cottage a mile and a half away. So far as Brenda knew, this bungalow which she had secured on a short lease through the good offices of Alice Tickham, was the only one occupied within a radius of a mile. Madame Damour had her own reasons for living temporarily in so secluded a spot.

She entered her bedroom, which was situated on the right side of the living-room. As she began to undress, a slight noise on the rear verandah of the bungalow attracted her attention. She listened and again the sound came to her ears: a scratching sound at the door and a slight whimpering, as of a dog in pain.

Hastily putting on a silken dressing-gown Brenda re-entered the living-room, walked to the door and threw it open.

"GOOD evening—or, rather, good morning," said Mr. John Clairemont. His soft felt hat was in his hand. "Rather a good imitation of a homeless puppy scratching for admission, don't you think?"

The woman's eyes, dilated with fear, swerved from him to the mantelpiece over the large open fireplace. At one end reposed her automaton. The man's glance followed hers. Swiftly he entered the room and before Brenda could take more than a step, he had removed the pistol and had placed it in his hip-pocket.

"Thanks for drawing attention to my little gift," he said airily. Throwing his hat onto a sofa, he folded his arms.

"Now, Madame Brenda Damour. Close that door. Come right in and sit down. You're going to listen to reason—at last!"

The following morning the telephone rang in the Avalon block. Mrs. Alice Tickham answered it.

"Hello!"

"Brenda speaking."

"Everything right, dear?"

"Yes! Alice, I want you to jump in your

old jigger and come round here immediately."

"But, my dear, I'm up to my eyes in work. Is it important?"

"Of course it is. I want you to meet—a man."

"W-w-what?"

"I want you to meet Mr. John Clairemont."

A gulping sound was transmitted through the phone.

"Brenda, is—he there?"

"He is. Now will you come as fast as you can in your bone-shaker?"

"Y-yes. Shall I bring Dan?"

A lovely laugh sounded over the wire.

"There's no need. I've tamed him! Now don't ask any questions. Come round at once. It's quite safe."

"Whatever you say," said Mrs. Alice Tickham.

Ten minutes later a battered car drew up before the bungalow leased by Madame Brenda Damour. As Alice stepped out, she looked up at the sunlit verandah. At the head of the broad steps stood a man and a woman, their arms about each other. Alice gasped, but without speaking opened the gate and advanced up the path leading to the steps. At their foot she paused, and surveyed the smiling pair.

"I was never any good at puzzles," she announced to the world at large. "Before I come up, will someone please explain?"

"This," said Madame Brenda Damour, proudly turning to Mr. John Clairemont, as she released herself gently from his encircling arm, "is my man. He always has been, and he always shall be."

Mrs. Alice Tickham made a sound that was a cross between a gurgle and a cough.

"Your—your—your—what?" she stammered.

"My man!" proudly proclaimed the happy beauty. "My man—my husband!"

"Do you mind," freely asked Mrs. Tickham as she slowly climbed the steps, "giving me a cup of tea?"

"Come right inside," said John Clairemont. "I could do with one myself."

"Spoken like a true male," said Mrs. Alice Tickham, as she reached the verandah.

"Now, Harriet Binns, make the tea first and then tell me all about it. Frankly, if I were your mother, I'd put you across my knee and spank you."

Within that bungalow a conversation took place over tea and scones that changed the history of talkie-production in Australia.

But it did not prevent the tragedy that nearly led to the wrecking of at least five lives. The next morning Brenda Damour and John Clairemont decided to hire a motor-boat. They walked the quarter-mile that lay between their bungalow, embowered in gum-trees, and the nearest boatshed on the edge of the sapphire waters beyond Avalon.

John pulled the cord controlling the motor. On purple cushions in the stern of the boat lay Madame Brenda Damour. Her large brown eyes were fixed on the man at the tiller. As the boat churned over the sapphire-and-gold waters, she spoke.

"Am I in heaven, John?" she queried.

"You are," replied the grey-eyed man. "And so am I."

"Good-bye, ambition."

"What's that?"

"I said—good-bye, ambition."

"Do you regret?"

For reply, the honey-haired, brown-eyed beauty looked at him. John Clairemont returned her gaze and was silent. Chug-

chug went the motor. Halfway across the glittering waters, he spoke again.

"There's only one name for our first daughter," he said.

"Not Harriet, I hope," said Brenda Damour.

"No, Brenda. Brenda—the only name for your eldest daughter."

"Should I," remarked the woman on the purple cushions, "sham shyness?"

"Leave shyness to spinsters who can't capture their man," brusquely replied the man at the tiller.

Over the waters sped the boat. On the far side, about twenty yards from the golden shore of a tiny inlet, John Clairemont stilled the motor. They landed. Within five minutes, the man and woman were in the water. When at last they were dry and dressed, Brenda, her honey-colored hair spread out on the rug on which she reclined, looked up at a cloudless turquoise sky, and said:

"John, this is too perfect to last."

CLAIREMONT, stretched on the sand at her side, clutched two handfuls of warm golden dust and said: "Sufficient unto the day is the happiness thereof."

"Will it last, John?"

Clairemont sat up suddenly.

"Yes," he said harshly, "if you believe my story."

"I do believe it," replied Brenda Damour. John Clairemont took one quick glance around. Earth, sky and waters sang a psalm of summer. Swiftly he took the woman in his arms.

The next morning, Mrs. Alice Tickham rang Madame Brenda Damour.

"Happy?"

"Perfectly."

"Brenda, what about when the others find out?"

"What others?"

"Why, your newspaper friend and Mr. Lollin."

"They'll probably be too busy about themselves to worry about us."

"But isn't Mr. Clairemont due to leave Australia in a few days?"

"John says to the devil with everything until—"

There was a pause.

"Until," completed Mrs. Alice Tickham, "you both have come out of your dream and are ready for the world again."

"Something like that." The voice was gay.

"My dear, my dear, I am frightened for you."

"Why should you be, Alice?"

"You are too happy. The gods don't like too much happiness."

"Which gods?"

"Why—why—all of them. I'm not too good on mythology. But you know what I mean."

"I have only one god now—and he makes my happiness."

"Harriet! Don't be blasphemous!"

"Oh, Alice, how can I help it?"

"By not being it."

"But he is—godlike. He is wonderful! Weren't you ever the same?"

"Of course," replied Mrs. Alice Tickham cheerfully. "You've converted me to your paganism, you witch."

Brenda sighed audibly.

"That's what my newspaper friend called me—only three days ago."

"Well, she was right. You are a witch."

But remember—even witches haven't their magic brooms always handy."

"Alice Tickham, I don't know what you mean, and I don't care. I'm happy—utterly, perfectly happy."

The experienced woman at the other end of the wire grew serious.

"Brenda Damour—Harriet Binns—or whatever I should call you," she said. "I tell you that your gods will not stand for this. Try to have a quarrel with him! If you don't—then something will happen. You're too happy, I tell you!"

"Impossible," was the word breathed over the Avon telephone wire.

"GENTLEMAN to see you, Miss Riordan," said the office boy, the suggestion of a snigger in his words.

The time was noon, the day Wednesday, and the place the reportorial department of the "Daily Wire."

Tessie looked up from her typewriter. At the door stood Mr. Peter Lollin. The office-boy was grinning. Peter's get-up was amusing the brat.

"Spare me a few minutes?" asked Peter.

"Come in," she said.

The boy disappeared and the dress-reformer draped his huge figure on a chair near Tessie's desk.

"Where's your mate?" Lollin asked.

"Mabel? Out on a job."

"Just as well," said Lollin, removing his pince-nez. "I don't want any listeners."

"Sounds mysterious," Tessie was looking at the big fellow curiously.

For reply, Lollin abruptly said:

"Tessie, I've known you off and on for more than a year. Do you think I'm mad?"

"Tessie started, then smiled.

"Why should I? You're as sane as any other man, except on the matter of dress."

"On that I'm sinner than all the asses who drape themselves in English togs in sunny Australia. Anyway, that's not what I've come to talk about. When did you last see Madame Damour?"

Tessie felt a momentary chill of fear.

"Last Saturday night."

"Where?"

"At the Ambassadors Theatre. She and I went there together."

"See anything of Clairemont?"

"No."

"Where'd you go after the theatre?"

"To my flat. We had supper there."

"And then?"

"Brenda departed in a taxi."

"Where to?"

"Don't know."

"Honest?"

"Yes. I don't tell unnecessary lies, Peter Lollin."

"Then you're like everybody else," said Peter grimly. "You tell a good few."

"What has happened?"

"Clairemont was to have been at my office last Monday morning. We had important business. He has not been seen or heard of since last Saturday night."

"Where was he staying?"

"At the Strand Hotel. I've been there. His room hasn't been slept in since Friday night."

"What are you afraid of?"

Peter paused before replying to the girl.

"I'm afraid that John has met the Damour woman—and that automatic has been used, perhaps on both of them."

"What do you know of them?"

"It wouldn't be fair to tell you just at present the little I know of Madame Damour. Clairemont is a client of mine, and a pretty good one."

"By the way, Peter Lollin, what do you do for a living?"

Peter's face was bland.

"You inquisious female! Have I never told you? I'm an indent agent. I import heavy machinery."

"And what is Mr. John Clairemont?"

"He is a mining engineer."

"Has he told you what his interest in Brenda Damour is?"

"No. But he has promised to do so before he leaves Australia."

"When is he supposed to leave?"

"Next Saturday at the latest."

"Why?"

"Look here, young woman, I came here to question you, not for you to question me."

"Have you anything to hide?"

"Nothing at all."

"Then why are you so anxious about John Clairemont?"

"Don't be dumb, Tessie Riordan! You saw their behaviour when they met at the 'Coffee Inn.' One was dynamite, and the other a detonator. If they've met—perhaps in some lonely spot where Madame Brenda is hiding for some reason—goodness knows what may have happened."

"You said at the 'Coffee Inn' that you recognised her. What did you mean?"

"Not so fast, young woman! I'm not giving secrets away, at present."

"Then you have something to hide."

Peter staid.

"It's not my secret. It's hers."

Tessie looked hard at him, but his eyes did not waver.

"What are you going to go?" she asked.

"Poke around in the hope of finding out where he is—or she—or both of them. If I find neither of them in the next forty-eight hours, I'll put the police on to the business of tracing them."

"Tessie drew a quick

breath. She could hear again, as if in reality, the low, sweet voice of Brenda saying: "Remember, the police must not be called in."

"No. You must not do that," Tessie spoke urgently. Astonished, Peter asked: "And why not?"

Tessie hesitated.

"Because Brenda specially warned me."

Lollin regarded her severely.

"You would play into her hands just because she asked you!"

Earnestly, Tessie replied:

"I feel that whatever the appearances may be, Brenda Damour is a good woman. There's nothing crooked about her."

"She has certainly put the Indian sign on you," muttered Lollin.

"Indian sign be hanged," retorted Tessie. "Do you think one woman can't size up another woman?"

"Dunno," said Lollin, helplessly running a hand through his heavy mop of white hair. "You see, I'm only forty-eight, so I haven't lived nearly long enough to learn anything about women."

Tessie sniffed.

"No wise-cracking, Peter Lollin. I'll bet you haven't lived forty-eight years without learning a thing or two about the female of the species."

Peter's gaze was lamb-like.

"Only that it's more deadly than the male," he said, grinning. "And I only read that."

Tessie could not help smiling at the big fellow's affectation of innocence.

"Well postpone the discussion," she said. "I have work to do."

"May I report progress to-night?"

"If you wish. Here's my number. Any time after eight o'clock."

She scribbled on a slip of paper and handed it to Peter.

"Thanks. I hope everything'll turn out simple and above board. I don't mind admitting I'm—afraid."

Again that chilly feeling of fear ran through the Press woman.

"If you want any help," she said briskly, "call on me. But don't call on the police except as a last resort. They'll both turn up, never fear!"

But when Peter Lollin had gone, Tessie tapped her teeth with her pencil and stared unseeingly for a long time at a desk-calendar. A phrase kept running through her mind—

"One was dynamite, the other a detonator!"

The following morning, before breakfast, Tessie rang Peter at his Darling Point flat. After a long wait, a sleepy voice said:

"Peter Lollin speaking."

"This is Tessie Riordan."

"You woke me out of my beauty sleep, Tessie! What's doing?"

"Have you anything to report, Peter?"

"No. Have you?"

"Yes. That's why I've rung you so early. I've traced Brenda to her hide-out!"

"The dickens you have! How did you do it?"

"Simplest way in the world. You should have thought of it. I went to the taxi company."

"Which one?"

"The Luxor Company. I rang them on the night Brenda was at my flat. Wherever it was she went, she went in a Luxor cab. The man who drove her will be going on duty at six to-night and the manager has consented to my questioning him at the Luxor office. Will you come with me?"

"Will I come! Little woman, I'd come anywhere with you, and if I were with you now I'd hug you."

"Don't get fresh, Peter Lollin!"

"Oh, it would be only a gesture of respect for your brains."

"Thanks. That's a left-handed compliment if ever there was one."

"What do you want me to say?"

"Nothing. I'll meet you at the Luxor office at Darlingshurst sharp at six to-night."

"Good. And say—"

"Say on."

"If we get the address out of them will you drive there with me to-night?"

"Y-yes. If you think it necessary."

"It is very necessary. Madame Brenda is the only person who can tell us where John Clairemont is."

"I'll be there."

As Tessie rang off, an amused smile was on her lips. "Is that grey-haired old dear trying to flirt with me?" was the question that raced through her mind. At the other end of the wire, Peter was thinking, "I'm forty-eight. Am I too old to think of marriage? That girl has brains—and she's charming!"

PETER LOLLIN

entered his office in York Street precisely at nine-thirty that morning. His staff, consisting of one clerk and a typist, were always on duty sharp at nine o'clock. Lollin's business as an importer of machinery had easily survived the depression, and despite his reputation as a crank he had a solid clientele, especially among mining people.

His suite of two rooms consisted of an outer office in which his typist, Miss Clara Smythe, an efficient lady of uncertain years,

was installed. His clerk, Mr. Bob Tanner, also shared this outer office. Lollin's room was at the rear and was divided from the front office by a frosted glass partition.

As he entered the outer office, Miss Smythe came hurriedly towards him. "Mr. Lollin, when Mr. Tanner and I arrived this morning a lady—I think she is French—was waiting here. She wants to see you—"

"She is in my office?" demanded Peter eagerly.

"Yes. She was so insistent—"

"That's all right. She gave her name?"

Miss Smythe paused, as if at a loss.

"Was it Madame Brenda Damour?"

"No," said the typiste slowly. "To tell you the truth, I can't pronounce it. It was Mademoiselle Marie something or other."

Peter stared at her for a moment and then abruptly walked to the door leading to his own sanctum, opened it, and disappeared. As he entered a figure rose hurriedly from a chair at the side of his desk and said:

"You are Monsieur Peter Lollin?"

As she spoke she looked in bewilderment at Peter's costume.

"Yes, madam. And, may I ask, who are you?"

"My name is Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegours. I am seeking Monsieur Jean Clairemont. You—you are his friend?"

"I think I can describe myself as his friend. But how do you know who I am?"

Peter by this time was seated at his desk and his visitor was again in her chair.

She was a vivid type, slim, rather short, black-haired. She was dressed neatly in black. Peter could not help observing that the costume was anything but fashionable.

The woman's dark eyes sparkled with excitement and from her lips, a trifle too thin, poured a spate of words in a strong foreign accent.

"I know who you are from M'sieur Clairemont. You are he who supplies him with his machinery, hein? On ze last occasion that I met Jean" (Peter noted the change from "M'sieur Clairemont" to "Jean") "he was in Rabaul. He and I had—what you call—a business deal together. Then—pouf!—he disappear. I 'ear that he come South. I think—he go to his M'sieur Lollin. I catch ze boat from Rabaul—once a month it runs—and here I am, I 'ope, not too late. It is most important!"

Peter regarded her steadily before replying.

"May I ask the nature of your business with him?"

Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegours returned Mr. Lollin's gaze. Her black eyes had a peculiar expression in them.

"I WOULD rather not discuss it without M'sieur Jean's permission. Please, please tell me, where is he?"

"I don't know ma'm'selle."

Peter's simple words had an electrical effect on his visitor. Springing to her feet, she glared furiously at Lollin and in a shrill voice cried:

"Sacre bleu, you will not tell me? You would lie to me. I know what is ze matter—'e 'as that woman with him."

It was Peter's turn to look startled.

"What woman?"

"Arriet Binns. You know 'er? Hein? Ah, I see by your face that you do! Now, quick, tell me where 'e is—or I go to the police. Ms, I 'ave nothing to 'ide—but she—she will go to gaol before I 'ave done with 'er."

"Where did you hear that name—Harriet Binns?" he asked hoarsely.

"Aha! You do not like to 'ear it? She has—what you call—upset you, too?"

"No, no. I am her friend just as much as I am a friend to John Clairemont."

"You cannot be a friend to both," retorted the Frenchwoman.

"Why not?"

"Because she is 'is enemy! Do you not know that?"

"I know nothing about their relations. Why should she be his enemy?"

A cunning expression came into Mademoiselle's fine eyes.

"You must not try to—what is ze word?—to poomp me. I shall tell you nothing, until you bring me face to face with Jean—and 'er."

"Ma'm'selle, I am telling you the truth when I say I do not know where he is. But I think I shall know to-night. If your business with him is really urgent, and you will tell me what it is—I assure you, you can trust me."

For a long moment the woman regarded him. At last she spoke.

"You are right. I must trust you. I must see him about the oil-field."

"What oil-field?"

"Ze Binns oil-field!"

"The Binns property? But that has no oil in it."

"Ah, do not be so sure! I tell you that if it had not been for that fool 'Arriet, Jean would now have ze property and we would all be rich, ver' rich."

"Where do you come in on it?"

Mademoiselle smiled, not a very pleasant smile.

"I 'ave ze word of M'sieur Jean Clairemont."

"H'm. Ma'm'selle, excuse me, where are you staying?"

"At ze 'Palace.' I am ver' poor at present."

"Will you wait there to-night on the off-chance of my calling for you?"

"Certainement, m'sieur."

"Good. Now, pardon me while I ring up a lady friend who is also interested in finding John Clairemont."

Mademoiselle's eyes flashed understandingly.

"Oh! oh! Still an ozzer one! Ze good Jean 'as lost no time."

"You're quite wrong," snapped Peter.

"This lady has no personal interest in John Clairemont."

"Per'aps 'e 'as in 'er," said the Frenchwoman drily.

Peter impatiently caught hold of his desk-telephone and dialled a number.

"If you have patience, you will find how completely wrong you are."

The Frenchwoman shrugged as if to say: "Time will tell—in the meantime, I keep my own opinion."

Peter spoke into the telephone.

"That you, Tessie? Sorry to worry you. About to-night. We shall probably have another passenger with us if we get the address from the taxi-man . . . Oh, I can't explain now, Tess. Until to-night . . ."

To his visitor, Peter said:

"Some time between six and seven o'clock to-night, we shall pick you up, ma'm'selle. Whether we succeed in getting the—er—other lady's address or not, I shall certainly call on you."

Mademoiselle Marie smiled cunningly.

"To try and poomp me some more?"

"I don't think anybody in the world could 'poomp' you, ma'm'selle, unless you were willing," retorted Peter gallantly.

And on a pleasant note of mutual railway the visitor departed.

**T**

HE taxi-man at the Luxor Company arrived promptly on duty that evening. Tessie and Peter interviewed him in the parking ground. After a very short discussion the man agreed to drive them to the bungalow beyond Avalon. In the taxi, on the way to the "Palace," Peter explained the baffling visitor about whom he had telephoned Tessie.

"What on earth does she want with them?" she demanded.

"I can only guess," replied Lollin sombrely.

"But I imagine that when she and Madame Damour meet, the sparks will fly. Frankly, Tessie, I'm worried. Yet I can see no other way of clearing up the whole business except by trying to bring all the parties together."

Tessie started.

"All the parties? Of course! What a fool I am! What fools both of us are! We could have rung up Mrs. Alice Tickham, Brenda's Avalon friend."

"I thought of that," said Peter, grinning.

"So there's only one fool. But do you think that Mrs. Tickham would have told us anything? Not on your life. She helped Brenda Damour to disappear, and from what the taxi-driver has told us, she is still in some bungalow near Avalon."

"You win, Peter!" admitted Tessie.

"Here's the 'Palace.'"

Peter alighted. Within three minutes he was introducing Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegours to Miss Tessie Riordan.

When they were seated, Peter between the two women, the order was given:

"To Avalon!"

As the taxi sped on its way to the Bridge, an awkward silence fell on the three passengers. Suddenly Mademoiselle Marie said to Tessie:

"Do you know 'Arriet Binns?"

Tessie's brow wrinkled.

"No. I have never heard of her."

"Monsieur 'ere knows 'er. 'Ow is it you do not?"

"I assure you," Peter interposed hurriedly, "that Miss Riordan does not know Miss Binns."

"Funny. Ver' funny," said the Frenchwoman and lapsed into a moody silence. For the rest of the journey only commonplace were used to break the silence. By the time the taxi was speeding down the hillside road leading to the village of Avalon night had come. Lights among the trees showed that a few of the bungalows, deserted in winter-time, were again being occupied now that summer was near. Passing the Tickham establishment, Peter nudged Tessie.

"Look!" he said.

Tessie looked, and beheld Mrs. Alice Tickham serving tea to a couple of early tourists in the porch of the kiosk.

"If she happened to glance at this taxi and saw who was in it," murmured Tessie, "the bird would quickly be warned per telephone."

"To late too fly now," said Peter. "How far are we from the bungalow, driver?" he asked, raising his voice.

"Less than two miles, sir," replied the driver. "Round the next bend and about a mile along the waterfront."

In a few minutes the taxi stopped before the bungalow leased by Madame Brenda Damour. Every room in the house was lit. The strains of a fox-trot sounded in the wattle-perfumed air. And on the broad verandah, two figures were dancing. They ceased dancing as Peter alighted, preparatory to assisting his two companions out of

the taxi. Arm in arm, the two figures advanced to the head of the steps.

"Well, I'll be—consolidated," roared Mr. John Clairemont, gaily. "If it isn't the estimable Peter Lollin. You old blood-hound! Another twenty-four hours and you would have been invited down here formally."

From Brenda Damour came a laugh—the carefree laugh of a woman utterly contented, utterly happy. She saw Tessie take the hand of Peter and step out.

"And look who's with him!" she cried. "Tessie! Believe it or not you, too, would have been invited—"

Her voice stopped, as if someone had seized her by the throat. Mademoiselle Marie had alighted.

"Who—who is that with you?" asked Brenda Damour hoarsely.

"Ma'm'selle Marie," replied that lady triumphantly. "You see, 'Arriet Binns, you are not yet rid of me."

"Lollin, what have you done?" demanded Clairemont.

Wearily Peter opened the gate. "I'm hanged if I know," he said. "But it had to be done. May we come up?"

There was a moment of silence. Brenda had withdrawn her arm from John's. She stood apart, leaning slightly against a verandah support. All her gaiety was gone.

"Yes," she said dully. "Come up—all three of you. Let's get it over!"

IN silence, these five people seated themselves in the big living-room. Clairemont switched off the radio which was placed in a corner of the room to the left of the door at which a puppy had scratched and whined three days earlier. Brenda Damour sat in an easy-chair next her bedroom door, on the right of the main entrance. Peter draped his length in an uneasy sprawl on an ottoman on the other side of the fireplace. Thus he and Madame Damour were on the same side of the room, only the fireplace between them. John Clairemont savagely dragged a chair from the rear wall and seated himself, arms folded, in front of the radio. Less than five feet from him, on another easy-chair placed in front of the second bedroom door, Mademoiselle Marie, tight-lipped and watchful, sat upright and obviously ill at ease. To the left of the main entrance, in a comfortable lounge chair, Tessie Riordan sank. Too bewildered to think coherently, Tessie relaxed and simply waited for developments. Only one thought dimly formed itself in her mind. "Are we all mad, or is this a new sort of nightmare?"

Clairemont broke the awful silence that had fallen on the five.

"Explanations, please," he said crisply. "From anybody. I don't care from whom." Mademoiselle coughed discreetly. She was recovering her poise.

"I did not," she said in a vinegary tone, "expect to see you—and 'Arriet." There was a slight emphasis on the "and."

Peter heaved his great bulk upright.

"Get this clear, John," he said. "I seem to be as much in the dark as you are."

"Yet you brought here Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegours," interjected Brenda lolly.

"And for the love of Mike and me, Brenda," said Tessie Riordan dejectedly, "believe me when I say I don't know the first thing about it."

Brenda gestured with shapely shoulders and lovely hands.

"Then why—?" She looked appealingly from Tessie to Peter, but avoided the gaze of John Clairemont, who was regarding her directly. Up spoke Peter:

"Here's my share in it all," he said. "You, John, had, I know, to get out of this country by the end of the week. To-day's Friday. On Tuesday you were to take delivery of the units I had brought over from Melbourne. That clear?"

"Precisely," said Clairemont.

"Since then, you disappeared off the face of the earth. Why?"

"I was busy," was the quiet reply, "on a matter more important to me than all the business in the world."

A quick interchange of glances between Clairemont and Madame Damour. For one moment her face cleared. In her eyes came the look of a woman who loves. As quickly it disappeared as the rather hard voice of Mademoiselle Marie cut in.

"But you had not reckoned on me?"

"No, I had not," Clairemont spoke venomously.

"Ah! But see—I am 'ere."

Peter interposed.

"Listen, you two!" he said. "I'm still prepared to believe that there is a rational explanation for all these absurd misunderstandings. Tessie, tell 'em what you did."

As if aroused from coma, Tessie said:

"Brenda, I was worried about you after you left my flat, and I heard nothing of you. When Mr. Lollin told me Clairemont had also disappeared I did a little detective work."

"With my help," interposed Lollin suavely.

"Oh, all right," said the presswoman disgustedly. "With your help. Have it that way if you like. I dug up the man who drove you from my place and with the consent of the manager of his taxi company he drove us here to-night."

"Very clever, 'Tessie," said Madame Damour. "That does not explain, however, how this—this woman—" (nodding at Mademoiselle Marie) "came to be with you."

"It's this way—" began Peter.

"Whenever anyone says that," said Clairemont very deliberately, "I'm prepared to disbelieve him."

Peter rolled to his feet.

"John," he said sternly, "that—from you."

Clairemont raised his right hand airily.

"Sit down, Peter Lollin. I've believed always that you were my friend. You've proved it. But . . . but the presence of Ma'm'selle rather seems to disprove it."

Peter sat down and glared at Clairemont.

"If there were not ladies present—" he said.

"How many are present?" sweetly asked Madame Damour.

"You think I am in on this business?" snapped Tessie.

"My dear, I don't know," declared Brenda.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," wailed Tessie,

"will no one come out in the open?"

"I do not ver' well understand what you mean by 'in the open,'" said the Frenchwoman. "All the same, I guess. You, 'Arriet," she continued, looking insolently at Brenda, "wish to know why I am 'ere?"

"Yes," said Brenda very quietly.

"First, because M'sieu Petaire—" nodding brightly at Peter—"asked me to come 'ere with 'im, and second, because I 'ad business with Jean."

She uttered the word "Jean" so softly that even a moron would have sensed that she desired far more than business dealings with Clairemont. That young gentleman stirred uneasily in his chair.

"My dear," he said to Brenda, "you know that is not true."

Brenda looked at him. Tonelessly she said:

"What am I to believe?"

"So far as I'm concerned," interjected Peter, "Ma'm'selle is here simply because she blew into my office and persuaded me that she must see you, John, on urgent business in connection with . . . with an oil-field."

As if an explosion had occurred in the room, three people leaped from their seats. Brenda Damour, John Clairemont, and Marie Laurencin de Tegours stood facing each other.

"An oil-field?" breathed Brenda.

Cynically smiling, she added, "The Binns oil-field, I suppose?"

"Yes, the Binns oil-field, 'Arriet," softly said Mademoiselle Marie.

"I swear that she's lying," said John Clairemont, looking desperately, despairingly, at Brenda.

Madame Damour sank gracefully into her armchair. Perfectly at ease again, she took a cigarette from a receptacle in the smoker's stand at her side, lit it from a petrol-lighter mounted on the same contraption, blew a grey-blue cloud into the air, and said calmly:

"Sit down, you two. I am interested."

As if hypnotised, Clairemont and the Frenchwoman resumed their seats.

"After what happened in Rabaul," continued Madame Damour, "I thought that you, Ma'm'selle, were no longer keen about the Binns property. I see now that I was mistaken. I have only one question to ask—have you been in communication with Mr. Clairemont since he departed from Rabaul?"

"That is silly," testily replied Marie. "If I had, why should I seek out Monsieur Lollin?"

"Yes, that seems reasonable," dreamily resumed Brenda, puffing more smoke towards the ceiling. Then sharply: "And you, John Clairemont, what have you to say?"

"ONLY this—that this woman is lying from start to finish. The oil-field is valueless. I know it. She is bluffing."

"You think I want money on—what you call it?—ah, out, on false pretences?"

"Yes, that's it," interjected Lollin, as if he had seen a great light. "You're after money."

"I am after money—and my man, if I can get 'im," said Mademoiselle Marie, very deliberately.

Silence. Then John Clairemont spoke.

"You— You're here for one purpose only. To make trouble. You—you—" He gestured helplessly.

Brenda laughed. From a woman so beautiful, the laugh was one that logically should have come from a person dehumanised by horrible passions.

"Splendid play-acting," she said. "I think I understand. This morning I would not have believed that any human beings could have sunk so low. Now"—her voice sank to a sobbing whisper—"now I know that the love of money—of power—can corrupt anyone." Placing the stump of her cigarette in the stand at her side, she rose and said, with a mockery of conventional politeness:

"Please—excuse me."

"Where are you going?" demanded John Clairemont.

"Don't be alarmed, John," answered Brenda Damour. "I want to go to my room for a moment. That's all." Opening the door behind her chair, she walked from the room. The door closed.

"Oh, she is the one fool," declared Made-

moiselle Marie passionately. "She will not listen to reason."

"I've told her that, a dozen times," said John Clairemont.

Neither Peter Lollin nor Tessie Riordan had stirred. Now Tessie spoke, as if she were a disembodied spirit returned to earth in a dream.

"I still have some slight hopes of regaining my sanity," she said. "All I want to know is—"

"What it's all about," supplemented Peter tonelessly. "John, it's up to you."

There was no answer, for at that moment, Brenda Damour returned to the room. Seated once more, she extracted from the receptacle another cigarette. Having lit it, she said, after one puff:

"Yes, it's up to John." As Clairemont was about to speak, she continued: "Be quiet, John! You, Marie, please tell me one thing. Will you answer by everything you hold sacred?"

"Anything you please, 'Arriet," said Marie.

"Has John any interest in the Binns oil-field—if it is an oil-field?"

"Certainly."

"And you, John, would you be interested financially in the Binns oil-field—if it were an oil-field?"

Clairemont hesitated.

"Would you, John?"

"Yes, I would."

Quickly Brenda Damour drew from her cossage a small automatic. Tessie screamed.

"You will be interested no longer."

Madame Damour spoke quite calmly, but in the tone of a judge pronouncing sentence of death. Rising, she pointed the automatic at the shrinking, terrified figure of Mademoiselle Marie.

"She shall die first. And then—you."

The detonation of the weapon coincided with the leap of John Clairemont. He sank into a huddle between the two women. As Brenda raised the automatic again, Peter Lollin threw himself at the tall figure of Madame Damour. Snatching the automatic from her grasp and throwing it from him, he yelled:

"You mad woman! What have you done?"

For reply, Brenda fell to the floor. She had fainted.

AN enterprising editor

had once set Tessie Riordan to the task of recording her impressions as a woman of a particularly ghastly murder. Tessie had come through the ordeal as debonairly as she had entered it. Neither the victim nor the murderer had touched her personal feelings. She had reported the job just as callously as she had reported the "crushes" of society leaders. What had happened in an Avalon bungalow before her eyes was in a different category. Brenda Damour had captured her womanly affections: John Clairemont had aroused her admiration as a handsome modern who could easily have been the reincarnation of a gallant buccaner. Her reaction to the shooting of Clairemont was a violent fit of hysterics.

Mademoiselle Marie's reaction to her escape from death was typical of a hard-boiled woman of the world. She gazed calmly at the two prone figures and announced:

"What is it they say in English? Mads out—that 'as torn it."

Lollin was bending over the body of Clairemont. Tessie had rushed to Brenda. At the front door sounded a clamorous

knocking. Mademoiselle Marie opened the door. A taxi-driver, tilting his cap on to the back of a tousled head, said brusquely:

"Ere, what's goin' on 'ere? And 'ow much longer 'ave I to wait?"

"That is quite all right," said Mademoiselle Marie. "We—we are—what you call it—"

Tessie quickly joined her.

"We are rehearsing a play," she said.

The taxi-man removed his cap with one hand and scratched his head with the other as he took in the scene.

"No lies," he said. "If this is a play, I'd like to know what that is."

The Frenchwoman and the Australian girl turned in the direction indicated by his shaking finger. That was a trickle of blood spreading out on the floor from beneath the body of John Clairemont.

"Is she dead, too?" querulously asked the taxi-man, pointing to Brenda's body.

"No, she has only fainted," said Tessie.

"Oh," said the taxi-man. "Just a part of the play. And the blood, comin' from 'im, is just red ink, I s'pose."

Peter Lollin took command.

"Come in here," he said. The taxi-man obeyed. "The truth is—the truth is . . . that we—we were examining a pistol and . . . and it went off."

"Is that so?" queried the man sarcastically. "Seems it's gone off after it was aimed pretty straight."

"Be sensible," said Tessie. "It was an accident. Stay here. We'll want you."

The taxi-driver seated himself in Tessie's chair.

"You've said it. You will want me," he said. "So will the police. Unless I get satisfactory explanations."

Peter had resumed his examination of John Clairemont's body. Brenda stirred. She gazed blankly into Tessie's face, as that young woman bent over her.

"What happened?" she asked faintly.

"Nothing much," said Tessie. "You've killed John Clairemont. That's all."

Brenda sat up.

"Killed him!" she whispered tensely. "I meant to kill her."

"Just another mistake on your part," commented the Frenchwoman, who was puffing energetically at a cigarette. Brenda had risen to her feet.

"Still play-actin'?" asked the taxi-man, his hands in his pockets.

"Shut up," said Tessie.

Peter Lollin addressed the company.

"Thank heavens," he said earnestly. "He has been shot at the junction of the neck and shoulder. A flesh wound only. Another inch deeper"—Peter's voice grew stern as he rose and turned on Brenda Damour—"and you would have been a murderess."

"I shall shoot her yet," said Madame Damour, her brown eyes blazing.

"Not if I know it," said the taxi-man, speedily crossing the room and appropriating the automobile that lay on the floor between Clairemont and Madame Damour.

"Now, you birds, what's doin'?" I see there's a phone here. Tell me quickly what it's all about, or you'll have the police here, pronto."

Peter Lollin was busy staunching Clairemont's wound with his handkerchief when that gentleman opened his eyes. He gazed round the room until his gaze settled on Damour.

"Why did you do it, Harriet?" he asked feebly. For reply the woman he called Harriet knelt by his side and bending her queenly head to his breast, sobbed unrestrainedly.

"F' heaven's sake!" said the taxi-man.

"That ain't no answer to the bloke's question."

"Shut up," said Tessie Riordan. "It's all perfectly simple."

Every eye in the room turned to the taxi-man. Even the wounded Clairemont looked reproachfully at him.

"It is very simple," said Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegours.

"Simple," said Peter Lollin hopefully.

"Very simple," said Madame Brenda Damour, looking up from the wounded man.

"Dashed simple," said Mr. John Clairemont, fingering his neck painfully. "Here. Help me to a seat and let's have it out, once and for all. The taxi-man holds all the cards."

"You bet your sweet lives I do," said the taxi-man. "Four aces and a fifth up me sleeve."

"So simple," said Tessie Riordan, gazing at the ceiling. "that if I don't get it straight at once I'll go stark, staring, raving mad."

FIVE people sat once

again in the same seats they had occupied earlier on that spring evening at a bungalow beyond Avalon. A sixth person was also present. He sat in a chair placed deliberately before the closed front door of the bungalow. His hands rested on the knees of his taxi-driver's blue uniform. One hand was comfortable. The other was not so comfortable, for it held a small automatic. Held in his lips was a large cigar, which he puffed at at fairly regular intervals. The cigar had been supplied by Mr. John Clairemont, who was now reclining fairly easily in the chair in front of the radio. His neck was bandaged neatly—the work of Miss Tessie Riordan, who in the dim past had taken a course in first aid.

"Now," said the taxi-man, still holding the cigar in his teeth, "me name is Perry Long-acre. I'm a respectable married man. With a large family. Four. And one more to come. I don't old with being mixed up with murders or attempted murders. I'm not an Orsestrylan. I come from Manchester. I drove you down 'ere"—his attention turned to Madame Damour—"a few days ago. I'm told by me boss this 'ere very night that I can disclose to you"—he jerked his head at Mr. Peter Lollin, Miss Tessie Riordan, and Mademoiselle Marie—"where you"—a vigorous nod at Brenda—"lived. I drives down you three"—more energetic nods—"and what appens? Yells, screams, a shot. I comes to the door and finds 'im"—a nod at Mr. John Clairemont—"on the carpet, so to speak. 'E 'as been shot at, with intent to murder, by 'er"—a violent nod at Madame Brenda Damour. "All I wants to know is before I go to the police, what's it all about?"

Again Mr. Peter Lollin took command.

"If we explain everything," he said, gazing intently through his pince-nez at the belligerent driver, "how much do you want to—er—go home and—er—"

"Shut up," supplemented Miss Tessie Riordan.

A gleam as of a vision long foreseen came into the driver's eyes.

"Ow much?" he echoed. "Nothin'! I'm bein' a party to nothin' houtside the law. Nevertheless—an' 'owever—if the explanations is satisfactory—then—"

He paused uncertainly.

"Would a hundred pounds shut your mouth?" asked John Clairemont. He twisted his head painfully as he spoke.

"Puttin' it that way," said the driver truculently, "I'd say that nothin' less than two

hundred pounds would—sort of—shut me mouth."

"I'll give you tuppence towards it," Tessie spoke as if she were bored to tears.

"Meanin'?" demanded the man with the automatic.

"What I say. Two hundreds pounds might be very useful, but is it as useful as a clean reputation and a steady job with the Luxor Company?"

"Good from, Tessie," said Peter Lollin enthusiastically. "That's the stuff to give the recalcitrant menial."

"Ere, vot are you callin' me?" ominously asked the driver.

"Not half what you merit," observed Peter.

"I mean what I said," said Clairemont.

"Is there anything you could do with two hundred?"

"Too right!" replied the man. "I could start a chicken farm with my Maria. Better than taxi-driving."

"You're on three hundred," said Madame Damour.

"Provided you keep your word."

"Done!" cried the taxi-man. "Now—spill the beans!"

"Agreed?" interrogated Brenda.

"Agreed," murmured Clairemont and Lollin. Then began a recital which, to all outward intents and purposes, was addressed to the taxi-driver. But to the five listeners, it was a mutual confession, a strange clearing-up of a strange set of circumstances.

ALL this time, Mademoiselle Marie had sat silent. Now she spoke, harshly.

"I understand," she said, "that each of you 'ere is to—what you call it?—spill the beans. But if I do—where do I come in?"

John Clairemont answered:

"You also mean—money?"

"Certalment."

"How much?"

"One thousand pounds, at the least."

"Done," said Clairemont.

Brenda stirred.

"John, you beast," she said.

"If you will be patient, my dear," said Clairemont, "you may become reasonable."

"Reasonable? Reasonable? Haven't I been trying to be just that for nearly a year?"

"I suggest," said Peter Lollin, "that as every blooming one of us is apparently at cross purposes, we listen to each other's story, with Mr. Justice Taxi-man sitting in judgment."

"O.K. by me," said Mademoiselle surprisingly.

"Where did you get that from?" asked Tessie.

"From an American friend," said Marie coolly.

"Well, who starts?" growled the taxi-driver.

The five regarded each other. Peter Lollin took command again.

"You first, Tessie," he said. "And make it snappy. Then you, John. Then—well, me. Then you Mademoiselle. And then you, Madame Brenda Damour." He uttered the last words with an intonation that brought a flush to Brenda's face.

"I first met Madame Brenda Damour," began Tessie Rliordan, "in the course of my professional duties as a social reporter for the 'Daily Wire.' She had just arrived in Sydney. She urged me not to publish anything about her. I promised her not to do so. But I was curious. I discovered that her name was not Madame Brenda Damour. The name itself made me suspicious. It was too fantastic. Besides, I placed her accent at last as that of a person born in

Queensland—and not of the first generation. You, Mr. Justice Taxi-driver, probably don't know it, but a fellow-countryman of yours named Bernard Shaw, once wrote a play called 'Pygmalion.' In it the chief character is a professor who makes a close study of accents. He had reduced the study to a fine art or a science, as you will. I have admired Shaw so much that I, as a mild hobby, began to study Australian accents. There is no Australian accent. There are accents. The Queenslander, of more than the first generation, has an accent slightly different from the New South Wales person of the second and third generation. I won't go into details, but I assure you that I can tell a Hobart accent from a Sydney accent, a Brisbane accent from, say, a Melbourne accent; and an Adelaide accent from a Perth accent. Madame Brenda Damour, I definitely placed as a second, if not a third, generation Queenslander. Probably from the far north."

"Correct," said Brenda admiringly. "Very clever. I am the third generation of a Charters Towers family."

"To all of which," sourly remarked the taxi-man, "I wish to say that I know me Shaw by heart and I recommends not only 'Pygmalion' and the rest of G.B.S., but also 'Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism.' It might 'elp to cure you of a lot of nonsense. Further, G.B.S. ain't my countryman. 'E's Irish."

The company having recovered from this startling thrust, Tessie resumed.

"Through my taking part in some amateur theatricals at 'The Bohemian Club,' I met Madame Damour again, and also Mr. Peter Lollin."

"It was sheer accident!" interpolated Madame Damour. "I met Peter Lollin with you, Tessie."

"That's right," said Tessie. "But where Mrs. Alice Tickham comes into the picture I don't know and I'm past caring."

"You'll hear in due course," said Brenda.

"You mean," remarked Peter Lollin, "that Mr. Justice Taxi-man will hear—and judge."

"That's sense," said the man with the automatic.

After Madame Damour and Mr. Clairemont disappeared, resumed Tessie. "I grew more and more anxious, as I had heard Brenda threaten Mr. Clairemont, and had also seen at 'Coffee Inn' the wretched weapon that has put all of us in the power of the taxi-driver." The gentleman referred to nodded his head sagely. "Mr. Lollin got into touch with me and—well, you know the rest."

"Your turn next," said the taxi-driver. Mademoiselle Marie stirred as if from a trance.

"Out," she said. "My turn. I came to Rabaul a little over a year ago, after I had lived for some years in Noumea. Why I left Noumea is another story. In Rabaul I one night 'eard a ver' interesting conversation about the discovery of oil on some land owned by a man named Binns. The conversation was between two American gentlemen. From what I 'eard, I judged that the man Binns had died without leaving that his property was really an oilfield of great value. The American gentlemen proposed to buy the land through an agent. It appears, however, that the land had been left to James Binns' daughter—Miss 'Arriet Binns. In her father's will, Mr. John Clairemont was named as sole executor. I was—how shall I put it?—I was engaged to one of the American gentlemen—"

Mademoiselle wriggled in her seat. "E persuaded me to get acquainted with Mr. Jean Clairemont. I was to tell him that we were going to raise ze cattle and that

Monsieur Binns' land would suit us if we could buy it cheap. I made ze 'andsome Mr. Clairemont's acquaintance—"

"You came to my hotel in Rabaul," interrupted the wounded man, "and pretended you had urgent business with me."

Marie laughed unpleasantly.

"And did I not?" she asked. "I 'ad business of the utmost importance with you. I found you a ver' charming man before 'Arriet Binns spoilt what I 'oped would be—what you call—a combination of business and pleasure."

"Who is this 'Arriet Binns?" demanded the man with the automatic.

"That is my real name," murmured Brenda. Tessie looked across at her. The presswoman was trying to think why Miss Harriet Binns should have become Madame Brenda Damour.

"You'll hear the reason," said Harriet Binns, as if in answer to Tessie's unspoken question.

"I knew you were Harriet Binns," quietly remarked Peter Lollin. Brenda frowned.

"You knew?"

"Yes. From the day we met at 'Coffee Inn.'"

The Frenchwoman exclaimed impatiently: "Are we to take our turn in telling our stories—or are we going to do it altogether?"

"Yus," said Mr. Justice Taxi-man. "If we're goin' to unuddle this 'ere muddle, let there be no more interruptions."

CLAIREMONT looked as if he were about to swear at the man. He restrained himself when he saw Lollin slightly shake his head.

"Arriet came into the 'otel one day," continued Marie, "when I was talking with Jean. He was laughing at something I 'ad said. We were getting on ver' well together—ver' well—but when I saw ze look on 'Arriet's face, I said to him: 'Who is zat woman?' 'E said: 'It is a friend.' She came over to where we were sitting and said: 'Am I to be introduced?' Jean, 'e 'elated. That was fatal. Per'aps 'e thought a Frenchwoman from Noumea who was being protected in Rabaul by an American gentleman was not fit to know ze woman 'e meant to marry."

"Not exactly," said John Clairemont. "It does not matter—now. All ze same, our business was interrupted. 'Arriet I knew was ze owner of ze land we wanted, and I could not understand why Jean Clairemont would not discuss it in front of her. After a little talk about nothing in particular, I left—without being introduced to 'Arriet. That made me mad. I 'ought, 'I am not good enough, hein? We shall see! Besides, I do not mind admitting that I had fallen in love with this 'andsome gentleman. I 'ought how wonderful it would be if I could make him love me, and if we could both 'ave ze Binns' land which was oil-bearing."

"You surely believed in combining business with pleasure," said Clairemont savagely.

"Why not?" retorted the Frenchwoman. "Am I so very ugly?"

"No interruptions, please, or we'll be 'ere all night," growled the taxi-man. "Go on with your story, ma'm'selle."

Marie looked at him as if he were something she would like to crush under her feet.

"Tut!" she said. "Tais-tol, canaille!" The taxi-man blinked.

"Doesn't sound too good to me!" he said. "Lucky I don't understand French. I warn you, me patience is about at an end."

I see you've got a 'phone 'ere and it'd be easy to call the Newport police."

"Ah!" said Marie imperturbably. "You do not understand. I was paying you a compliment. But I shall continue! Two or three meetings I had with Jean, and each time I fell more and more in love with 'im. Mais oui! I confess it."

Clairemont squirmed and his hands went to his injured neck.

"Oh, too well I know my love was not returned," resumed the Frenchwoman. "But it was too late. I had betrayed my American friend. I told Jean Clairemont the secret of ze Binns land. I pleaded with him to come with me—to Paris—after he had bought ze land from 'Arriet."

"Why to Paris?" asked Harriet Binns quickly.

"Because there I could 'ave a career—and Jean would have been proud of me."

"A career what as?" Again the woman who had called herself Madame Brenda Dainour was urgent.

"Why—as a movie star. With ze money from the Binns oilfield, I would have been able to—what you say in English?—batter down ze doors of ze movie directors. You see," continued Marie, drily, "I 'ave been an actress."

"And with the thousand pounds you demand now—you would still go to Paris to become a movie actress?" Harriet's voice was eager.

"Certainement. Why not? I 'ave nozing to stay for in this country now zat ze man I love has made so plain zat he do not love me." Marie's voice was very sad, but there was a twinkle in her eyes that betrayed the fact that one man more or less could not break her heart irreparably.

"Ze taxi-man grows impatient," she said, showing her tiny white teeth. "Let me hurry on. Malheureusement, one day 'Arriet came to ze 'otel to see Jean and she was told that he had gone out wis me. She found in which direction we 'ad walked and—oh, it was ver' ver' unfortunate—she came just as I 'ad put my arms round Jean in one last effort to make 'im love me. Jean, 'e tried to explain to 'Arriet that 'e was not to blame. She would not listen. She ran—ran fast back the way she 'ad come. I never saw 'er again. I 'eard that she 'ad left Rabaul by ze boat that 'appened to leave for Sydney ze next day."

NO one spoke. Harriet's lips were quivering. John Clairemont was eyeing Marie viciously.

Peter Lollin peered hard through his pince-nez at the Frenchwoman. Tessie puffed at a cigarette, her face expressionless. The taxi-man looked from one to the other as if he were the keeper in an asylum peopled by dangerous lunatics.

"Zere is nothing much more to tell," continued Marie. "I went back to my American, who was furious because I 'ad been so long in putting ze deal through. When I told 'im that John Clairemont would not sell, 'e—what you call—cut me adrift. Soon after 'Arriet Binns 'ad disappeared, Jean Clairemont disappeared, too. I guessed that 'e would go after 'is 'Arriet. So I, too, came 'ere to Sydney—to tell 'im something ver' important."

"Well, now's your chance," said Mr. Justice Taxi-man.

"It is ver' simple," said the Frenchwoman nonchalantly. "Jean, ze report you 'ad from ze oil-expert was—what you call—faked."

"Is that so?" said Clairemont sardonically.

"Mais oui. My American, who 'ad plenty of money, bribed 'im to pretend that ze Binns land 'ad no oil."

John Clairemont leaned forward in his chair.

"Is that true?" His voice was hoarse. "C'est vra! Ze Binns land, it is full—full of oil. Now, 'ave I earned my 'ousand pounds?"

"Anything more?" asked the taxi-man.

"Noming. Except that I tink I 'ave proved, 'Arriet, that I 'ave no malice . . . no—what you call—pettiness. I give you Jean—and ze oilfield."

The silence that followed these grandiloquent words was broken by the taxi-man clearing his throat, and remarking:

"It's your turn to spill the beans, Mr. Clairemont."

"I SUPPOSE," began Clairemont. "I'll have to start from the beginning, if only to make things clear to you, Miss Riordan, and," he added grudgingly, you, Mr. Taxi-man. As my scratched neck seems to have affected my throat, I'll make it as brief as possible."

"Ere, ere," said the presiding judge, toying with the automatic.

"Keep that infernal thing quiet," snapped John. "It might go off again."

"I know 'ow to 'andle firearms," gruffly replied the taxi-man. "I been in the army, I 'ave."

"Which proves nothing," retorted Clairemont. "Don't waggle it, man! You've got the whip-hand over us. We're not likely to tackle you."

"You never can tell," retorted the man with the automatic, "as Mr. Shaw said in one of 'is early plays."

John groaned.

"I'd rather you shoot than quote Shaw," he snarled. "I can't stand these smart alec writers."

The taxi-man smiled superiorly.

"Culture," he announced, "ain't your strong suit, Mr. Clairemont."

John gestured helplessly.

"Have it your own way," he said hastily.

"I'm a New Zealander by birth and a mining engineer by profession. Three years ago I was engaged by the Ajax Company as a consultant. My chief duty was to travel to different countries and report on various mining properties. Two years ago I was told to go to Charters Towers, there to see an old miner named Binns who owned property in New Guinea and who was suspected of having knowledge of a tantalite field somewhere in Queensland. I was instructed to come to terms with him if he would guide me to the tantalite deposits. Tantalite, I may tell you, is now valuable. I came to his home and immediately a strong friendship was formed between us. Tom Binns was the whitest man I've met in my life. He was a widower. Housekeeping for him was his daughter, Harriet, an only child. He had had her educated in Sydney and the girl had come back to Charters Towers with her mind full of what she called 'her career'."

"Aha," interrupted Marie. "You, too, 'ad your ambitions, 'Arriet."

"Funnily enough," continued John, not looking at Harriet, "almost the same as yours. She wanted to become an actress. She had had success in amateur theatricals and, I think, her success had rather gone to her head. She was very beautiful."

"You beast, John," softly said she who had been Madame Brenda Dainour.

"Maybe," replied the wounded man, still not looking at her. "She also had a temper, as I discovered before I had been in Charters Towers a week. I happened to say one night

that I thought actors and actresses, on the whole a cheap bunch. My face was smacked. Tom Binns laughed. His daughter, as quickly recovering her ladylikeness, apologised to me. I forgave her—and fell in love with her."

"Sounds to me like the opposite of 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" observed the taxi-man. Everybody looked blankly at him.

"Oh, for the love of mike," groaned John Clairemont. "Let me get on with it. I questioned Tom Binns about the tantalite deposits and told him of the offer my company had made. He insisted that he knew nothing about any such deposits, but he swore that while prospecting for gold in New Guinea he had discovered what looked like oil. I had heard dozens of stories about oil in Papua. None of the stories had apparently come true. I knew that there was talk, with some reason in it, that American interests would only be too glad to pay big money for oil not to be discovered in Papua, unless it were on property owned by Americans. . . . Well, Harriet became engaged to me. It all happened within a month. As if he had been waiting for her to be settled in life, as soon as I had asked his permission to make Harriet my wife, he seemed to fall into a rapid decline. He died two months after I had arrived in Charters Towers. Already my company headquarters had begun cabling me to move on to China and then Japan. The Ajax people have interests in both countries. I risked being discharged by remaining in Queensland until Tom Binns was buried and his daughter's affairs had been put in order. You see, he had made me sole executor. I found myself committed to securing an independent report as to the oil possibilities on Tom's property in New Guinea. He himself had had one report prepared for him, but he did not trust the man who made it. Tom feared that he had been bribed to make a false report. He charged me on his deathbed with going to Rabaul to secure still another report. After I had made the necessary arrangements and had by cable informed my employers that I was called on urgent business to New Guinea, Harriet and I sailed to Rabaul to meet the expert I had hired."

"Ou, la, la," said Mademoiselle Marie. "We were married the day before we sailed," said Clairemont. Peter Lollin leaped to his feet. His pince-nez fell off and he did not trouble to retrieve them. "What!" he roared. "Madame Brenda Dainour is your wife? John, you rascal, why didn't you tell me?"

"There was a good reason," murmured Harriet Binns.

"Shall I leave that part of it to you?" asked John, looking hard at Harriet.

"Yes," she said. Her beautiful head drooped. Plainly she was suffering; suffering as only a proud woman can suffer when she is humiliated.

"By the time we arrived in Rabaul," continued Clairemont, "the oil expert—an American with an international reputation, had put in an appearance. All I need say is that he prepared his report on the Binns property. He said that there was a seepage showing oil traces, but of a sort frequently found. There was no evidence, his report stated, that oil would be struck in payable quantities. I have every reason to believe he was correct. I had done my duty and was preparing to move on to China with my wife, when Ma'm'selle Marie blew in with her proposition."

For some unknown reason the Frenchwoman began to laugh. Not a pleasant

laugh. A laugh that jarred on the already frayed nerves of those who heard it.

"What the devil is amusing you?" demanded Clairemont, his grey eyes alight with anger.

"Nothing much," trilled Marie. "It does not matter now. Only that your expert was in the pay of my American."

"How do you know that?" sharply asked John. "You have said so before, but how do I know you are not lying?"

"I told me. It was paid double the fee you gave him to say that the property was good for nothing except grazing."

John Clairemont stared at her as if he would bore his way into the inmost corners of her mind.

"Do you swear that's true?" he asked.

"I do, Jean. What you think my American friend was so anxious to buy for? Do you think he would want to live in a wild country to grow cows and bullocks?"

"What an ass I've been!" groaned Clairemont. "So the Binns land is off-bearing."

"Yes. That is why I come to Sydney so quick on your heels. If you are not careful to American interests will get possession—and then you and your Harriet will be out in the cold."

"Too much talk," growled the taxi-man. "On with it, please."

"I really believed that the land was good only for grazing," resumed Clairemont wearily. "When Ma'm'selle here wanted me to persuade Harriet to sell, I thought I was doing her a good turn—Ma'm'selle, I mean—trying to make her understand that cattle-raising in Papua was not easy. Harriet grew violently jealous. On the day she caught me with this woman's arms around my neck she ran back to the hotel, as Ma'm'selle has already told you. I followed her. When I entered our room she threatened me with the automatic—the same one that our friend is wagging in his hand now. I had given it to her as a present. In the comparatively uncivilised places I knew we should have to visit, it would be a protection to her if ever she were molested. I little thought that it would be used on me."

"I came to Sydney as soon as I could after Harriet cleared out. In the meantime, tantale had been found in Queensland, and my firm instructed me to order the necessary machinery through Peter Lollin, who in the past had had business dealings with me. As soon as certain units were brought over from Melbourne I was to go to Queensland again to superintend the erection of the machinery on the site of the tantale deposits acquired by the Ajax Company. Then I got on to the trail of Harriet. I at last traced her down here and forced her to listen to reason. We were completely reconciled. In fact . . ."

John Clairemont paused. He looked appealingly at his wife. She glanced at him and nodded.

"You people interrupted our second honeymoon," said John. "I had convinced her that there was nothing between myself and Marie. I had even persuaded her that her first unworthy suspicion was wrong. I mean that she had formed the absurd idea that not only was I in love with Marie, but also in league with her to secure the property. Then, when this wretched Frenchwoman appeared again, all her old suspicions were revived. Yes, she shot at Marie—and hit me."

A grim smile played on the lips of the taxi-man.

"Anything more?" he asked.

Clairemont passed a hand over his forehead.

"Yes," he said. "I knew that my one hope of finding Harriet, if she were in Sydney, was to haunt the theatres. She was always mad on acting. That's why, Peter, I had those binoculars. I used to go to half a dozen theatres a night and sweep the audience with the binoculars as soon as the lights went out. Is there anything else anybody wants to know?"

"Only what you two are going to do next," asked Peter dreamily. He had recovered his pince-nez and was gazing ahead as if he could see some interesting scenes in his mind's eye.

"If Harriet is satisfied now that I am innocent of any plotting with Marie," said John, "there is one thing to do immediately and a second thing to do as soon as possible."

His auditors looked at him silently.

"The first thing is to pay off this taxi-man and Marie. His two hundred is easy enough, but Marie's thousand is not so easy."

"I can manage that," said Harriet Binns. "My father did not leave me penniless."

"I know," said Peter Lollin, crisply. "that he left you only two thousand pounds."

"How do you know?"

The question came like a shot from the brown-haired beauty.

"I was to have been your father's sole executor," remarked Peter, as if he were talking of the weather.

"What?"

The word was said simultaneously by John and Harriet.

"It's not my turn to talk," added Lollin mildly.

"This beats cock-fighting," said Clairemont, studying his big friend as if he were a domestic animal that had been turned wild.

"Anything else, Mr. Clairemont?" asked Mr. Justice Taxi-man.

John pondered for a moment.

"Only this," he said. "Not that it is of much interest to anybody except me and Harriet. The second thing I mentioned that had to be done as soon as possible was merely that I must get a job."

Again his audience was silent.

"I was asked!" said John Clairemont, "by cable the day before I found Harriet."

"What for?" asked Peter.

"For neglecting the Ajax Company's business and attending to my own."

"Why did you not tell me, John?"

Harriet's voice was accusing. "Because, my dear," explained Clairemont ironically, "I did not want our second honeymoon to be disturbed."

"I can sympathise with you," remarked the taxi-man. "Economic pressure is worse than a headache. In a matter of speaking, it's worse than a nagging wife. Now, Mr. Lollin," he went on hurriedly, "it's your turn."

"I AM a machinery merchant," began Peter Lollin promptly.

"For eighteen years I have been in business in Sydney. When I was a youth of twenty I had a friend named Thomas Binns."

"How was it that he never mentioned your name?" Harriet asked him.

"There were two good reasons," answered Lollin. "He and I were enemies for years. Over a woman. In fact, Harriet, your mother. Do you remember her?"

"No. She died when I was a year old."

Harriet Binns, or Harriet Clairemont, as we must now name her, was leaning forward tensely and regarding Peter with eyes that, fully open, revealed the splendor of their brown brilliance.

"Your father won her from me. She had—shall we call it—a temper, which you have inherited, my dear Harriet. A trifling misunderstanding caused her to throw me over for Tom Binns. His roving nature and his passion for prospecting forced your mother to go into many strange places where the amenities of life were almost unknown. Life is hard for a prospector's wife, especially when the years drag by and there is little money coming in to pay for the comforts dear to every woman. Your mother was indiscreet enough to write a letter to me in which she poured out all her discontent, all the hatred she had for the roving life she was compelled to lead with your father. Tom saw that letter. Your mother had left it, before sealing it, in a place where Tom could not fail to read it. Whether she did this on purpose, in the hope that her husband would read it, no one will ever know. Tom jumped to the conclusion that she and I were constantly in communication. As a matter of fact, we had never corresponded from the day that she and Tom were married. He wrote me a furious letter in which he demanded that I should never again have any communication with either him or his wife. I hadn't the faintest idea what all the trouble was about. You understand, I had never received that letter. Then you were born, Harriet. A year later your mother died. Evidently on her death-bed she had convinced Tom Binns that he and he only was the one man in her life. By this time he had settled in Charters Towers. I received a letter from him in which he made full reparation for his unworthy suspicions of me. I came to Charters Towers, Harriet, and in your second year of existence, I dandled you often on my knees. That's how I came to recognise you in 'Coffee Inn.' You have the same beautiful eyes, mouth and hair that you possessed as a baby. I am not trying to pay you a compliment! You have also the same vixenish temper, the same headstrong impulses that will continue to land you in trouble unless a masterful man learns how to control you."

Peter paused to cough discreetly. "The second reason why your father never mentioned my name to you, Harriet, is that after my visit to Charters Towers we corresponded spasmodically for a year or two and then—you know how it is with people verging on middle age—we just ceased to correspond. When I met you and John in 'Coffee Inn,' I did not know that he had ever been in touch with Tom Binns. When I recognised you by your smile, your eyes, your lips, I put two and two together, and I realised that 'the old mining man' John had mentioned on two or three occasions could be none other than my old friend, Thomas Binns. Frankly, I thought at first that you were just one more of the ladies in whom John Clairemont had been interested or who had been interested in him."

"Oh," said Harriet Clairemont slowly, "so there were others?"

"No, no," hastily replied Peter. He blinked beseechingly at the company. "Can't you understand? John is too handsome for everyday life. He should have been a movie star."

"How true!" said Mademoiselle Marie. "That is one reason why I wanted him."

to come with me to Paris—to 'Oollywood—to anywhere where they make ze talkies. He would 'ave—what you say—created a sensation."

The object of these remarks fingered his neck and glared like a tormented animal in a cage.

"Leave me and my infernal looks alone," he rasped. "I've no time nor inclination for theatricals."

Tessie, who had long been silent, while she smoked cigarette after cigarette, threw oil on the troubled waters, as it were.

"Mr. Clairemont," she remarked, "cannot help his good looks, any more than Brenda—I beg pardon, Harriet—could help hers." To herself she added, "Or her bad temper."

"Order!" cried the taxi-man. "Get on with it, Mr. Lollin, please."

"The business dealings I have had with John Clairemont," continued Peter, "have extended over the last three years. He came to me as the representative of the Ajax Company, and I have supplied him on their behalf with several consignments of mining machinery. I am truly sorry to hear that he has now been discharged."

"My own fault," interpolated John sourly.

"Mine," insisted Mrs. John Clairemont. "But it won't matter, John."

At an impatient gesture from the taxi-man, Lollin resumed:

"I—er—have become interested in dress reform in this semi-tropical country and—er—in fact, there's little for me to add unless it is that I believe things may be straightened out in a way satisfactory to everybody. There's nothing else, I think."

"Your turn, Mrs. Clairemont," said the taxi-man brusquely.

Harriet glanced at her wristlet watch.

"It is now half past one," she announced. "What about some coffee first?"

Mr. Justice Taxi-man answered for everybody.

"Yes," he said. "I been on duty now with one break of four hours since six o'clock the night before last. Wot I says is that taxi-men are the 'ardest worked members of this 'ere capitalistic community. Now, when me and my Maria get onto our chicken farm—"

"Let me help you," interjected Tessie, stubbing her thirteenth cigarette, "to get the coffee ready, Harriet."

THE coffee was sipped amid an awkward dearth of conversation among the six people in the Avalon bungalow. The strangeness of the scene was intensified by the night-noises that filtered into the electrically-lit living-room. The lapping of the wavelets at the foot of the hill on which the bungalow was built could distinctly be heard. Now and again, opossums gibbered. Two mopokes called to each other as if seeking to comfort themselves in a bush-world, invaded by strange creatures who never seemed to sleep at regular hours. Puffs of wind from the Pacific Ocean found their way into the topmost branches of the gum-trees surrounding the building. Once something thumped on the roof. Everybody except John and Harriet started uneasily.

"Only our tame native bear," said Clairemont. "He comes here every night."

"Now, Mrs. Clairemont," said the taxi-man impatiently. The wonders of the Australian bush had no appeal for him.

She who had been Madame Brenda Damour put her coffee cup aside.

"I have learnt my lesson," she began. "If I am forgiven for to-night's mad deed—if Mademoiselle Marie is content to take a thousand pounds—and Mr. Taxi-man is satisfied with three hundred—I shall become a good wife and never again shall I be jealous or bad-tempered or ambitious."

Her musical voice ceased for a moment. She looked from one to another of the five people regarding her steadfastly.

"That is the only way to make reparation for all the trouble I have caused," she whispered.

"Don't make big resolutions," said Tessie. "I know how hard they are to keep."

"Please!" pleaded the taxi-man. "I'm gettin' sleepy. Now, Mrs. Clairemont."

"I have always wanted to go on the stage," resumed Harriet meekly. "From my earliest years in Charters Towers I can remember longing to recite in front of people. I appeared at concerts as that awful exhibit—the child elocutionist."

"Exhibit!" exclaimed the taxi-man. "That gives me the word I been searchin' for the last hour. Exhibitionism! That's wot's wrong with wimmen who want to go into the movies or on the stage!"

"Now who's wasting time?" questioned Peter Lollin severely.

"Just so," said Tessie.

"I feel," said Harriet smiling, "that this is my last audience. A small one, but, I hope, an understanding one."

"Of course," remarked the taxi-man judicially. "Read 'Avelock Ellis and Froyd and you'll understand all about it.'"

There was a blank of two seconds while the company recovered from the taxi-man's erudite explosion.

"Go on, Harriet," said John Clairemont, hoarsely. He was gazing at the taxi-man with a look almost of horror on his face.

To the mining engineer such a phenomenon as the driver was something entirely outside his experience. To John, "education" meant specialisation. He knew nothing and cared less for the effects of cheap printing on the masses.

"My father sent me to a Sydney girls' college," continued Harriet, "as soon as I reached my teens. He got into touch with an old schoolmate of my mother's—Mrs. Alice Tickham, who had married an international footballer who had retired and settled in Avalon. My vacations used to be spent here at Avalon, except in the Christmas holidays when I used to make the long journey to Charters Towers. By the time my school days were over I had taken prize after prize for elocution . . . but, I am afraid, I shone at very little else."

The taxi-man nodded his head wisely.

"As was to be expected," he announced. "Will you shut up!" said Tessie peevishly. The taxi-man, quite forgetting his role as judge, obediently shut up.

"I returned to Charters Towers," continued Harriet, "and began housekeeping for my father. I appeared frequently in local amateur theatricals, and thus became confirmed in my desire to be an actress. Then John arrived. The look charged with love that Harriet threw at John made even the hard-boiled Mademoiselle Marie catch her breath."

"How she adores 'im!" murmured the Frenchwoman, her face softening.

"Quickly I learnt that he was the only man in the world for me," went on Harriet Clairemont. "When father died, I had no hesitation in marrying John, although I had already had cause to be jealous."

"I say—" began John.

"Oh, yes, I did," said Harriet. "Every girl in Charters Towers was making eyes at you, John."

"Not my fault," growled the wounded man.

"We sailed for Rabaul—you know why—and there everything was heavenly until—Ma'm'selle Marie appeared. That part of my history I need not enlarge upon. I became almost insane with jealousy. When the time came for me to disappear, believing that John was having an affair with Ma'm'selle, I departed on the boat bound for Sydney. But at Brisbane I disembarked and made my way to Tokio."

"Why?" demanded the taxi-man, suddenly resuming his judicial mien.

"I wanted to put John off the scent," explained Harriet.

"Huh," interpolated John. "And I thought you'd gone to China. That's why I slipped over there before coming to Sydney."

"In Tokio," continued Harriet, "I had my great idea. I had heard that Australia was soon to be put on the map of talkie production. I determined to make my way to Sydney under an assumed name and begin a career as a movie actress. I had told John in Rabaul that I would never again acknowledge him as my husband."

"Why didn't you go for a divorce?" interrogated the taxi-man, who, by this time, had put the automatic in his pocket. His arms were folded and his head was beginning to nod.

"I DIDN'T know then. But I know now," softly said Mrs. John Clairemont. "I hoped that John would follow me."

Her five auditors all sat up straight. Harriet laughed, not very happily.

"Yes, I confess it. I loved him so much that I hoped he would find me and force me to forgive him."

Peter blinked. John stared blankly. Tessie grinned understandingly.

Marie looked earnestly at the wife of the man she had hoped to capture.

The taxi-man did not move. His head was sunk on his chest.

"I see I have only four listeners," said Harriet softly. "Take that automatic out of his pocket, Mr. Lollin."

Peter rose and tiptoed over to the sleeping taxi-man. The automatic was gingerly extracted from his right-hand pocket.

"That's that," said Peter. "Go on, Harriet."

"In Tokio, where I stayed only a week, I came across the French magazine in which I saw the name of Damour. I discovered what I could about this writer and determined to pose as his widow. By the time I reached Sydney I had dramatised myself as Madame Brenda Damour. What I had not counted on was the cleverness of the first newspaper representative who sought me out. Tessie Riordan saw through me almost at once. You must understand that I had often read of movie actresses who had made careers for themselves under assumed names and with biographies that would not stand close investigation. I had enough intelligence also to realise that once they had become box-office assets, very little risk was run of their real identities, however commonplace, being made public."

"Quite clever," said Peter Lollin approvingly.

"Stupid," said the taxi-man, suddenly awakening. "It's—it's just the impulse—"

to—to dramatise yourself. See Odier. See Ernest Jones, the English Floyd."

The taxi-man immediately fell asleep again.

"I don't know what Mr. Taxi-man was mumbling," resumed Harriet.

"Does it matter?" snorted John Clairemont.

"No," said Tessie. "Go on, Harriet dear."

"I think behind all my impulses was the desire to escape from what I stupidly thought was a commonplace name. I hated the name 'Harriet.' I used to think 'Binns' suburban—whatever that means."

"What about Clairemont?" asked John.

"Fully satisfying," said Mrs. John Clairemont, looking at him with her soul in her eyes.

"Heavens," whispered Mademoiselle Marie, "what right 'ave I to interfere in such a gr-r-rat love!"

No one heard her distinctly. Harriet continued:

"In Sydney, I took all the precautions I thought necessary to bolster up my new personality. I interviewed the manager at my bank, and explained that for certain good reasons I wished to change my name. He informed me that there was no legal bar to my doing so. On the very morning that I interviewed him an unfortunate incident occurred. I was passing along Martin Place when a flower-stall man recognised me. He was an old school-mate in my earliest years at Charters Towers. I had to deceive the poor fellow. He thought he recognised Harriet Binns. I persuaded him he was wrong. That incident made me more determined than ever to act my new part thoroughly. I had even memorised the name of the French consul—that's one on you, my dear Tessie—and pretended that I had a letter of introduction to him. If by bad luck you had asked to see the letter, Tessie, I had it ready. I know how to write French well enough to forge a passable letter of introduction. Of course, I never had to produce it."

"Then came the night at 'The Bohemia,' I had coaxed Alice Tickham into taking me there because I had heard that James de Winter, the great Australian talkie producer, used to spend an odd hour in the place. I hoped to meet him—and I hoped—Harriet stopped speaking. She blushed. Tessie filled the breach.

"YOU hoped that if you met James de Winter," she said calmly, "that your beauty would interest him."

"Thanks, Tessie," said Harriet. "Is there any reason why I should pretend I am ignorant of the good appearance Nature has given me?"

"None at all," said Peter Lollini solemnly. "Next I heard the dreadful news that John Clairemont was meeting Mr. Lollini at 'The Bohemia,'" continued Harriet, looking gratefully at Peter. "I bolted—there is no other word for it. Again, I believe there was a hidden motive, concealed even from myself, in my arranging to meet Tessie and Mr. Lollini at 'Coffee Inn.' I deliberately tricked myself into thinking that John would not appear. I realise now how I was deceiving myself. Secretly I was hoping to meet him. But when he did appear, all the hatred that the Rabaul incident had bred in my mind came to the surface. Hence my display of that horrible automatic."

"In the meantime I had, through my friend, Alice Tickham, secured a short lease of this bungalow. I counted on John

having to leave the country on his mining business. Tessie, I felt, would be on my side, whatever I did. I think I could have managed to make Mr. Peter Lollini my ally. That's all."

"You baggage!" said Peter.

"Am I?" said the baggage.

The taxi-man snored loudly.

"Tell me, said Marie, eyeing Harriet narrowly, 'soon I shall pass out of your life forever. Tell me—have you no more wish for a career?'"

"None at all," promptly replied the wife of John Clairemont. "Besides, there's another reason why my career as a talkie actress will never be realised."

"What is the reason?" asked Tessie.

"I am going to have babies. Lots of them!"

"My Heavens!" said Peter. "If you have a daughter, let's hope she'll not take after you."

"What a pig you are, Peter Lollini!" exclaimed Tessie.

"If I have a daughter," quietly replied the woman who had been Madame Damour, "she shall take after herself. She shall be what she wants to be."

**E**XTRACT from a letter received by Mrs. Alice Tickham from Mrs. John Clairemont:

"... And, Alice, I am happy. Sometimes I look at John and think, how could I have been so stupid as to doubt him. Then I see some woman look at him admiringly and the old jealous rage begins to rise. But I crush it down firmly. I tell myself, 'He is mine! No one can take him from me!'. . . We are again in Papua. It is perfectly true. The land in which my father so firmly believed is oil-bearing. All the preliminaries are over and the Federal Government has decided to buy at a price that is astonishing. John and I will be rich, Alice, very rich. There will be enough and to spare to bring up a large family. The first is to be called after you."

There followed matters which concerned only one woman writing to another.

A paragraph from an article in a Sydney newspaper:

**OILFIELD IN PAPUA.**

**PURCHASED BY GOVERNMENT.**

The patriotic action of Mr. and Mrs. John Clairemont, joint owners of what was known as the "Binns property" in Papua, has resulted in the first authentic oil-bearing land in Australasia becoming the property of the Federal Government. It is understood that tempting offers were made to Mr. and Mrs. Clairemont by foreign interests, but these offers were rejected in favor of a lower one from the Government. Although the exact amount has not yet been made public, it is understood to run well into six figures. By this action, Australia is assured of ample supplies of petrol for many years to come. Too much praise cannot be given to the patriotic pair. . . .

The paragraph continued on a note of eulogy. Reading it, an American gentleman bit off the end of a cigar, and murmured to himself:

"If that dumbbell of a Marie had done her stuff properly, the Binns property would now be mine—and, oh, boy, would I be sitting on top of the world!"

The American gentleman was sitting in the cocktail bar of the Centralla as he thus cogitated. He chewed at his cigar

and glared bitterly at the offending newspaper article. He had come to Sydney to look for Mr. and Mrs. Clairemont, but they had gone north as he came south.

"I suttinly believe," he said to himself, "that this is an occasion on which a man owes it to himself to get prahperly soused."

Aloud, he said, "Hi, waiter, bring me a double dry Martini. And will you have two bottles of good whiskey delivered pronto to my room, if you please."

Mr. Percy Longacre, late of Manchester, and formerly in the employ of the Luxor Taxi Company, wiped the sweat from his brow as he paused in his labor of grinding corn.

"My Heavens, it's 'ot!" he said. "Uilo, Maria. Gimme that billy of tea. I'm dry as a bone."

His wife, an apple-cheeked lady, handed him the billy and a pannikin.

"Genuine Orsetryllans, ain't we?" remarked the ex-taxi-man, after he had swallowed two pannikins of hot tea. "Drinkin' as much tea as the natives."

"Nearly finished, Percy?" asked Mrs. Longacre.

"Yus. It's 'arder work than taxi-drivin'.

But it's worth it, ain't it?"

His wife nodded.

"On our own place. With two hundred layin' hens. An' a cottage of our own. We got a stake in the country, Maria!"

"That's so, Percy," agreed his spouse.

"An' good conditions for the children to grow up in."

"N' all because I 'appened to drive a barmy crowd to Avalon," said Mr. Longacre. "Heaven bless all barmy people, says I!"

Saturday night at "The Bohemia." Peter Lollini, in his shorts and silk shirt, was listening admiringly to Tessie Riordan and Mabel Quilter, as they repeated their much-praised performance of Strindberg's "The Stronger." After the performance, Tessie and Mabel joined Peter. They sat at his table.

"Pity that's the last time you'll have Tessie acting with you, Mabel," said Peter suddenly.

"What?" asked Tessie, startled. The tow-haired cub looked from Peter to Tessie in bewilderment.

"Why is it the last time?" queried Mabel.

"HASN'T she told you?" said Peter, affecting surprise.

"Told her what?" snapped Tessie, exasperated.

"That you are marrying me next week," said Peter Lollini casually.

Mabel impulsively grasped Tessie's hand.

"Oh, I'm so glad to hear of your engagement, Tessie," she said. "Congratulations to you both! Excuse me, I must go and break the news to the gang."

Mabel rose and walked to the other end of the room, where sat a group of pressmen and presswomen.

Tessie looked stonily at Peter, and that large man blinked at her through his pince-nez.

"You have a nerve!" said Tessie. "But what I said was true, wasn't it?"

whispered Peter as a babble of voices rose at the far end of the room. The news of Tessie's engagement had broken like a clap of thunder among the press-gang.

Tessie suddenly smiled.

"I'll say 'Yes,'" she said coyly, "on one condition."

"It's granted," said Peter fatuously.

"You must not wear shorts at our wedding," said Tessie.

"For you I'll wear even trousers," replied the doomed reformer.

"Hullo, Tess," said Mr. Bill Boner, desk clerk at the Central as he saw the plump, figure of the presswoman approaching.

"What's doing?"

"Come to say farewell to you, Bill," said Miss Hordain.

"Going on holidays?"

"No. Getting married."

Mr. Boner whistled.

"You can't do that," he said indignantly.

"What are you proposing to me, you Morman?" demanded Tessie.

"N-not what you mean," stuttered Mr. Boner, looking confused. "I mean—where is Mrs. Boner to get her new recipes from?"

Tessie gazed at him in unaffected amazement.

"My hat!" she cried. "The complete egoist and glutton. He calmly suggests that I should sacrifice my life's happiness so that he can be sure of an unending supply of new dishes to tickle his jaded palate! The cheek of you, Bill Boner!"

Boner grinned.

"Good luck to you, Tess. I was only kidding. Who are you marrying?"

"Mr. Peter Lollin."

"Don't know him. I suppose this means giving up newspaper work."

"Of course."

"That reminds me. Did you ever hear any more of that mysterious dame—let's

see, what was her name?—Madame Brenda Damour."

"She disappeared right off the face of the earth," lied the future Mrs. Lollin.

**T**RANSlation of a paragraph appearing in a Parisian movie magazine:—

#### A NEW STAR?

After appearing in several minor parts with great success, Mademoiselle Marie Laurencin de Tegoura, we hear on good authority, is to be starred in her next talkie. Fans will remember that this charming actress came unheralded to Paris less than twelve months ago. Being of independent means, she was able to wait for her chance in celluloid drama. We forecast for Mademoiselle Marie a brilliant future. . . .

On the broad verandah of a bungalow in Avalon a woman with honey-colored hair was nursing a baby whose hair was the exact shade of her own. She was seated in a big wicker chair. At her feet, on the steps of the verandah, sat her husband, an extremely good-looking young man with an athletic figure. He was fanning himself with a panama hat.

The time was Christmas Eve.

"They won't be long now," said Harriet Clairemont.

"I wonder," said John, "if marriage will

have made as much difference to Peter and Tessie as it has to us?"

"It couldn't," softly rejoined his wife. "But we'll all have a happy Christmas together."

"Still not sorry you've given up all thought of a career?" queried John, smiling up at her.

"I haven't," announced Harriet.

"I say—" began John Clairemont, in alarm.

"Don't be afraid," said the lovely young mother. "I've given up all thought of a career for myself, but she—looking down adoringly at the infant in her arms—"will have a career that will give me all I want."

"Going to make her a movie star?" asked Clairemont mischievously.

"I won't make her anything except what she herself desires," said Harriet. "If she does become an actress, she won't have to go to Hollywood, anyway."

"How's that?"

"Long before she is grown up, the talkie industry will be established in Australia."

"Oho," scoffed John. "And if the little beggar does go into the talkies, what will she be called?"

"Brenda Damour," said Harriet.

"I guessed as much," chuckled her husband.

THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

Charming . . . . .

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS

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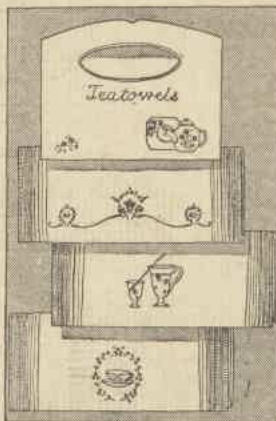


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All these needlework items are available immediately on application to our Needlework and Pattern Department.

For address of all offices, see Pattern Page. Note: All items featured in previous issues of The Australian Women's Weekly, in addition to those appearing on this page, are always available.